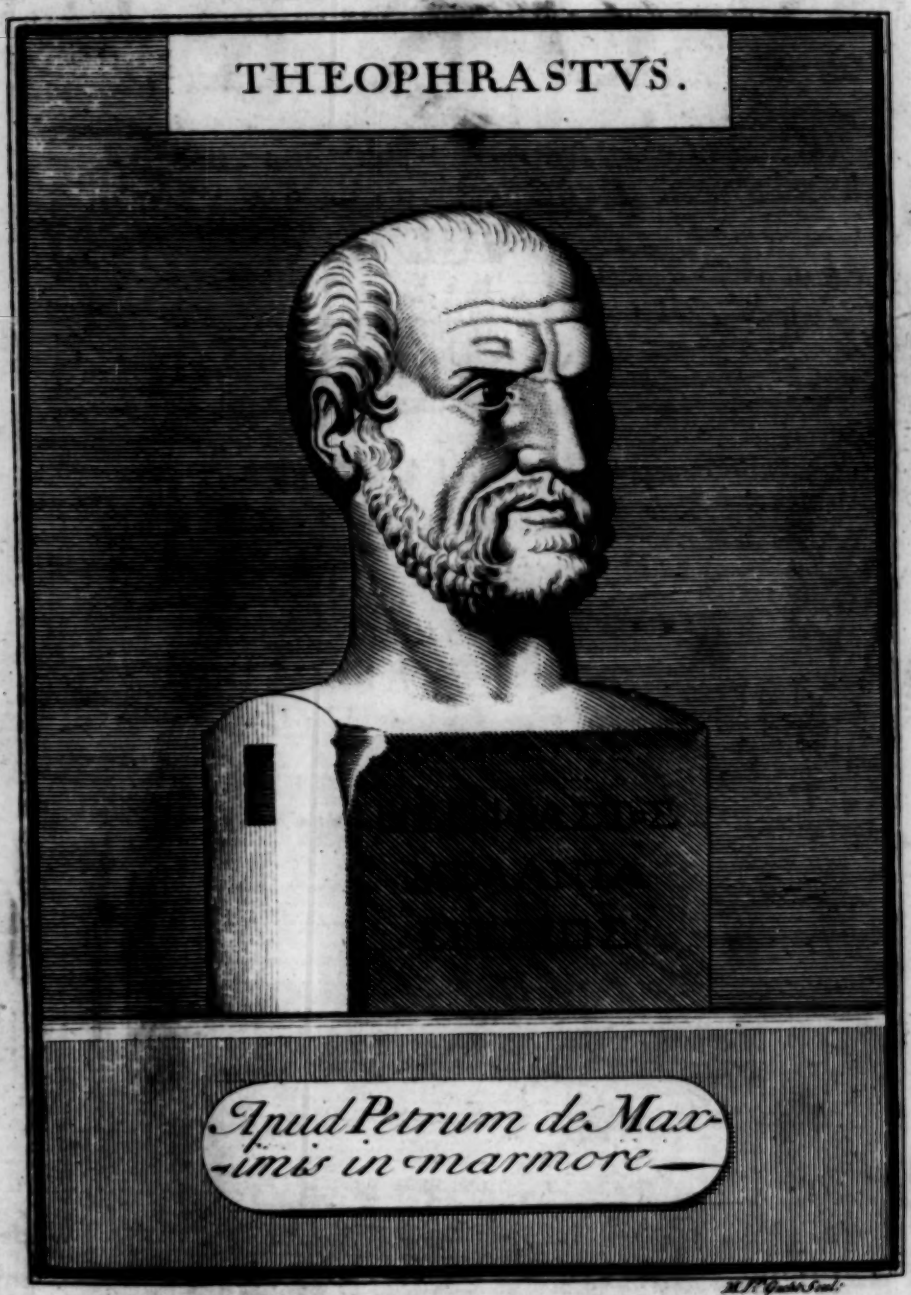

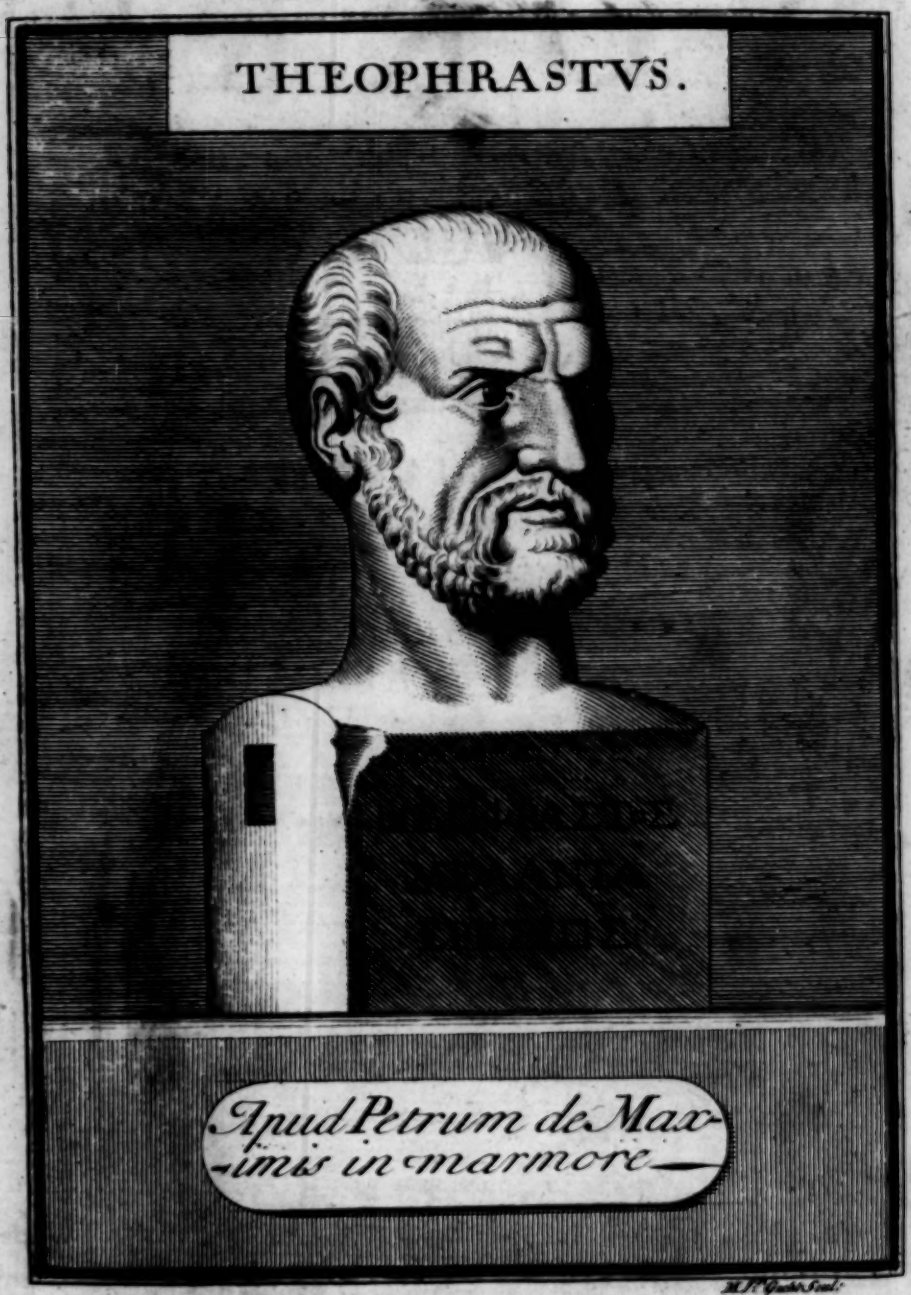

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THE WORKS

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CONCERNING

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THE great and deſerved Reputation of the AUTHOR, *as well as the undoubted Qualification of the ſeveral Tranſlators, make it unneceſſary to ſay any Thing in behalf either of the One or the Other. The Number of the* French *Editions, as well as* Engliſh, *is, to the Bookſeller at leaſt, a good Proof of Both: But waving the Vulgar Argument,* It Sold well, and therefore it was Good, *we may juſtly ſay in this Caſe,* It was Good, and therefore it Sold well. *It would be an Affront to Men of Senſe, to go about to diſplay M.* Bruyere's

Merit to them. It would be like telling 'em, according to his own Phrase, upon the like Occasion, that the River *Seine* runs through *Paris; that* there are Seven Days in the Week; *and the like important Stuff. We shall therefore confine our selves to shew wherein this present Edition excells all that went before.*

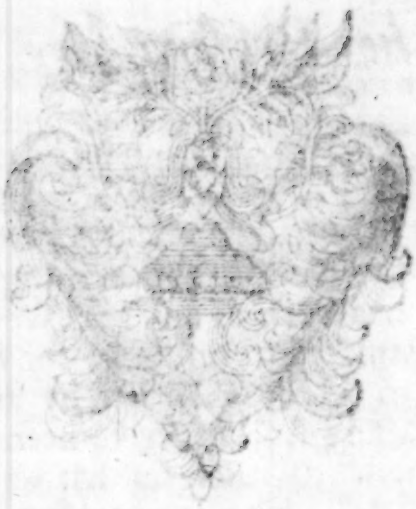
In the first Place then, we procured the last English *Edition to be compared* Verbatim *with the last* Paris *Edition,* (*which is the Ninth*) *and by this Means came to a Discovery of all the Supplemental Reflections, which were in that Edition, and never before* English'd: *And these we have got translated and added to this present Edition; and that it might be as compleat as possible, we have not scrupled to translate even those Parts, which at first Sight may perhaps disoblige some who have a just Veneration for the Memory of our Glorious Deliverer the Late King* WILLIAM: *But such will be the readier to pardon this in our Author, when they consider that in above Twenty Places of his Book, he bears as hard upon his own Monarch, tho not so expressly.*

Next to these Supplemental Reflections of M. Bruyere's, *the Reader will find* (*what, likewise, was never before* English'd) *the Speech which the Author made to the* French *Academy, upon his Admission into that Illustrious Society. And with this, We thought to have closed the Whole; but having Intelligence, that a Pedantic* Carthusian

Fryar

ADVERTISEMENT.

Fryar of Rouen, *under the Name of M.* Vigneul-Marville, *but whose true Name is* Bonaventura Dargogne, *a* Spaniard, *had written a critical Piece, against the Person and Writings of M.* Bruyere; *as likewise that Monsieur* Coste *had, by an ingenious Answer, effectually* unfrock'd *that* Carthusian, *We procured that Piece of M.* Coste's, *and got it* English'd *by the same Hand that did the* Speech *and Supplemental Reflections; and we doubt not but it will be very acceptable to the Reader, as well upon Account of the Gentleman who is the Author of it, as for the Sake of that Great Man whom he defends.*



A DEFENCE OF M. *de la Bruyere*,

And of his Book, Intitul'd,

The Characters *or* Manners *of the Present Age*, &c.

IF what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has lately publish'd in his *Melanges d'Histoire & de Literature*, against the Person and Writings of M. *de la Bruyere*, had been of any real Weight, I shou'd not have attempted to refute it, for fear of doing a Prejudice to M. *de la Bruyere* by an insufficient Apology. Many Authors have been so serv'd by their best Friends; witness he that wrote the Treatise *de la Delicatesse*, who undertaking to defend the Reverend Father *Bouhours* against the famous *Cleanthe*, only furnish'd the latter with a Subject for a new Triumph. Not that I am at all apprehensive

of falling into the ſame Inconvenience by repelling the Objections of M. *de Vigneul-Marville*; for they are, moſt of 'em, ſo weak, that there needs no great ſhare of Penetration to deſtroy them, as I hope to make appear to all who ſhall give themſelves the trouble to read the following Sheets with that Attention which is neceſſary for the well underſtanding them.

Thoſe Objections, however, muſt have ſomething dazling in them, ſince the Judicious Author, who continues to give us the *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres* after the Learned Mr. *Bayle*, ſpeaks thus: * *There is not much likelihood that M.* de Vigneul Marville *will diſpoſſeſs the Publick of the Eſteem they have conceiv'd for the CHARACTERS of M.* de la Bruyere: *The Reader however will not repent of his reading the Criticiſm which he makes upon that Author, towards the end of his Work:* I concluded from hence, that if his Criticiſm deſerv'd to be read, it was likewiſe worth while to refute it. And this is what determin'd me to Publiſh this ſmall Piece.

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* attacks the Perſon of M. *de la Bruyere*, as alſo the Work which he publiſh'd under the Title of *The Characters or Manners of the Preſent Age.* I ſhall follow him ſtep by ſtep, and begin as he does with the Perſon of M. *de la Bruyere.*

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* *In that for* January 1700. *p.* 92.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

Of the Person of M. de la Bruyere.

I. IN the first place, I sincerely own I never saw M. *de la Bruyere*; I know him only by his Works: Nor does it appear that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had any more particular Knowledge of him than my self; at least if we may judge by what he says of him in his Book. For 'tis upon the Description which M. *de la Bruyere* makes of himself in his own Writings, that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* conceives it is easy to know him: and it is not seen that he any where adds new Lineaments to the different Characters which he pretends that Author has giv'n us of himself in his Work. If therefore I can make appear that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has perverted the Sense of M. *de la Bruyere* in every one of those places where he fancies that That Illustrious Author has describ'd himself, 'tis of no Importance I never saw M. *de la Bruyere*; nor have I at all the less Privilege to defend him against the false Accusations of his Adversary.

II. *The main Character of M.* de la Bruyere, says *M.* de Vigneul-Marville, *is that of a Gentleman to be lett, who hangs out a Sign at his Door, and gives notice to the present and future Ages of the Antiquity of his Family. And this he does with the Air of a* * Don Quixot, *and in a manner perfectly delicate and fine.* " I here de-

* Melanges d'Histoire & de Literature, *Anno* 1700. *p.* 325.

" clare it openly, * *says he*, and desire all Men to
" take notice of it, that none may be surpriz'd
" hereafter: If ever any Great Man shall think
" me worthy of his Care; if ever I happen to
" make my Fortune, there is one *Geoffry de la Bruyere*,
" whom all the Chronicles of *France* place among
" the Men of the highest Rank, that follow'd
" *Godfrey* of *Bouillon* to the Conquest of the *Holy*
" *Land*; this *Geoffry* shall then be the Man from
" whom I am descended in a direct Line.

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* finds in these Words a ridiculous and unexampled Vanity: But he had been more just to M. *de la Bruyere*, if he had seen therein an ingenious Satire upon such Men, who being by their own confession meanly born so long as they continue poor, yet fancy themselves well descended so soon as they happen to make a Fortune. 'Tis this idle Whim which M. *de la Bruyere* attacks so pleasantly in so many Passages of this Chapter. *An ordinary Fellow*, says he (a little before the Passage I just now quoted after M. *de Vigneul-Marville*,) *by often affirming he has seen some Prodigy, falsely persuades himself that he has seen it: Another, by concealing his Age, comes to believe at last that he's as young as he wou'd be thought: So the Man who, meanly Born, has got a habit of talking of his being descended from this Antient Baron, or that Great Viscount, has the Pleasure to believe he is so descended, tho' there's nothing at all in it.*

M. *de la Bruyere*, who knew how much all Orders of Men are infected with this Distemper of hoisting themselves above their Condition, in their own Minds, but especially in the Minds of Others, returns to the Charge: *A good Gentleman*, says he, *strives to pass for a little Lord, and arrives to it. A Great*

* *These are M* de la Bruyere's *own Words, in his Characters, Chap.* XIV. *entitul'd,* Of Certain Customs.

Lord

Lord can be satisfy'd with no less than the Title of a Prince; he changes his Coat of Arms, produces a new Genealogy, which d'Hosier *never made for him, arrogates to himself so many Titles, has so many Disputes about Rank and Precedency, that at last he really becomes a little Prince.*

And, lastly, the more to expose the Ridiculousness of their ill-grounded Pretensions, M. *de la Bruyere* brings in himself as bewitch'd with this Passion, but in such a manner as shews plainly he knows the whole Weakness of it, and that he only speaks of himself that he might the more freely laugh at those who are actually touch'd with this Evil. *If ever any Great Man,* says he, *shall think me worthy of his Care, if ever I happen to make my Fortune,* and so on, as before, *then shall this* Geoffry *be the Man from whom I am descended in a direct Line.*

There is not a Word in this whole Passage but discovers the Irony the Author had in his Mind when he wrote it. M. *de la Bruyere* does not say he *Now* pretends to be descended from that *Geoffry de la Bruyere,* whom all the Chronicles of *France* place among the Men of the highest Rank that follow'd *Godfry* of *Bouillon* in the Conquest of the *Holy Land.* But if ever he happen'd to make a Fortune, *then* this *Geoffry* is the Man from whom he is descended in a *direct Line:* He shou'd at *present* be puzzl'd to prove his Descent from that Great Lord: but *then* he wou'd no longer doubt it, but wou'd peremptorily aver it, and expect to be believ'd upon his own Word, as well as so many others who never pretended to Gentility till the Day they arrive to some great Fortune. If such Chimerical Gentlemen had taken it in their Heads to create to themselves these Illustrious Ancestors at the time when they wore a Livery, or sold Cloth by the Ell, or follow'd the Plow-tail, Every body wou'd have laugh'd at them. Mean while, as their Original cannot change with

their Fortune, and since they might with as good Grounds have bragg'd of their pretended Gentility, when they were Poor, as after they became Rich; M. *de la Bruyere*, who only brings them upon the Stage to expose them the more, declares beforehand, That, tho' he does not pretend to be descended *as yet* from one *Geoffry de la Bruyere*, whom all the Chronicles of *France* place among the Men of the highest Rank that follow'd *Godfrey* of *Bouillon* to the Conquest of the *Holy Land*, yet he will take care not to let slip so glorious a Distinction, if ever he shou'd happen to make his Fortune. *Then Geoffry* shall be the Man from whom he indisputably derives his Pedigree; and this, not by any remote Alliance, but in a *direct Line*, for the one will be as easily prov'd as the other. Now I wou'd ask any Man, Whether the Author cou'd have more sharply reprov'd the Folly of those Upstarts, who, content with their ordinary Original, while they live in a Condition suitable to it, on a sudden erect themselves into Men of Birth, so soon as they acquire an Estate? If a Man will take these Words of M. *de la Bruyere* literally, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* does, I am sure he may as well fancy that the Celebrated *Boileau* wrote without Genius or Conduct, under pretence that he says, in speaking of himself,

* Cotin *and I by hazard only Write,*
And never had been Poets but for spite;
And Witty as we think our selves, had best
To Rhime no more, to be no more a Jest.

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* *Sat.* IX.

Nothing

Nothing is more usual with certain Writers, than to apply to themselves the Defects they wou'd reprove in others. Thus *Horace*, writing to one of his Friends, censures him severely, while he makes as if he drew his own Picture. " If my Friend " shou'd ask you how I employ my self, * *says he* " *to his Muse*, You may tell him, that having my " Head fill'd with a Thousand glorious Projects, I " lead a tedious disagreeable Life: Not that a " Storm of Hail has spoil'd my Vines, or that my " Olive-trees have been destroy'd by the excessive " Heats: nor that the Murrain is got among my " Cattel; but that, being rather sick in Mind than " Body, I will hear of no Remedies; nor read or " hearken to any thing that is likely to cure me: " that I can't bear the sight of my most trusty Phy- " sicians: that I storm at my Friends who are for " recovering me as soon as possible from the Ill- " ness that oppresses me: that I follow what will " hurt me, and fly from what is good for me: that " when I'm at *Rome*, my Head runs upon nothing " but *Tivoli*; and when I'm at *Tivoli*, nothing but " *Rome* will satisfy me.

I don't believe that any Man who has read *Horace*, and is ever so little acquainted with the Genius and Character of that famous Satyrist, can fancy he design'd to give us his own true Picture in these Words. No, 'tis manifest he only presents this Picture to his Friend, dextrously to engage him to consider it as if it were drawn for another; so that upon discovering therein his own proper Features, he may, if he thinks fit, set about amending himself. 'Tis in this very View M. *de la Bruyere* declares to us, that he will not fail to descend in a direct Line from one *Geoffry de la Bruyere*, whom all

* *Epist.* VIII. *Lib.* I. Si quæret quid agam, &c.

the Chronicles of *France*, &c. *Supposing he shou'd happen to make a Fortune.*

And indeed if he had really believ'd he was descended from that *Geoffry de la Bruyere*, might he not have said without shuffling, that, whether he shou'd make a Fortune or no, he cou'd boast of the Antiquity of his Family, since he cou'd trace his Pedigree up to that Great Lord who follow'd *Godfry* of *Bouillon* to the Conquest of the *Holy Land?*

If M. *de la Bruyere* had talk'd in this manner, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* might then perhaps have had some Reason to compare him to *Don Quixot.* But if this Doughty Critic had read the Reflection which immediately follows that which he so mistakenly censures, he wou'd have seen that M. *de la Bruyere* too well knew wherein real Nobility consisted, to make an ostentatious Shew of an Illustrious Pedigree, even tho' he might have been able to have prov'd it, instead of priding himself in a Gentility without proof, as his Censurer accuses him. *If Gentility be a Virtue*, says that Great Man, *Whoever is not Virtuous, loses his Title; and if 'tis not a Virtue, 'tis a Trifle. If 'tis a Happiness to be nobly descended,* * says he in another place, *'tis no less to have so much Merit, that no body enquires whether we are so or no.* Is it likely that a Man who has such *noble*, such exalted Sentiments, shou'd be capable of falling into so foolish, so childish a Vanity as he is so confidently charg'd with by M. *de Vigneul-Marville?* Give me leave to quote one more Place of the *Characters* which manifests, that M. *de la Bruyere* judg'd of the *true* Value of things, without suffering himself to be impos'd upon by vain Appearances. † *Every Hour in its self, as it respects us in particular, is the only One we can call*

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* Chap. II. *Of Personal Merit.*

† Chap. XIII. *Of the Fashion; the last Paragraph.*

our own. When once 'tis past, 'tis entirely lost, Millions of Ages can't retrieve it. Days, Months, Years fly away, and irrecoverably sink in the Abyss of Time. Time it self shall be destroy'd. 'Tis but one Point in the Immense Space of Eternity, and it shall be raz'd out. There are several light and frivolous Circumstances of Time, which are unstable, and pass away, and which I call Fashions, GRANDEUR, *Favour, Riches, Power, Authority, Independance, Pleasure, Joy and Superfluity. What will become of these* FASHIONS, *when Time it self shall disappear?* VIRTUE ALONE, THO' SO LITTLE IN FASHION, WILL BE ABLE TO SURVIVE TIME.

I very willingly transcrib'd this fine Passage here, because having read it a hundred Times with a new Pleasure, I thought, that tho' Others might have read it before, they wou'd not be displeas'd to see it again.

But to return to M. *de Vigneul-Marville:* If he did really believe that M. *de la Bruyere* vaunted of the Antiquity of his Family, like a Coxcomb and a true *Don Quixot*; what Name does he himself deserve for attempting to turn into Ridicule a Passage that was written for no other End but to make a Jest of that senseless Vanity which he ascribes to M. *de la Bruyere?* And here I can't forbear wondring at the fruitless Trouble so many learned Critics give themselves to explain certain Passages of Ancient Authors. It is visible from the contrary Meanings which they apply to those Passages, that they lend to their Authors a great many Thoughts which never once enter'd into their Heads. Nay, when all the Critics agree as to the Sense of some knotty Passage in *Virgil, Horace,* &c. it is more than probable that they are oftentimes mistaken: since we do not understand some figurative Places, even of a Modern Author, who wrote in our own Tongue, and liv'd in our own Time. M. *de la*

Bruyere

Bruyere has not been dead above five Years. His Book is written in *French*, and treats of nothing but Matters common to Civil Life. It is read by every Body in *France* and Foreign Countries, where it is printed as often as in *France*. And yet here's a *Frenchman*, a Man of Letters, who endeavouring to criticize M. *de la Bruyere*, makes him ſpeak the very Contrary of what he really ſays:

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
Unravel Scripture, and grow lean with Pains.

This, however, ought not to diſcredit the Reading of good Books, nor to diſcourage therefrom Perſons who love to ſpend their Time in the moſt agreeable, as well as moſt profitable Manner they can. For, in ſhort, if we do not always underſtand an Author, 'tis ſometimes becauſe he is not intelligible: and then there's no great Loſs in not underſtanding him. It cannot be ſaid we have miſapply'd our Time, if in many other Places of his Book he makes us acquainted with Things that may do us any Good. In this Caſe we ſhou'd ſay as *Horace* did of a Good Poem, which had ſome Faults in it,

—— *Ubi plura nitent, &c.*

"* When I meet with a great many Beauties in a "Piece, I'm not offended with a few Faults which "might have eſcap'd the Author through Inadver-"tency, or which the Impotence of human Nature "cou'd not ſo well provide againſt." Sometimes too, what is very clear in a Book, ſeems to us Obſcure, for want of reading with ſufficient Attention. There's no Man, I believe, who is Bookiſhly

* *Art of Poetry.*

giv'n,

giv'n, but happens now and then to catch himſelf at this Fault. The only Remedy is to diſtruſt our ſelves, and to read a Paſſage over and over again, before we decide it to be obſcure, abſurd or impertinent. And if any Perſon is oblig'd to take theſe Precautions, thoſe more eſpecially ought, who ſet up for public Cenſurers of other Men's Works. We ſhou'd not read a Book on purpoſe to find Fault with it, but purely to underſtand it. We ſhou'd ſee therein no more than what there preciſely is, without diving into the Author's Intention beyond what he himſelf has diſcover'd to us. If M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had read M. *de la Bruyere*'s Work in this Frame of Mind, he wou'd not have found ſo much Matter for the Cenſure which he paſſes upon his Perſon. This is what I flatter my ſelf I have demonſtrated with regard to the firſt Reproach he throws on him of his *being a Gentleman to lett, of hanging out a Sign at his Door, by giving notice to the preſent and future Ages of the Antiquity of his Family.* Never, I ſay, was Accuſation worſe grounded. I know not whether M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will confeſs it; but him excepted, I don't think any Body can doubt it, after reading what I have urg'd upon this Head. I ſay after reading what I have urg'd upon this Head, becauſe I have ſeen ſome People of very good Senſe, and among them ſome who I believe are not unknown to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, who have taken this Paſſage of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book in the ſame manner he has done. According to the ſtrict Laws of War I might have forborn this Confeſſion: But I'm willing to let him ſee by this, that 'tis not the Love of a vain Triumph makes me enter the Liſts with him, but the ſole Deſire of defending the Truth. I don't ſee how any very ſound Judgment can be made of an Author from what is ſaid of him in Converſation. A Man reads a Book in a hurry, to amuſe himſelf, or to

refreſh

refresh his Mind, which was tir'd by Multiplicity of Business. Some time after he goes into Company. The Discourse falls upon some Places of that Book; he thinks he has retain'd the Sense of them, tho' utterly forgot the Words. This Sense displeases us. Others who dislike it as much as We do, maintain that the Author meant no such thing. This creates a Dispute. Each defends his Opinion with Warmth, and no-body bethinks himself of consulting the Words of the Author, which wou'd oftentimes reconcile all Parties, by shewing distinctly that what he said, is very rational and perfectly different from what he is made to say by some of the Company, and sometimes by all together. This is commonly the way of Criticizing upon Books in Company. The Method is ridiculous enough: but Custom will needs have it excus'd. However, the World has not the same Indulgence for those who make it their Business to Censure publickly other Men's Works. Men expect such Critics shou'd be somewhat more circumspect; and that before they make Reflections upon a Book, they read it again and again, till they are sure they are Masters of it. This is apparently what was not done by M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, at least with respect to the first Passage which he so rudely falls upon in M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, since he has taken it quite wrong, as I believe I have prov'd. Let us see if he has had better luck in what follows.

III. *It is not enough for M.* de la Bruyere, * continues our Censor, *to have the Character of a Gentleman to be lett, he must likewise have that of a Misanthrope so much in Fashion. He describes himself as such, when speaking of Opera's, he says enthusiastically,*

* Page 326.

"I won-

"* I wonder how 'tis possible that the Opera, with "Music so perfect, and an Expence perfectly "Royal, shou'd yet so successfully tire me.

Pray do but observe a little, says M. *de Vigneul-Marville* upon this, *What Expence is requisite, and what Pains to be taken to have the Honour, I don't say to divert (for that's beyond Human Power) but to tire M.* de la Bruyere. *Did the King lay out so many Millions in Building* Versailles *and* Marly, *purely to give this worthy Gentleman a fit of Yawning, and set him to Sleep? Yes I warrant ye.*

This is a wonderful fine Exclamation, but instructs us in nothing. Invectives are not Reasons. † The first Declamer of this Age has been more than once told so. A Man that wou'd attack an Author to purpose, must provide himself with good Arguments, and express them clearly, to the end that such as shall see them, may be struck with them. As for Rhetorical Figures, they may dazle the Mind, but can't persuade it. 'Tis a Fire of Straw, that goes out in a Moment. Methinks People shou'd in this respect be a little more cautious than they usually are. Writers are not the only Persons to whom this Advice is directed. Those who take upon them to instruct others by Public Harangues, have at least as much occasion for it: for nothing is more common than to see those Gentlemen evaporating their Spirits in vain Declamations, without minding to establish upon solid Arguments what they undertook to prove. If therefore M. *de Vigneul-Marville* believes M. *de la Bruyere* was in the wrong to say he was tir'd with an Opera, he ought to have shewn by sound Proofs, that nothing is

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* Chap I. *Of Polite Learning*, &c.

† *Mr.* Jurieu, *Preacher and Professor in Theology at* Rotterdam.

more

more entertaining than an Opera; that nothing is more proper to divert a reasonable Man than this sort of Dramatic Poetry; and that no one can dis-relish it without having an ill-contriv'd cross-grain'd Make of Mind. After he had shewn this in a convincing manner, he might have made himself merry at the Expence of M. *de la Bruyere.* Then all had been fair; Ironies, Comparisons, Similies, Exclamations, Apostrophes, and all those other brilliant Turns call'd *Figures of Rhetoric.* That wou'd be Triumphing after Victory. And the By-stander, instead of being offended at the Victor's applauding himself in such a Case, does sometimes take a Pleasure to heighten his Triumph with fresh Acclamations. The most Nice, who are not over-fond of such Flourishings, do at least excuse it, and hear it without being angry. But to do this before-hand is all wrong; nothing seems to them more puerile or more insupportable. Men are as much shock'd at it as to hear a Soldier singing *Te Deum* before he has seen his Enemy.

If indeed M. *de la Bruyere* had barely told the World that he was tir'd with the Opera, notwithstanding the Beauty of the Decorations and the Charms of the Music, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* might justly have made himself a little merry with him; ev'n tho' the Opera had seem'd to Him as insipid as it did to M. *de la Bruyere.* The Author of * *The Art of Thinking* finds fault with *Montagne, for affecting to entertain his Readers with nothing but his own Humours, Inclinations, Whims, Distempers, Virtues and Vices. This,* says he, *is of all Characters one of the most unbecoming in a Gentleman, and which proceeds from a Defect in Judgment as well as from a violent Love of one's self.* Every body allows the Solidity of this Censure:

* Part III. Chap III.

and

and if M. *de la Bruyere* had been guilty of the ſame Weakneſs with M. *Montagne*, he had doubtleſs deſerv'd to have been reprov'd for it in the ſame manner. But he had too much Senſe to be guilty of that Error. He wrote to inſtruct Mankind, and not to amuſe them with a Recital of Things ſo frivolous, as wou'd have been the Hiſtory of what pleaſes or diſpleaſes Him. He wonders that *an Opera with Muſic ſo perfect, and an Expence truly Royal, ſhou'd yet ſo ſucceſsfully tire him.* But he immediately gives good Reaſons for its ſo doing; *There are*, ſays he, *ſome Places in an Opera which make us deſire more, and others that diſpoſe us to wiſh it all over, according as we are pleas'd or offended with the Scenes, the Actions and the Things repreſented.*

If, I ſay, M. *de la Bruyere* had barely told us that the Opera had, in ſhort, ſucceſsfully tir'd him, he had been liable to a juſt Cenſure: but not for the Reaſon that a Man muſt be very ſqueamiſh for not being delighted with a Spectacle, wherein the Prince has beſtow'd ſo great an Expence. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* brings the King into the Quarrel very impertinently. The King was not the Author of the Opera, and conſequently a Man may think it tedious, without offending the Royal Authority. To argue thus, ſavours a little of *Cotin's* Humour, who wou'd make the Contemning his Verſes paſs for a Crime againſt the State;

* *Qui mepriſe Cotin, n'eſtime point ſon Roy,*
Et n'a, ſelon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.

Anglicè,

Who likes not Atterbury, Bincks, *and* Birch,
They ſwear is neither Friend to Queen nor Church.

---

* M. *Boileau*. Sat. IX.

Nay,

Nay, that Poet was more excusable than M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, who is not personally interested in the Contempt a Man may have of Opera's; for I don't believe he ever concern'd himself in publishing any of his own making. "But, says M. *de* "*Vigneul-Marville*, shall so great an Expence be "made? shall such Pains be taken for the repre-"senting that Spectacle? And after all this, shall "a Man come and say he's tir'd with it, and not "be treated as a Misanthrope? Why not, if it is in reality a Spectacle proper in its Nature to produce that Effect? Tho' the Music be the most moving and most perfect in the World; tho' the Ears be agreeably flatter'd by delightful Consorts; tho' the Eyes are charm'd with the Beauty of the Decorations, and inchanted by the wonderful playing of the Machines: yet all this does not hinder the Opera from being tiresome, if the Subject of it be ill manag'd, if there's nothing that touches and affects the Mind, and if the Versification be harsh and dull. In this Case to despise an Opera, is a sign of a good Taste, and not the effect of a fantastical Resolution to contemn what all the World admires. And, on the contrary, to esteem an Opera with all these Faults, because 'tis accompany'd with fine Music, and magnificent Decoration, is to admire a counterfeit Jewel, because 'tis mingl'd with real ones; 'tis to take an Ass for a fine *Spanish* Horse, because the Housings are cover'd over with Gold and Precious Stones. But tho' an Ass is ever so richly Harness'd, he's but an Ass still. So, if an Opera be a dull insipid Poem, 'twill still be so, in spite of the Music, Machines and Decorations that accompany it. And consequently it must be examin'd in its self, and independently of all these Additions, if we won'd find out whether M. *de la Bruyere's* Judgment of it be right, or only owing to the Oddness of his Taste.

I know

I know not whether M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is of the ſame Opinion with that Marquis,

* *Who wonders at the General Taſte, and ſwears*
He to the Opera for the Verſe *repairs.*

But it is plain that M. *Boileau* does not give this Sentiment to his Wou'd-be-wit Marquis for any other Purpoſe, than to let us ſee the Extravagance and Oddneſs of his Taſte. Whence we may conclude, that according to M. *Boileau*, it is no very good Proof of *Miſanthropie* (Inhumanity) not to admire an Opera; but that, on the contrary, to go to an Opera to admire it, is to declare ones ſelf againſt the moſt general Taſte, and to make ones ſelf ridiculous by pretending to judge of what we don't underſtand.

But M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will perhaps ſay, that M. *Boileau*'s Authority is no Proof. I agree it. But he muſt likewiſe agree that his is none neither; and that, ſet one Authority againſt t'other, many People will, in a Point like this, follow that of a famous Poet, preferably to that of a † Doctor in Law. In truth, if that Doctor had produc'd ſome Reaſons in favour of Opera's, I ſhou'd have done wrong to have quoted thoſe Verſes of *Boileau*'s; for Reaſon ought ever to prevail over Authority: And as every Lover of Truth ought to eſtabliſh as a Law to himſelf, to embrace what he believes to be

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* M. Boileau. *Ep.* IX.

† *I give this Title to M.* Vigneul-Marville *only by way of Alluſion to what he tells us of himſelf in his Book, p.* 42. viz. *That he learnt the Civil Law of* Antonio Delcampo. *And accordingly, without examining here what his true Profeſſion is, 'tis at leaſt certain that he is not ſo good a Poet as M.* Boileau: *which ſufficiently authorizes the Argument I uſe in this place.*

grounded on Reason, however contrary it be to the Opinion of the greater Men, he ought not to be offended if others do so too. But I'm going to produce to M. *Vigneul-Marville* an Authority he will not dare to except against, or I'm deceiv'd, and which is back'd with very substantial Arguments. It is that of the Illustrious M. St. *Evremond*, who is no great Admirer of Opera's, and that too for much the same Reason with M. *de la Bruyere*. As he expresses his Mind more home, it belongs to M. *de Vigneul-Marville* to see whether M. St. *Evremond*, whom he owns for * *a celebrated Writer, who has giv'n to his Expressions all the Strength they were capable of within the Bounds of Reason*, has not departed from Reason here. If he believes that M. St. *Evremond* has been too free with Opera's, he must then put that Gentleman likewise in the Rank of *Misanthropes, who are so much in fashion.* And if he is not willing to affront him so highly for so small a matter; let him seek for other Proofs of M. *de la Bruyere's Misanthropie*, or let him ingenuously own that he was somewhat too precipitate in charging him with that Vice. But let us see whether it be true that M. St. *Evremond* expresses himself with so much Warmth against Opera's, as to deserve to be plac'd among the Misanthropes of this Age, as well as M. *de la Bruyere*. *I have long, My Lord, had a Mind to give you my Thoughts concerning* Opera's, (says he to the Duke of *Buckingham*, to whom he Addresses his Discourse;) *and I will now gratify that Desire. I shall therefore begin with avowing freely to you, that I am no Admirer of those Musical Plays or Tragedies, which we see in our Time; I own indeed, that their Magnificence gives me some Pleasure, that their Machines have*

* Melanges d'Histoire de Literature, *p.* 335, &c.

some-

something surprizing, the Music in some places may be charming, and the whole together seems wonderful; but then you must grant me on the other hand, that these Wonders are extremely tedious; for where the Mind has so very little to do, the Senses, after the first Pleasure which the short-liv'd Surprize affords, must languish and doze. The Eyes grow weary of being continually fix'd upon the glaring Objects. In the beginning of the Consorts, the Audience observe the Justness of the Concords, and let none of the Varieties escape them, that join in the making up the Sweetness of the Harmony; soon after the Instruments stun us, and the Music seems no more to the Ears but a confused and undistinguishable Sound. But who can support the dull Tediousness of the Recitativo, *which has neither the Charm of Song, nor the agreeable Force of good Speaking? The Soul tired out with a long Attention to That in which we can find nothing affecting, retires into itself to find some secret Emotion, by which it may be touch'd; and the Mind, having in vain expected Impressions from without, has Recourse to empty Musings, or grows discontented with itself for being so useless to its own Satisfaction. In a word, the Fatigue is so great and so universal, that we only think how to get out; and all the Pleasure the tired Spectator can propose to himself, is THE HOPES OF A SPEEDY END TO THE SHOW.*

The Reason why GENERALLY I SOON GROW WEARY AT AN OPERA is, That I never yet saw any Opera, which did not appear to me DESPICABLE, both in the Disposition of the Subject, and in the Verses. Now 'tis in vain to charm the Ear, and flatter the Eye, if the Mind remain unsatisfy'd; My Soul being in better Intelligence with my Mind, than with my Senses, struggles against the Impressions it might receive, or at least fails in giving an agreeable Consent to them, without which even the most delightful Object can ne'er afford me any great Portion of Pleasure.

'Tis true, a Foolery *set off with Music, Dances, Machines and Decorations, is a pompous and magnificent* Foolery, *but yet it is still a FOOLERY: 'Tis an ugly Ground to a beautiful Ornament, thro' which I yet discover the Ground with a great deal of Dissatisfaction.*

What wou'd M. *de Vigneul-Marville* have said, if M. *de la Bruyere* had express'd himself so roughly? *A Foolery set off with Music, Dances, Machines, and Decorations, is a pompous and magnificent Foolery, but yetit is a Foolery.* To speak thus of the Opera, a Royal Spectacle, *on which such great Expences had been made, and so much Pains taken!*

* *Quis cœlum terris non misceat, & mare cœlo?*

What Boldness! what Temerity! what Insolence! this had been the least he cou'd have said; since he calls him *Misanthrope* for daring to say *he knew not how the Opera with such perfect Music and a truly Royal Magnificence cou'd so successfully tire him.*

When M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has shewn us the Weakness of the Arguments made use of by M. *de* St. *Evremond* and M. *de la Bruyere,* to persuade the World that an Opera was a very tedious Entertainment, he may then blame the Delicacy of M. St. *Evremond,* M. *de la Bruyere,* and of all those who are tir'd with an Opera. But till then, he has no Pretension to laugh at them; unless he thinks his Authority a Rule for the rest of Mankind to judge by. Tho' I have not the Honour to be acquainted with him, I'm confident he's too much of a Gentleman to arrogate to himself such a Privilege which was never yet granted to any Man in the Republic of Letters.

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* Juvenal, *Sat.* 11.

IV. M.

IV. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* continuing to deſcribe M. *de la Bruyere*, tells us, that in another Place of his *Characters*, * *ſhifting the Part he had been acting, he aſſumes that of* Socrates, *and then brings in a Parcel of Fools of his own Invention, loading him with honourable Invectives. He diſturbs himſelf, and ſuppoſes they are throwing on him bloody Reproaches, and no body ſo much as thinks of the poor Man. For indeed, who, till now, ever ſaid of M.* de la Bruyere, *as of* Socrates, *that he was delirious, and a Fool with abundance of Wit,* &c. *M.* de la Bruyere *is M.* de la Bruyere, *as a Cat is a Cat, and that's all: Wiſe or otherwiſe, no body troubles himſelf about the Matter.* What Man after this would not believe that M. *de la Bruyere* compar'd himſelf without any Ceremony to the Wiſe *Socrates*, in ſome Place of his Book? It is, however, certain that in the Paſſage which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had his Eye upon, the Author ſpeaks of no Body but *Socrates* from one End to t'other. This Critic had done well to have quoted the Place. I will do't for him, that the Reader may judge the better of the Solidity of his Remark. † *'Twas ſaid of* SOCRATES, *that he was delirious, and a Fool with Abundance of Wit; but thoſe* Greeks *who ſo freely characteriz'd that Great Man, not unjuſtly paſs for Fools themſelves. What whimſical Images,* ſay they, *does this Philoſopher repreſent to us! What ſtrange and particular Manners does he deſcribe! Whence had he, or how could he collect theſe extraordinary Ideas? What Colours, what Pencil did he make uſe of? They are all* Chimera's. *They were deceiv'd, they were Monſters, they were Vices, but all ſo painted to the Life, that the very Sight of them*

* Melanges, &c. p. 327.
† Chap. XII. *Of Judgment.*

terrify'd. SOCRATES *was far from a Cynic, he spar'd their Persons, but lash'd their Manners which were bad.* This is all that is said by M. *de la Bruyere* in the Place which puts M. *de Vigneul-Marville* into so ill a Humour with him. But 'tis plain that M. *de la Bruyere* speaks only of *Socrates*, that what he says of him is true, and very remarkable. What harm is there in this? *Oh but*, say you, *who sees not that 'tis all meant of M.* de la Bruyere *himself*? You see it: And that is as much as to say, that what was heretofore spoken of *Socrates* is applicable to M. *de la Bruyere.* If so, why are you thus angry at seeing it? *I don't see it*, say you again. *But 'tis* M. de la Bruyere *who in this Place would have me see it, with so much Vanity that I cannot bear it.* But there's no Relation between *Socrates* and M. *de la Bruyere*; why therefore do you say, That M. *de la Bruyere* meant himself, since he does not name himself? Why do you not rather apply the Comparison to those whom it really suits, *Moliere, Boileau*, and all such who have given us real Portraits of the Vices and Irregularities of the Age? It is not lawful for a Censor to criticise any thing in a Book but what is contain'd in it, and which is visible to the Reader. Otherwise, there would be no End of Criticisms; and there are no Extravagances but might be found ev'n in the most judicious Writer.

I wou'd not be understood by what I've said, as if M. *de la Bruyere* was not liable to have the same thing said of him as was heretofore of *Socrates.* It is doubtless applicable to him, if it be true that he has painted to the Life the Vices of his Age, as well as those great Masters I just now named, and if there are some People who have thought his Characters *extravagant* and chimerical. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* tells us, that M. *de la Bruyere* caus'd this Reproach to be cast on himself by *Fools of his*

own

own Invention, and form'd on purpose to do it. I don't see that M. *de la Bruyere* was under any great Necessity to be at the Pains of creating Fools on purpose for this. The real Fools of this Age have doubtless as fruitful an Imagination as those of *Socrates*'s Time. Be that as it will, I know a witty Man who has lately cast the same Reproach on M. *de la Bruyere*, as the *Fools he invented* did, if M. *de Vigneul-Marville* may be believ'd. This Man is M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himself, who says in *Pag.* 340. of his *Melanges*; M. de la Bruyere *is marvellous*, says M. *Menage, in hitting the Ridicule of Mankind, and in revealing it. He should have said, concealing it. For M.* de la Bruyere *by too much endeavouring to render Men ridiculous, makes* Sphinxes *and* Chimera's *which bear no Resemblance.* If M. *de la Bruyere* had foreseen this Criticism of M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s, 'tis highly probable he would have sav'd himself the Trouble of *creating Fools on purpose to abuse him.*

V. Our Censor returns to the Onset. * *In another Place,* says he, M. de la Bruyere *appears in a less austere and more agreeable Character: Not that of an uneasy* Socrates, *or a* Misanthrope *who hates all Mankind; but in the Character of an affable Philosopher.* " † O thou important Man, and loaded with " Affairs, *crys he,* who in thy Turn standest in " Need of my Assistance! Come, and welcome, " to the innermost Recesses of my Closet; the " Philosopher is accessible; I will not put you off " till To-morrow. You will find me turning o- " ver *Plato* on the Immortality of the Soul, or

* Page 327, *&c.*
† Chap. VI. *Of the Gifts of Fortune.*

" with Pen in Hand, calculating the Distance of
" *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, admiring the Works of the
" Creator, and endeavouring, by acquiring a
" perfect Knowledge of the Truth, to rectify my
" Mind and become better. Enter then, all my
" Doors are open; my Antichamber is not made
" to tire you in waiting for me; come forward
" till you find me, without the Ceremony of gi-
" ving me Notice: You bring me something more
" precious than Silver or Gold, if 'tis an Oppor-
" tunity to oblige you, *&c.*

Nothing can equal the Beauty of that Character, adds M. *de Vigneul-Marville.* Why then does he endeavour to disfigure it, by breaking his nauseous Jests upon M. *de la Bruyere's* ordinary Lodging? *But then it must be granted*, says this judicious Critic, *that without supposing either an Antichamber or Closet, a Man might very easily have introduc'd himself to* M. de la Bruyere, *before he had an Apartment in the* Hotel de.... *There was but one Door to open, and but one Chamber next the Sky, divided in two by a slight Hanging.* What's all this to the Purpose? Because M. *de la Bruyere* was but indifferently lodg'd, was he less commendable for being Civil, Affable, Complaisant, and Officious? What wou'd M. *de Vigneul-Marville* have said against *Socrates*, who had much more Reason to complain of Fortune than M. *de la Bruyere*: Wou'd he have laught at his Moderation, Humanity, Affability, Complaisance,... under pretence that not having wherewithal to set up for a Man of Figure in *Athens*, 'twas no wonder he apply'd himself to get a Name by Methods suitable to his Condition? But M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is deceiv'd if he thinks that so soon as a Man of Learning begins to be ill at ease in the World, he becomes more supple, more civil, more obliging, and more affable; for we every Day meet

with

with Men of Learning more uncivil, haughty, rough, and untractable, than the most snappish Man of Business. *There are some good Qualities which are never perfect when they are acquir'd*, as the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* has observed. Of this Number is Kind-heartedness, Gentleness and Complaisance. This Character which M. *de la Bruyere* gives his Philosopher under his Name, or rather by making him speak himself, is not a whit more his Character, than it ought to be that of every Man of Sense, who has a well-turn'd generous Soul. Now He is the true Philosopher, who, desiring to live socially in the World, finds no Difficulty in comprehending, that the best Thing he can do, is to endeavour to gain the Friendship of Men by all manner of good Offices. His Advances are not lost. He soon reaps the Fruit thereof with Interest. Which shews, by the way, that *instead of being frighten'd, or ev'n blushing at the Name of Philosopher, there's no Man in the World who ought not to have a very strong Tincture of Philosophy.* For, as M. *de la Bruyere* says, (from whom I borrow this Reflection) *Philosophy befits all the World: The Practice of it is useful to all Ages, all Sexes, and all Conditions.*

VI. This Fault committed here by M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, voluntarily or thro' Ignorance, of taking Historically and Literally what M. *de la Bruyere* meant of every studious Man who takes care to cultivate his Reason, gives him a fresh Occasion of declaiming upon what M. *de la Bruyere* says elsewhere, under the Person of *Antisthenes*, to represent the lamentable Condition of many famous Authors, who, as *Boileau* says,

Are not a bit the Plumper for their Fame.

But

But if M. *de la Bruyere's* Circumſtances in the World were none of the eaſieſt, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* aſſures us, he is the more to be valu'd for having found Means to cultivate his Mind, and to work his Underſtanding to that Degree of Perfection which he did, in Spite of thoſe Diſtractions and Chagrins which are occaſion'd by the indiſpenſable Neceſſity of providing for the ordinary Calls of Life. 'Twas no other than what has happen'd to many celebrated Writers, who, to the Shame of their Age (of which they were the Ornament) have liv'd in an extreme Miſery.

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himſelf gives us a pretty long Liſt of thoſe indigent Scholars; and inſtead of ſporting with their Misfortune, he ſeems touch'd with it, as appears from what he tells us of M. *du Ryer*. Why has he not the ſame Humanity for M. *de la Bruyere*? This *Critic* ſeems to inſult him thus, merely to have an *Occaſion* to tell us, that he was a forc'd Author. I know not what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* means by a *Forc'd Author*. But for my Part, I ſhould think thoſe *Writers* may be call'd ſo who compoſe nothing themſelves, thoſe Compilers of Trumpery, little Tales, and thread-bare Jeſts, and which any other has as much Right to tranſcribe as they; Authors made in haſte, who ſay nothing but what might have been ſaid better, whoſe Stile, full of Blunders and paultry proverbial Phraſes, has nothing in it that's exact, polite, lively and engaging; in a word, who are always ready to publiſh New Books with nothing New in them. I need not tell the Reader I mean thoſe Books which terminate in *Ana*, or which without being ſo terminated are perfectly like them. I know not whether ſuch Gentlemen who for ſome time have delug'd the Bookſellers Shops with theſe Sort of Performances, are all *Forc'd Authors*, as M.

de

de Vigneul-Marville phrases it; but one Thing I'm very sure of, that nothing but extreme Want can excuse them, from thus prostituting their Reputation by such boyish Compilations. *If the publishing a dull Book is pardonable in any, 'tis only in those Wretches who write for Bread*, says *Moliere* in his Misanthrope.

And ev'n this is no very good Excuse, if we may believe Father *Tarteron*, who in his Preface to *Persius* and *Juvenal* says pleasantly, That *in Point of Printing, a Man should never be press'd to it, for all the Reasons in the World; no, not for the saving of his Life.* Because the Public has with Indulgence receiv'd some * Sayings, which dropp'd from certain great Men in Conversation, and which have been publish'd after their Deaths; Now, forsooth, no Author can † die but there is presently printed a Collection of the fine Things he had been heard to speak during his Life: And some even take the Pains to make these Sort of Collections || in their own proper and private Names, for fear no body should think of performing this Devoir to them after their Deaths. 'Tis wisely done of them: For else Who would have thought of putting to *their* Account so many beautiful Sentences of *Socrates*, *Aristippus*, *Protagoras*, *Antisthenes*, — with which they fill those Collections, but which might have been seen long before in *Diogenes Laertius*, in *Plutarch*, or to be sure in the *Polyanthea?* Others, more cunning, change the Title. They know that nothing more easily imposes on the Public

* Scaligeriana, Thuana, Perroniana, *&c.*

† Menagiana, Valesiana, Fureteriana, Sorberiana, Arlequiniana, *&c.*

|| Chevræana.

than

than a ſpecious Title; and that a Book which lay mouldring in the Shops, has ſold to Admiration under a new Name. And therefore ſeeing that the Public begins to nauſeate Books that end in *Ana*, they take care to avoid that Termination in the Titles which they give to their Productions. But all this does not leſſen their *Ana*-ſhip; that is, they are precipitate Compoſitions, full of uncertain Facts, idle Stories, Deciſions ill grounded, or utterly deſtitute of Proof, and flat Jeſts, or ſuch as one has met with a hundred Times elſewhere. Such Authors as theſe may juſtly be call'd *Forc'd Authors*, but not ſuch who have the genuine penetrating Wit of M. *de la Bruyere*, and who write with ſo much Exactneſs, Vivacity, and Delicacy, as that Excellent Man does. Now if among this Sort of Compilers there are ſome who are not *forc'd* through Neceſſity to publiſh ſuch kind of Collections made in haſte, without Choice or Diſcretion, they are but the more blameable for that; and when they were preparing them for the Preſs, they ſhould have been told what the *Miſanthrope* ſays to *Orontes*, in Moliere, *Be rul'd by me, reſiſt the Temptation; Let the Public be depriv'd of theſe Amuſements: And whatever Sollicitations you may have, do not quit the Name you bear at Court, of a worthy Gentleman, in order to be dubb'd, by a covetous Printer, with that of a ridiculous wretched Author.*

But I muſt return to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, for fear he ſhou'd think himſelf neglected.

VII. After having ſaid, tho' God knows upon what Grounds, that M. *de la Bruyere* was a *Forc'd Author*, he tells us, that *at length his Merit, illuſtrated by his Sufferings, has ſhone out to the World. Men have open'd their Eyes*, adds he; *Virtue has been own'd to be*

Virtue,

Virtue, and M. de la Bruyere *changing his Fortune, has likewise chang'd his Character. He is no longer a timorous Author, humbling himself in his low Condition; He's above the World, and, approaching to the Sun, despises those who despis'd him, and discovers their Shame by this Narration.* * " The World mutinys against " a Man that begins to grow in Repute; those he " esteems his Friends hardly pardon a growing " Merit, or the first Report that seems to give him " a Share of the Glory they possest; they hold out " to Extremity, till the Prince has declar'd him- " self by Recompences: Then they immediately " congratulate him, and from that Day he takes " Place as a Man of Merit". *That is to say in plain Words,* continues our Censurer, *that the Acadamy was forc'd to admit* M. de la Bruyere, *and consented to it, because the Time foretold by M.* Pelisson *was come,* viz. *That the Academy, through an unaccountable Policy, forbearing to make Advances and to go out and meet Great Men in order to introduce them into their Society, wou'd suffer themselves to be sway'd by Interest and Bribes, and wou'd in Spite of themselves, grant That to Favour, which it refus'd to grant, out of Choice, to Capacity and Merit.* " † An admirable way of Arguing, this! " Ah, M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, you're a desperate " Fencer at Criticism! How I pity poor M. *de la* " *Bruyere* for having You to his Enemy!" Give me leave, Sir, to speak to you in the Words of *Elisa* to *Climene* in the *Critique de l'Ecole des femmes*; for you admirably well act the Part of that celebrated *Precieuse*: || *You,* like her, *have a Penetration,*

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* *M.* de la Bruyere's *own Words.* Chap. XII. *Of Judgment.*

† *These Words are taken out of* la Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes, *and apply'd to the present Subject.*

|| *Scene* II.

which

which others have not; You are offended with the Shadow of Things, and can give a criminal Meaning to the most innocent Expressions. Forgive the Application. But barring Raillery, how comes this dangerous Critic to poison us with such Innocent Words as those which he quotes out of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book? Who reveal'd to him that those Words must be understood of M. *de la Bruyere*, more than of any other Person who begins to grow in Repute in the World? Did M. *de la Bruyere* tell it him as a Secret? But how shou'd he do it, since in his Speech to the Academy he declares expressly, and without Equivocation, that he made use of no Mediation to be admitted into that Body? *Your Voices alone*, says he to those Gentlemen, *your Voices ever free and arbitrary, afford a Place in the* French *Academy: You have granted it me, Gentlemen, and with so good a Grace, so unanimous a Consent, that I owe and will hold it by the sole Tenure of your good Pleasure: It was neither high Station, nor Credit, nor Riches, nor Authority, nor Favour, that cou'd Influence you. I am without all these Things. I want every Thing. A Book which for its Singularity met with some Success, and the false and malicious Applications whereof might have done me a Prejudice in the Minds of Persons less equitable and penetrating than your selves, was all the Mediation which I made use of, and which you accepted.* Can any Man believe that M. *de la Bruyere* wou'd have spoken in this manner, if he had been admitted into the Academy at the Recommendation of his Prince? Wou'd it not have been an unpardonable Boldness and Ingratitude? If M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had read M. *de la Bruyere*'s Speech, 'tis likely he wou'd not have pronounc d so confidently, that he ow'd his Reception into the Academy, to the King's Favour. But I mistake, he had read it, and saw that M. *de la Bruyere* declares plainly, *That he employ'd no Medi-*

ation

ation to be admitted into the French *Academy, but only the Singularity of his Book.* These are M. *de Vigneul-Marville's* own Words, pag. 348. of his *Melanges d'Histoire & de Literature.* But this terrible Censor does not yield for so small a Matter. *As M.* de la Bruyere, adds he, *says the contrary in his CHARACTERS, and owns it was thro' the King's Favour, who declaring himself for him, made others do the like; I hold to that Expression, which being the first that came into his Head, ought, according to the Rules, to be the best.* I believe it would puzzle M. *de Vigneul-Marville* to prove that the Passage in the CHARACTERS, where he saw those Words, was not printed till after M. *de la Bruyere* was admitted into the *French* Academy. " Every Body rises against a Man that " begins to grow in Repute: Those he esteems " his Friends, hardly pardon a growing Merit: " They hold out to Extremity till the Prince has " declar'd himself by Recompences". *That is to say, without a Figure*, if we will believe M. *de Vigneul-Marville, till the Academy was forc'd to receive M. de la Bruyere.* What a Fall is here! Good God, what an Explication! Wou'd not one say, that a Place in the Academy was as good as a Government of a Province? He does well to say *without a Figure*: For otherwise, who wou'd ever have taken it into his Head, that the Word *Recompence* meant a Place in the *French* Academy? But for whom does this severe Critic take us? Does he think himself the only Man who has read the *History of the Academy*, whereby every body may see, That the Advantages, granted to the Members of that illustrious Society, are only *to be exempted from Watch and Ward, Guardianships, Executorships, and to enjoy the Benefit of appointing Commissaries to follow any Law-Suit they may have depending in the Provinces remote from* Paris? These are such insignificant Things that

that M. *Pelisson* is amaz'd they did not ask, besides these Privileges, an Exemption from Taxes, which in all Probability they might have obtain'd without Difficulty. But suppose the Place of an Academic were one of the most considerable in the Kingdom; where is M. *de la Bruyere* mention'd in the Passage quoted by M. *de Vigneul-Marville*? What is there There that can be apply'd to him more than to any other Man of Merit whom the King thinks fit to raise to some important Post? Is there no Man in *France* but M. *de la Bruyere*, whose shining Qualities have expos'd them to Envy, so soon as they have begun to break out to the World? If so, our Age is a great deal more reasonable than the preceding ones, which furnish us with so many Examples of an ill-natur'd Jealousy.

I have a little too much enlarg'd upon this Article: For, only proposing rhe Grounds of M. *de Vigneul-Marville's* Criticism, had been enough to demonstrate the Weakness of it. But I was desirous to shew by this Example, into what Inconveniences these passionate Censurers run themselves, who, at any rate, are for crying down such Persons or Writings as have not the good Fortune to please them. Blinded by this Prejudice, they take every thing by the wrong Handle, Censure at random the most innocent Expressions, boldly condemn the best Places of a Work without giving themselves the Trouble to understand them, and thereby expose themselves to the Censure of all the World.

* *Ceci s'adresse à vous*, &c.

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* Fables choisies de M. de la Fontaine, Lib. V. Fab. XVI.

" This

" This is addreſs'd to You, Spirits of the laſt
" Order, who, being good for nothing your ſelves,
" make it your principal Buſineſs to Bite others.
" You torment your ſelves to no manner of pur-
" poſe. Do you think that your Teeth leave any
" Marks of their Rage upon ſo many excellent
" Works? No, No; They are, to You, Braſs,
" Steel, Diamond.

VIII. What our Cenſurer adds as a finiſhing Stroke to the pretended Character of M. *de la Bruyere*, cannot have more Solidity than what we have already confuted, ſince 'tis built on the ſame Foundation. *No Philoſopher*, ſays he, *was ever more humble in Appearance, nor more haughty in Reality than M.* de la Bruyere. *He gets aſtride his Great Horſe; and in proportion as he riſes, he ſpeaks with the greater Boldneſs and Confidence.* " People may refuſe to give
" my Writings their juſt Recompence; but can-
" not leſſen their Reputation: Or if they ſhou'd,
" What will hinder me from deſpiſing it? As M. *de Vigneul-Marville* quotes theſe Words, they can't be apply'd to any but M. *de la Bruyere*. But, as I ſaid before, Who has reveal'd to this ſharp-ſighted Critic, that M. *de la Bruyere* meant himſelf, and not as well any other Philoſopher, who, laſhing the Vices of Mankind in order to their Amendment, has a Right to deſpiſe thoſe that make it their Study to run down his Works? A Man need only read the whole Paſſage to be convinc'd that it ought to be underſtood in this latter Senſe. 'Tis ſomewhat too long to be tranſcrib'd here. You will find it in the 12th Chap. Of *JUDGMENT*. But if our Cenſurer will at any Rate have theſe Words be applicable to M. *de la Bruyere* himſelf, I don't ſee that they contain any thing very extravagant, if they be taken in their true genuine Senſe. It is manifeſt,

by those Persons who go about to lessen the Reputation of a Book, we are to understand those envious People, who only act so out of mere Spite, as appears from the wretched Arguments they make use of to compass their Ends. Now what better Course can a Man take in this Case, than to contemn their vain Insults? And consequently, if M. *de la Bruyere* was ever expos'd to the Hatred of such Men, why might he not say, "*You cannot lessen the* "*Reputation of my Writings* by your flat Witticisms, "or by the wrong and malicious Applications you "make of my Words? But if you shou'd for a "while impose on the Public by your Calumnies "and odious ill-grounded Reflexions, *Who shall hin-* "*der me from despising you?* You expect perhaps that "I shou'd give my self the Trouble to Answer you. "But you're mistaken. That wou'd be giving a "Weight to your empty Reasonings. I rather "chuse to look on 'em with Contempt, as they "deserve." Allowing that M. *de la Bruyere* had exprest himself in this manner, or that what he does say is capable of such a Meaning, yet how does he deserve Censure? Is it not certain, that upon many Occasions 'tis a laudable Pride not to value the ineffectual Niblings of Envy? This was the Conduct observ'd by M. *Boileau:* And yet who blames that Great Man for chusing rather to enrich the Public with New Pieces, than to waste his Time in refuting all those impertinent Criticisms which were at first made on the Works he publish'd? And who does not wish that the famous M. *Arnaud* had employ'd himself to better Purpose than in arguing with his Adversaries, in which he spent the best Part of his Life?

But

But to return to M. *Vigneul-Marville:* May we not truly say, that, if M. *de la Bruyere* had seen this odious Portrait which that dangerous Critic has made of his Person without any Appearance of Reason, he wou'd have made no other Reply than that, * *Those who without knowing us, think evil of us, do Us no harm: 'Tis not Us they attack, 'tis the Phantom of their own Imagination?* For, as I have shewn, there is nothing in all this pretended Picture that is copy'd after Nature: The whole Piece being drawn at Random, and without any Resemblance of the Original, which the Painter intended to represent.

But enough of *the Person of M.* de la Bruyere: Now let us see what our Critic finds amiss in his *Writings.*

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* *M.* de la Bruyere's *own Words,* Ch. 12.

CHAP. II.

Of M. de la Bruyere's *Book, entitul'd,* The CHARACTERS: Or the *Manners* of the Present Age.

I. IF Averring were Proving, never was Book better criticiz'd than that of M. *de la Bruyere* has been by M. *de Vigneul-Marville.* But since every Man who sets up for a Critic, becomes a Party in the Cause, his Evidence goes for nothing before the Tribunal of the Public. After such a Man has declar'd that such or such an Author displeases him, 'tis no longer necessary that he shou'd tell us in different Places and in different Manners, that he condemns his Thoughts, Style or Expressions. We know it already. All that is expected from him is, to demonstrate clearly and solidly that such or such a Passage of the Book he pretends to animadvert upon, is worthy of Condemnation.

I know very well that several learned Men have contracted a Habit of Retailing their own private Opinions without supporting them by any Proof. But that was not the Way they got their Reputation by. On the contrary, 'twas a Fault they were always blam'd for by all Men of Sense in the Republic of Literature. 'Tis likewise true, that many learned Men, who at this day write in *Latin*, are pretty forward to excuse this Method, because they not unwillingly imitate it: But Men of sound Sense can't away with it: And particularly these Magi-

Magiſterial Airs are not to be born in Workswritten in the Vulgar Tongue. An Example of this has been ſeen in *France* in M. *Dacier*'s Tranſlation of *Horace*. That Critic being willing to recommend his Author and the Notes with which (as Father *Tarteron* ſays pleaſantly) he has *block'd* him up, is eternally putting us in Mind that this is admirable, incomparable, inimitable.... and that ſuch a Paſſage is to be read thus, that no Body ever rightly explain'd That other Paſſage, that 'tis capable of no other Senſe, that it muſt be underſtood ſo and ſo, let all the Commentators, Ancient or Modern, ſay what they pleaſe, ... *&c.* But by theſe Maſterlike Deciſions, that learned Critic has expos'd himſelf to the Raillery of all the World: For, as Father *Tarteron* very well obſerves, *nothing diſobliges or ſhocks a Reader more than that Poſitive, Abſolute, and oftentimes Groundleſs Air of Authority, which is ſeen to tyrannize in certan Books.*

And indeed ſuch a Criticiſm, void of Proofs, is of no manner of uſe. What ſignifies it for me to know that ſuch a Thought or ſuch a Work diſpleaſes you, if I'm ignorant of the Reaſons for which you condemn it? For inſtance, I have been lately reading the *Voyage to the World of Deſcartes*, compos'd by Father *Daniel*; and was charm'd with the Simplicity of his Style, Purity of his Expreſſion, and more eſpecially the Solidity of his Arguments. But M. *de Vigneul-Marville* thinks fit to publiſh in Print that * the Author of that Book is *an inſipid Buffoon.* Am I oblig'd, upon ſight of this airy Deciſion, to ſurrender up my own Judgment, and embrace the Opinion of M. *de Vigneul-Marville*? I don't believe he himſelf will preſume to exact any ſuch thing of

* Melanges d'Hiſt. p. 152.

me. But if he did not think to instruct some-body by this Criticism, why did he make it? Why throw away his Time? The Author of the *Dialogues of the Dead* says wittily, *That as lazy as he is, he wou'd engage, were he well paid for't, to criticise all the Books that are written. Tho' it seems to be a pretty extensive Employment*, adds he, *I'm certain I shou'd have Time enough to be idle.* But that Judicious Author wou'd have liked the Employment much better, if he had bethought himself of this other Method of Criticising, wherein a Man supposes what he pleases without troubling himself to prove it: A Method so short and easy, that, in following it, the best Books may be answer'd without taking the Pains so much as to read them. 'Tis true, such a Criticism is liable to this small Inconvenience; that as it is easily made, so 'tis easily destroy'd. For there's no body but has a Right to hiss at all such naked, unsupported Decisions, and to oppose to them others directly contrary: So that by Criticising in this manner, a Man is no forwarder at the Upshot than the Marquis in the Play call'd the *Critick of the School of Women*; who being resolv'd to run down that Piece, fancy'd he did Wonders by saying in the Tone of a Master, *He thought it execrable, to the last Degree execrable, what they call Execrable.* But he was soon giv'n to understand, that this Decision of his tended to just nothing at all, by being answer'd, *And I, dear Marquis, think Your Judgment execrable.* Every positive Censurer, who expects to be believ'd upon an *ipse dixi*, ought to be answer'd in the same manner: For if he takes the liberty to reject the Sentiment of another, without giving any Reason, every Man has a Right to reject his with the same Freedom.

If

If M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had thought of this, he had apply'd himself more than he has done, to prove particularly and rationally, that M. *de la Bruyere*'s BOOK is full of false Thoughts, obscurely and ill expreſt, instead of telling us in general, that, *if M.* de la Bruyere *had chosen a good Style, written with Purity, and made his Portraits more perfect, no Man cou'd have diſesteem'd his Book without Injustice*; that, *he uses forc'd Transpositions*; that, *he has no regular Stile*; that, *he writes at Random, employing far-fetch'd Expressions for very common Things*; and that, *when he means to speak of more exalted Matters, he weakens them by vulgar Expressions, and makes the strong and the weak grovel alike*; that, *he incessantly aims at a Sublime, which he does not understand, and which he sometimes places in Things, sometimes in Words, without ever catching that Point of Unity, which reconciles Words with Things, in which consists the whole Secret and Finesse of this marvellous Art.* But to what Purpose serve all these loose wild Assertions, if they are not substantially prov'd by incontestable Examples? *I much esteem all the good Things which M.* de là Bruyere *has drawn from our good Authors*, continues our Critic, with the same Air of a Master, who expects to be believ'd on his Word; *but I don't esteem the Manner of his introducing them. I rather wish he had giv'n them to us just as he found them, instead of darkening them as he does, with his Jargon. I commend the good Intention he had to reform the Manners of the present Age, by discovering its weak Sides; but I can by no means approve his seeking these weak Sides in his own Imagination, rather than in the Manners themselves; and that by straining every Thing he represents, he shou'd draw Pictures from his own Head, and not after the Life, as the Subject requires. I don't despise the Rules for well-writing, which M.* de la Bruyere *produces in his Characters; but then I can't endure to see him*

violate those Rules which are founded on Good Sense, to follow the Irregularities of a Capricious Genius. To conclude, I praise the Design of M. de la Bruyere : *It is a bold one, a very bold one, and such as the Public might have receiv'd some Benefit from ; but I do not stick to say, that this Design is not executed in a Masterly Manner, and that the Undertaker is not, by far, equal to the Greatness of the Enterprize.* A dreadful Charge ! but what do we learn from all this? No earthly Thing but that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* does not approve of M. *de la Bruyere's* Book ; so that all who esteem'd this Book before they read this Criticism, may say to him, *This then is the Judgment You make of the CHARACTERS OF THE AGE ; Very well ; Now, Sir, we, on the other Hand, think Your Judgment utterly ridiculous and groundless.* We should not, 'tis true, be e'er the wiser for this Counter-Criticism neither, but M. *de Vigneul-Marville* wou'd have no just Cause to complain of it. For *he* has no more Reason to contradict these Gentlemen , than *they* have to slight his Criticism, which is not warranted by any Authority but his own. This is what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* ought to have guarded against, especially since in most of the Things which he says against the *Characters of the Age*, he enters into Dispute with M. *Menage*. For if he had Reason not to yield to the Authority of that Learned Man, ought not he to have suppos'd, that they who shou'd read his Criticism, wou'd no more value his Authority, than he does that of the *Menagiana* ? And this, by the way, shews very plainly the Usefulness of those naked Decisions, which People take upon them to crowd into those Books which end in *Ana* and other Works form'd on the same Model.

These general Reflections might almost suffice to destroy what M. *Vigneul-Marville* has thought fit to publish against M. *de la Bruyere's* Book ; for most

of

of his Remarks are either grounded upon his own bare Authority, which in this Case ought not to be reckon'd as any thing; or else upon the Supposition he makes *gratis* and without Proof, that the Book he pretends to criticize is a Senseless Book. This is what we are now going to see, Article by Article. But as it is of small Concern to the Public, to know that a Book can be refuted, unless this Refutation instructs them in something, I shall endeavour to demonstrate by Reason, the contrary of what M. *Vigneul-Marville* has barely advanc'd without Proof.

II. M. *de la Bruyere* concludes his Book with these Words: *If these Characters don't take, I shall wonder at it: And if they do take, I shall wonder at that too.* The Variety and Uncertainty of Men's Judgment is so great, that M. *de la Bruyere* might very well speak thus of a Work, wherein he had endeavour'd to give a genuine Representation of the Manners of his Age. For, believing on the one Hand, that he had faithfully executed his Design, (otherwise he ought not to have publish'd his Book) he might well wonder at the Miscarriage of a Book, which contain'd nothing but Truths, almost as obvious to every body as to himself; and on the other Hand, considering the Fantasticalness and extreme Difference of Human Judgments, he cou'd not but be surpriz'd, if those Truths shou'd happen to be relish'd by the Generality of Readers. This I take to be the true Meaning of that Sentence which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will have to be ambiguous. Be it so, or no, 'tis with this he begins the Censure he thought fit to pass upon M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book. *If these Characters don't take*, says M. *de la Bruyere*, *I shall wonder at it: And if they do take, I*

shall

ſhall wonder at that too. For my Part, * ſays M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, I ſhall wonder at it too. As much as to ſay, He does not much approve of thoſe Characters. With all my Heart. But if he was reſolv'd to let the Public know this, he ought, at the ſame time, to have diſcover'd to them his Reaſons for it, ſuppoſing modeſtly that the Public are not very ſollicitous to be inform'd about his Diſtaſtes; and this is what he has not done, as I think, and hope to demonſtrate in the remaining Part of theſe few Sheets. *I however frankly confeſs*, adds M. *de Vigneul-Marville, that M.* de la Bruyere's *Book is of a Nature to incite the reading it. In all Ages They who have written againſt the Manners of their Age, have met with Readers in great Numbers, and favourable Readers too, becauſe of the Inclination moſt People have for Satire, and the Pleaſure they feel in ſeeing their Neighbours Defects laid open, while their own are conceal'd, ev'n from themſelves. Tho'* Barclay's Euphormio *touches the Vices of the Courts of* Europe, *only in general, and but ſlightly, yet his Book has been greedily read, and is ſo to this Day. The ſame may be ſaid of the* Giges, *the* Genius Sæculi, *and other the like Books. No wonder then if M.* de la Bruyere's *Characters have had ſuch a Run, and bore Nine Editions, ſince, entring into a Detail of the Vices of the preſent Age, he characteriſes All both of Court and City, who are tainted with any of thoſe Vices. The moſt malicious Curioſity catches at it, as it does at all thoſe Libels and Writings which ſuppoſe Keys for the underſtanding them. The City has a ſtrange itching to be inform'd of the Vices of the Court: The Courtiers on their Side love to caſt their Eyes down on the Vices of the Citizens, to make them-*

* *Pag.* 331.

ſelves

ſelves merry with them; and the Countrey is inconceivably greedy to hear the ſcandalous News of both Court and City.

So then 'tis ſolely to the Inclination moſt Men have for Satire, that M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book is beholden for that general Approbation it has met with in *France*, where it has been printed *no leſs than Nine Times*, and will doubtleſs be ſtill printed-on for the ſame Reaſon. From this bleſſed way of arguing, it wou'd follow, that the Satires of *Horace*, *Perſius*, *Juvenal*, *Regnier*, *Boileau*, &c. neither were nor are eſteem'd upon any other Account, than for the Pleaſure moſt Men take in entertaining themſelves with the Vices of Others. But with M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s good leave, the Caſe is not ſo. Men admire thoſe Authors, becauſe they are full of Wit, and the ſeveral Portraits they draw of Human Errors, exact, their Raillery fine, ſolid, and agreeably expreſt. .... And whenever they fall upon praiſing what is Praiſe-worthy, as they very often do, the Reader is as much affected by thoſe Elogiums, as with the Satirical Strokes with which their Works are interſpers'd.

Becauſe we every Day hear, from the Pulpit, general Maxims upon moſt Subjects, therefore ſome Writers form themſelves upon the ſame Method of Reaſoning, which teaches nothing. For commonly ſpeaking, if thoſe general Maxims be taken rigorouſly and in the full Extent of the Terms made uſe of to expreſs them, they are falſe; And if they are conſider'd in a looſe indefinite Senſe, they are of no Uſe, and ſay no more than what every body knows already. This is eaſily ſeen in the Point before us. 'Tis certain Men have Malice; every body agrees it. But can it from

from thence be concluded, that this Malice governs all their Judgments? No. If Men have Spitefulness, they have likewise good Sense. If they laugh at the Picture of a Fool, a Miser, a Coward, a Coxcomb, ... 'tis not always because they love to be diverted at another's Expence, but because there is represented to them an Idea of those different Characters in lively and natural Colours, which never fails to please. A Proof of this is, that these Portraits divert them, tho' they have no Thoughts of applying them to any Original actually existing. For this Reason 'tis, Men love Comedy, wherein are seen Human Weaknesses turn'd agreeably into Ridicule, without thinking on any Person in the World, in whom they have observ'd the least Likeness. For Instance, when the Pit is diverted with seeing the Play of *Tartuffe*, no Man there sets before his Eyes any one of his Acquaintance, whose Character resembles an Hypocrite: But the Picture of that Rascal pleases them, because all its Features are well drawn, and admirably well suit the Character which the Poet design'd to give him. And this is the Reason why a Miser is sometimes diverted at the Representation of a Miser, of which he himself is the most perfect Original, and from whom oftentimes the Picture was drawn.

† *Each Man is nicely shown in this new Glass,*
And smiles to think he is not meant the Ass:
A Miser often laughs the first, to find
A faithful Draught of his own sordid Mind;

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† M Boileau. Art of Poetry Canto 3.

And

And Fops are with ſuch Care and Cunning Writ,
They like the Piece for which themſelves did ſit.

But ſuppoſing that innate Malice helps us to find a Pleaſure in theſe Sort of Shows, and in the reading of Satirical Books, yet this ſame Malice is not conſtantly and generally ſo great, as to blind the Judgment of the Majority of Men, and to make them reliſh all Sorts of Satire tho ever ſo impertinent. If that were ſo, there had been preſerv'd a thouſand ſtupid Libels full of Gall and Venom, which have been written in all Ages againſt the Greateſt Men. Never were ſo many Satires ſeen as in the time of the *League*. But what's become of them? They are for ever vaniſh'd, unleſs it be the famous *Catholicon* of *Spain*, from whoſe Value Time has not in the leaſt detracted. Whence ariſes this Diſtinction in Favour of that Piece? Is it from the Malice of Men, and their Love of Satire? No; But from the intrinſic Goodneſs of the Piece, *which*, as Father *Rapin* ſays, *ſurpaſſes every Thing that has been written in that Kind theſe laſt Ages. There is ſeen throughout that Work*, adds that Learned Jeſuit, *a certain Delicacy of Wit, which ſhines through the rude and groſs Cuſtoms of that Time: And the little Verſes of that Work are of a very fine and natural Character.* This, I ſay, is what has preſerv'd that Satire, and which made it ſo much eſteem'd the very Moment 'twas publiſh'd: For, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* ſays in his very curious † Obſervations on that Piece, *the Moment 'twas publiſh'd, every Body was charm'd with it.*

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* *Pag.* 198. *of his* Melanges.

But

But without running so far back, how many Satirical Libels were publish'd in *France* against Cardinal *Mazarin*? *Nothing was then seen throughout the Town*, says the † History of those Times, *but Defamatory Libels, Ballads, Satirical Verses, feign'd Stories, State Discourses and political Debates, wherein* Mazarin *was represented in the most odious manner, and the Royal Family it self not much favour'd.* Here was Matter enough for the Malignity of Men: And yet of it self it was not sufficient to give a Value to those Libels, or prevent their falling into Oblivion.

It is true, the Malice, the Passion, and the Desire of decrying the Persons who are the Subject of a Satirical Work, may for a time keep up the Vogue of it. But if it is dull and impertinent, the World grows weary of it almost as soon as of fulsom Panegyric. A thousand ridiculous Pamphlets which were produc'd during the * last War, at *Paris*, *London*, *Vienna*, the *Hague*, *Amsterdam*, and other Places, are a good Proof of this. Tho' bought up and read with Eagerness for some Months, they were thrown aside in a short time, to make way for others, which being no better than the rest, soon underwent the same Disgrace.

When therefore a Satire is generally esteem'd, 'tis not enough to say, in order to damn it, that this general Esteem proceeds only from the Inclination Men have to make themselves merry with the Failings of others. This way of Arguing can't be admitted, till a Satire, which has had a Currency for some time, comes to sink and be despis'd. Then indeed, after a Man has manifestly prov'd the Faults of it (which must be done) he

† History of the Prince of Condé, p. 325.

* *Begun* 1688, *ended* 1697.

may

may ſay, that what kept up its Credit ſo long, notwithſtanding its Groſſneſs, was the ſpiteful Pleaſure Men took in diverting themſelves at the Coſt of thoſe whom it turn'd into Ridicule. And conſequently if M. *de Vigneul-Marville* does not like the *Characters of the Age*, tho' they are generally eſteem'd, he cannot (to juſtify his Diſlike) reaſonably ſay, that *'tis no wonder M.* de la Bruyere's *CHARACTERS have had ſuch a Run, and bore Nine Editions, ſince, entring into a Detail of the Vices of the preſent Age, he characterizes All, both of Court and City, who are tainted with any of thoſe Vices.* For if M. *de la Bruyere* has well executed his Deſign, his Work cannot but be valu'd, like *Boileau*'s Satires, and *Moliere*'s Comedies: And if he has executed it otherwiſe than well, 'tis Matter of Amazement that his Book has been ſo long and ſo generally eſteem'd. So that if M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is of Opinion, that M. *de la Bruyere* has miſrepreſented the Manners of his Age, he ſhou'd prove it by Reaſons drawn from the Work it ſelf, and not from the Malignity of Men, which of it ſelf is not ſufficient to make a witleſs Satire keep its Ground for any conſiderable time.

But what plainly diſcovers, that this Book of *Characters*, does not owe the Approbation it has met with, to the extraordinary Paſſion which the City has to be acquainted with the Vices of the Court, to the Pleaſure which the Court takes in entertaining it ſelf with the Failings of the City, nor to the inconceivable Greedineſs the Countrey has to be inform'd of the ſcandalous News of Either; is, that the firſt Editions of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book went preſently off, tho' it then contain'd very few of thoſe Characters which cou'd poſſibly be apply'd to particular Perſons.

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Beſide, the Book is no leſs admir'd in foreign Countries than it is in *France*. It has perhaps been oftner printed at *Bruſſels* than *Paris*. *Holland* vends vaſt Numbers of them; and in *England* it is ſo univerſally liked, that I am inform'd there has been Six Editions ev'n of its Tranſlation. Have theſe People too a *ſtrange Itching*, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* calls it, to be acquainted with the Vices of all thoſe of the *French* Nation who make any Figure at *Paris* or *Verſailles*? But how ſhou'd they come by that Curioſity towards Perſons whoſe very Names they are ignorant of? And how are they able to pick them out in the CHARACTERS OF THE AGE, wherein not only thoſe pretended Perſons are not nam'd, but the Characters which are giv'n them contain nothing but what thoſe Foreigners may as well apply to a thouſand other People, as to thoſe whom ſome Folks fancy the Author had in his Eye? An *Engliſhman*, for Example, opens M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, and there meets with this Character: * Argira *pulls off her Glove to ſhew her white Hand; remembers very punctually to talk of her little Shoe, that ſhe may be ſuppos'd to have a little Foot; ſhe laughs at things pleaſant or ſerious to ſhew her fine Set of Teeth: If ſhe diſcovers her Ears, 'tis becauſe they're well made; and if ſhe does not dance, 'tis becauſe ſhe is not well ſatisfy'd with her Shape, which is ſomewhat too Square; She knows perfectly well what is for her Intereſt, one thing only excepted, ſhe is always talking, and wants Wit.* Muſt this *Engliſhman* needs apply himſelf to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, (for he, it ſeems, is the only Perſon fit to be conſulted in this Caſe) to be inform'd what Perſon either of the Court or City M. *de la Bruyere* deſign'd to re-

* Chap. XI. *Of Man.*

pre-

present under the Name of *Argyra*? This is not necessary. He has no more to do than to cast his Eyes round him, and he will find Persons enough whom that Character fits. Which is sufficient to make him sensible that M. *de la Bruyere* has well describ'd in this Place the Weakness and Blindness of most People, who neglecting to look into their greatest Defects, are very quick-sighted to their least good Qualities.

Besides, by M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s manner of Speaking of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, one wou'd swear he never read it. For by maintaining, as he does, that the great Success it meets with from the Public, proceeds merely from an ill-natur'd Pleasure which Men take *in seeing their Neighbour's Faults laid open*; he seems to suppose it to be nothing but a Heap of Satyrical Portraits *of the whole Town*, as he expresses it. And yet nothing is less true than such a Supposition. For the Book does not only, almost throughout, consist of solid Reflexions, which solely respect the Virtues or Vices of Men, without any reference to any Person whatever, as will appear to every Man that will give himself the trouble to read it: But likewise most of the Draughts therein contain'd, can no more be apply'd to certain particular Persons, than to a Thousand others whom M. *de la Bruyere* never saw: And some others (not a few) contain the Elogium of Persons the most distinguish'd for Virtue or Merit, that have appear'd in *France* towards the end of the XVIIth Century: Characters much more proper to excite the Envy of Men, than to awaken that *ill-natur'd Curiosity*, which, according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, makes them find so great a Pleasure *in seeing their Neighbour's Failings detected, while their own are hid, even from themselves*, that it gives them a Relish for very flat and senseless Satires, such as the *Characters of the Age*.

But ſince we are fall'n upon the Article of the Portraits which M. *de la Bruyere* has interſpers'd in his Book, we ſhall tranſport hither all that our Critic ſays of them elſewhere, that we may make the better Judgment thereof by ſeeing it all together.

III. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* begins to ſpeak of the Portraits which are ſpread throughout M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, by attacking with the utmoſt Intrepidity the advantageous Judgment which was made of them by M. *Menage* in the Collection of Thoughts aſcrib'd to him after his Death, under the Title of *Menagiana*. " M. *de la Bruyere* is wonderful, ſays " M. *Menage*, in hitting the Ridicule of Men, and " in revealing it." *He ſhou'd rather have ſaid concealing it*, adds *M.* de Vigneul-Marville; *for M.* de la Bruyere, *by over-ſtraining himſelf to render Men ridiculous, makes Chimera's and Sphinxes, which have no reſemblance. M.* Menage, *as fond as he is of his M.* de la Bruyere, *is forc'd to own that his Portraits are ſomewhat loaded. He is mealy-mouth'd, and dares not ſay, as he truly might, that his Portraits are too much loaded, and ſo unnatural, that moſt of them are without Originals to match with them. When a Man paints from his Fancy, he may load his Draughts, and give a looſe to his Imagination: But when he draws from the Life, he ſhou'd copy Nature as ſhe really is. M.* de la Bruyere, *beſides that he works rather in Water-colours than Oyl, and does not underſtand the different Tones, or the Union of Colours; and, generally ſpeaking, his Pictures are only sketch'd out; has this further Misfortune, not knowing how to Deſign correctly, he ſpoils his Figures, and makes Monſters and Groteſco's of them.*

A pleaſant way of Criticizing this! He firſt begs the Queſtion, then repeats it a hundred Times and a hundred ſeveral Ways, without any Proof; and after-

afterwards falls to Triumphing, as if he had knock'd down his Adversary beyond recovery! The least School-boy might have done as much. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has a Grudge against the Portraits of M. *de la Bruyere*, and against M. *Menage*, who approves of them. He declares it loudly, he is not mealy-mouth'd: But, in short, all that he says to baffle M. *Menage*, is, that he disagrees with him in Opinion about the Portraits which are found in M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book. A pretty Business this, to trouble the Public with! According to M. *Menage*, *M.* de la Bruyere *is wonderful in hitting the Blind-side of Men, and in revealing it. Say rather in concealing it*, replies M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, gravely. *'Tis true*, continues M. *Menage*, *M.* de la Bruyere's *Portraits are somewhat loaded; but yet they are natural.* Will M. *de Vigneul-Marville* allow this? By no means. Why then, say you, he will endeavour to refute it by sensible Examples or irrefragable Arguments. No such Matter. He will content himself with opposing to M. *Menage* a quite contrary Decision. *M.* de la Bruyere's *Portraits*, says he, *are not only too much loaded, but so unnatural, that most of them are without Originals to match with them.* And because some Folks are used to assign the Victory to him who speaks most and last, M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, who is resolv'd to make the Experiment, says over and over in different Words, that M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits are ill contriv'd, that they are *Sketch'd*, *Murder'd*, that they are Monsters and *Grotescoes*; thus cunningly borrowing the Terms of Art which few People understand, the better to blind his Readers, by shewing them that he understands these Matters, and can speak of them *knowingly*. And indeed, too many are apt to be impos'd upon by those Doctorial Airs. They fancy that one who speaks in such a positive Manner, must have good Reasons for

what he advances. And yet it is no very certain Consequence: For, on the contrary, those who are furnish'd with good Reasons, hasten to lay them down ingeniously without wasting their Time in fruitless Words. But let us for a Moment suppose, that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* does not condemn M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits without a Reason: Why does he not make that appear to others, which he sees so plainly himself? Does he imagine all the World have the same Sentiments he has? That wou'd be having a good Opinion of Mankind. But why then did he squander his Ink and Paper in Publishing to us what he suppos'd was known to every body before he took the pains to write it down in his *Melanges d'Histoire & de Literature*? And if he believ'd (as is most likely) that some People might be blinded in this particular, either through their own Malignity, as he has already told us, or by the Authority of the *Menagiana*, as he will by and by * tell us; Why does he hide from us the good Reasons which he has to condemn M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits, and which might serve to disabuse those who admire them? "Oh, you'll say, M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s Design was to baffle the *Menagiana*; "and his Authority is sufficient for that; it ought "certainly to prevail against a Collection that is "not own'd, which at best is but a Posthumous "Work, and which consequently wants that Exactness of Expression, and that Closeness of Reasoning, which, generally speaking, are only to "be met with in such Writings as have been view'd "and review'd, and to which the Author has put "the last Hand." Well, be it so, let the *Melanges*

* *M* Menage *says he p.* 348. *of his* Melanges, *has mightily set of M* de la Bruyere's *Characters.*

d'Hi

d'Histoire & de Literature carry it against the *Menagiana.*

But did not M. *de Vigneul-Marville* in his Conscience know, before he wrote his Book, that M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book was approv'd of in *France* and Foreign Countries, that it was printed and reprinted before the Death of M. *Menage?* Why then does he content himself with telling us gravely, that the Portraits which are found in that Book are not natural, that they are *sketch'd* and *murder'd*, that they are Grotescks and Monsters? Does he think that upon so formal a Determination, all who approv'd of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, will renounce their Opinion to embrace his, and rather chuse to take his Word than trust their own Judgment? Or does he give all these Decisions for Proofs? I take him to be a Man of too much Sense to be guilty of such an Error: 'Tis his Business to inform us whether he does so or not. But, in the mean time I'm afraid some People will be apt to suspect he had nothing better to say, and that he has plainly shewn by his Example; that if M. *de la Bruyere does not always Design correctly*, yet he has pretty well Painted those positive Censurers, who believe they are dispens'd with for giving a Reason for what they advance. The Portrait is this: I know not whether it *be in Water-colours or Oyl*, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* shall judge of that himself. *To SAY MODESTLY, that such a Thing is good or bad, and* (N. B.) *to give a Reason why it is so, requires a Man to be a Master of good Sense and Language; 'tis no easy Matter. The shortest way is to declare in a positive Tone, either that it is execrable or wonderful.*

And here I shall observe (if I may be permitted to leave M. *de la Bruyere*'s Censurer for a Moment) that nothing is more Sage than the Advice which

a Learned *Roman* gave to the Orators of his Time, * *To look out for Things worthy the Attention of Learned and Sensible Men, before they cast about for Words and Language to dress them in.* 'Tis evident that Authors are yet more oblig'd to follow this Advice than they who speak in Public; for whereas the latter may impose upon People by an agreeable Outside, by a charming Voice, handsome Gesture, lively and Pathetic Pronunciation, which ravish and enchant the Mind, by incessantly presenting to it new Thoughts, which holding it continually in Suspence, amuse and bubble the Hearer, without giving him time to examine them; the other, on the contrary, cannot expect to fix his Reader's Attention, but by laying before him such Thoughts as are noble, solid, exact, profound, and tending to one and the same End. These are not Sounds which are lost in Air, and presently forgotten: They are Words which remain continually in Sight, which are compar'd, examin'd sedately and in cool Blood, and whose Coherence or Inconsistence is easily seen. But as among our popular Orators, commonly call'd *Preachers*, there are some who wou'd be hard put to't if they were not to mount the Pulpit till they had furnish'd themselves with Things capable of moving intelligent and clear-sighted Men, it being customary with most of them to palm upon us whatever comes uppermost, at random and without any Preparation; so likewise many a *Book-maker* wou'd be reduc'd to silence, if he were oblig'd not to take Pen in Hand till he had furnish'd himself with Thoughts

* Volo prius habeat Orator rem de quâ dicat, dignam auribus eruditis, quàm cogitet quibus verbis quidq; dicat aut quomodo. M. Tull. Cic. ad M. Brutum Orator. cap. 34.

fit for the Entertainment of Men of Sense. And whence shou'd they have such rational Thoughts, since they very often venture upon writing on Subjects which they do not understand themselves. † *Such a one starts up on a sudden, takes Pen, Ink and Paper, and without ever having had a Thought of it before, says to himself,* I will write a Book, *tho' he has no other Talent for Writing but the Want of Fifty Pistoles. . . . . He will write and get it printed too: And because he must not send blank Paper to the Press, he blots and scribbles a Quire or two with such Stuff as this; That the River* Seine *runs through the City of* Paris; *That there are Seven Days in the Week; That it rains, and is bad Weather, or some Things of the like Importance.* There are some who hire themselves out to the Booksellers, to work Taskwork upon any Subject whatever, either in Verse or Prose: And 'tis oftentimes the Bookseller himself who furnishes them with a Title, to which they undertake to subjoin with all speed a certain Number of Words, which, when they fill up so many Pages, do at last amount to what they call a *Book.* Hence it comes we have so many New Books at *Paris*, wherein are seen nothing but Disorder and Confusion from the Beginning to the End; lax and indeterminate Thoughts, trivial Reflections, false Reasonings, bold unmaintainable Assertions, Facts uncertain, ill express'd, and cram'd with ridiculous Circumstances, *&c.* But, by what I hear, 'tis not only in *France* that the Booksellers have Authors in their Pay, but those likewise of *England* and *Holland* have them in pretty good Numbers, and no less Fruitful in Literary Trifles. Too sure a Proof of the Decay

† *M.* Bruyere's *Words*, Ch. XV.

of polite Learning in *Europe*! For in ſhort, ſuch Books ſpoil the Taſte of the Public, by habituating it to dull and inſipid Things, as is very well obſerv'd by M. *de la Bruyere* in the Sequel of the Paſſage I juſt now quoted.

But to return to M. *de Vigneul-Marville.* He's in the wrong to reflect upon M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits without giving any Reaſon for all the hard things he ſays of them: But, however, that does not hinder their being true, I confeſs. Let us therefore ſee whether they be or no. All that he finds amiſs in them is reducible to this, *That they are too much loaded and ſo unnatural, that the greateſt Part of them are without any Original to match with them.*

IV. The greateſt Part of theſe Portraits do not, it is true, hit any body, provided M. *Vigneul-Marville* means by this, that they do not ſo agree with any certain Perſons as not to be applicable to any other. But they cannot for this Reaſon be condemn'd, ſince they were not made to repreſent certain particular Perſons, excluſive of all others. This is what M. *de la Bruyere* tells us himſelf, in the Preface he put before his Speech to the Royal Academy. *I did indeed paint after Nature, but I did not always mean to paint Mr. ſuch a one, or Mrs. ſuch a one; I did not hire my ſelf out to the Public to draw nothing but true Portraits, and ſuch as were perfectly like, for fear they ſhou'd ſometimes be known, and not ſeem feign'd or imaginary: Nay, I was more difficult and went farther; I took one Feature from this Side, and another Feature from that, and from theſe ſame Features which might poſſibly concur in one and the ſame Perſon, I drew ſome Portraits that were natural and probable.*

And conſequently, theſe Portraits not hitting any Perſon in particular, is ſo far from being a Fault, 'tis rather one of their greateſt Perfections, ſince

ſince they only repreſent what the Painter intended they ſhou'd. For Example, M. *de la Bruyere* has a mind to preſent us with the Character of a *Fop*, who minds nothing but Dreſs, makes it his prime Concern, and thinks he was born for no other Purpoſe. *Iphis*, ſays he, *ſees at Church a new-faſhion'd Shoe, he looks upon his own, and bluſhes, and can no longer believe himſelf dreſt: He came to Maſs only to ſhew himſelf, but now he hides himſelf: He is held by the Foot in his Chamber all the reſt of the Day: He has a ſoft Hand, and maintains it in* Italian *Paſte: He is ſure to laugh often, to ſhew his White Teeth: He ſets his Mouth in order, and is in a perpetual Smile: He looks upon his Legs, he views himſelf in the Glaſs, and no body can have ſo good an Opinion of another, as he has of himſelf: He has acquir'd a delicate clear Voice, and 'tis happy for him that he liſps: He has a turn of his Head, and a ſort of Sweetneſs in his Eyes, which he never forgets to make uſe of, as Graces to ſet himſelf off: His Gate is ſoft and the prettieſt he is able to contrive: He ſometimes makes uſe of a little Red, but 'tis very ſeldom, he does not make a Cuſtom of it.* Nothing is more exact than this Character. There's not a Stroke in all this Satire but carries an Edge. And yet it can't be ſaid with any Appearance of Reaſon, that this Portrait repreſents any one Perſon ſo as to ſuit no other. For if it were ſo, *Iphis* muſt in his ſingle ſelf have all the Qualities aſcrib'd to him by M. *de la Bruyere*, and no other can have them: And conſequently this whole Picture muſt be conſider'd as an Enumeration of hiſtorical Facts, which wou'd be to the laſt Degree abſurd: For how ſhou'd M. *de la Bruyere* come to know that *Iphis* ſaw at Church a new-faſhion'd Shoe, that he bluſh'd at it, and went and hid himſelf in his Chamber, till his Shoemaker had made him a new Pair like thoſe he ſaw....? But tho' this *Iphis* did never exiſt, yet the Portrait

M. *de*

M. *de la Bruyere* makes of him is nevertheleſs natural, becauſe it carries along with it a Veriſimilitude, and is very ſuitable to thoſe Effeminate Men who are ſo in love with themſelves, that they mind nothing but Dreſs; and there is no Neceſſity to ſuppoſe they reſemble this imaginary *Iphis* in every Reſpect, that they have All white Teeth, little Mouths, handſome Legs, *&c.*

Beſides, whether M. *de la Bruyere* did or did not think of certain particular Perſons when he drew theſe Portraits, no Man can juſtly ſay that he intended to characterize ſuch or ſuch a Perſon in particular, ſince he does not draw any private Perſon in Colours peculiar to him alone, *viz.* From any notorious Accident of his Life, or ſomething which he did or ſaid at ſuch a Time and in ſuch a Place, and which has been nois'd about in the World. This is what is well prov'd by *l'Abbe de Villiers* in his admirable *Treatiſe of Satire*: *When*, ſays he, *an Author who only propoſes to laſh Vice in general, makes uſe of Fictitious Names to repreſent more ſenſibly the general Diſorders which he attacks, or the better to enliven the Subject he treats of, it ought not to be imputed to him for a Crime, provided he ſays nothing that deſcribes any one perſonally. This Conduct was obſerv'd by ſeveral of the Ancient Writers, whoſe Example we were of Opinion might ſafely be follow'd, and whom we have likewiſe endeavoured to vindicate in the Eclarciſſements which we added to the* Poem of Friendſhip, *by ſhewing that no Author can rightfully be accus'd of ſtriking at any one, when in the Picture he draws of Vice under an imaginary Character, he repreſents nothing but the very Vice he attacks.* All this perfecty agrees with moſt of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits, as that Judicious Writer takes a Pleaſure in confeſſing. *When an Author has taken theſe Precautions*, adds he, *there is no Handle for demanding of him a Key to the Names he makes uſe of:*

of: But if People will obstinately persist in their Demand, he may answer that the only Key to his Work is, the vicious corrupt Man, *since that was the sole Original he drew from. Thus, he cannot be made responsible for those Keys which every body forges at Pleasure, and which are spread abroad in the World upon such Occasions. The Author being no otherwise accessary to them, than by giving a general Description of Vice; the only Persons who are justly to be charg'd with Calumny, are they who insisting that a Moral Work is a Satire, will likewise have it that there is a Key to it, and are at great Pains to make one which they give out for the true one. This is what has lately happen'd with Respect to the Book entituled,* The Manners of the Age; *but the Author of it has sufficiently expos'd this way of proceeding in the last Edition of his Book.*

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* should have read those Reflexions and answer'd 'em, before he had run down M. *de la Bruyere*'s Portraits as unnatural, as *Sphinxes and Chimeras*, under pretext that the greatest Part of them agree with no Body at all, *i. e.* with no certain Person distinguish'd therein by particular Touches, which cannot possibly agree with any other. In this Sense, it is true, most of them are nothing but *Chimera's*. But what Colour of Justice has any Man for alledging they are Portraitures of certain particular Persons, when there's nothing seen in 'em which marks those Persons, more than a thousand others beside? 'Tis just as if we shou'd without any Proof suppose that *Moliere* intended to represent, under the Name of Mr. *Jourdain*, such a Citizen of *Paris*, living in St. *Honorius*'s Street, and then fall upon the Author as a ridiculous Painter, in giving to that Citizen such Inclinations as he never had; *viz.* To learn Philosophy, or Fencing, though all the rest of the Character fitted him exactly. This wou'd be exposing the

the good Man without any Foundation, ſince not only it cannot be prov'd the Poet drew from him the Portrait of M. *Jourdain*; but becauſe there's no Reaſon to ſuſpect it, ſince the Cap no more fits him than a thouſand other Citizens of *Paris*, who are touch'd with the ſame Folly.

But if our Cenſurer perſiſts in treating as chimerical all the Characters of M. *de la Bruyere*, which cannot exactly be apply'd to any one Perſon, excluſive of all others, what will he ſay of thoſe of *Theophraſtus*, which are all of that Kind? And how will he call ſo many Characters which *Moliere* has thrown into his Comedies, and which have been hitherto thought ſo natural by all People, yet without once thinking to look on 'em as exact Pictures of Mr. ſuch a one, as Mrs. ſuch a one.

V. From what has been ſaid, 'tis eaſy to conclude, that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has no great Reaſon to condemn the Portraits of M. *de la Bruyere* upon Account of their being *over-colour'd*. For by this he either means that they have no Veriſimilitude, and that they ſuppoſe Things incompatible in one and the ſame Subject, which will never be believ'd upon his Word, ſo long as a Man may aſſure himſelf of the contrary by his own Eyes. Or elſe, he ſuppoſes theſe Pictures over-colour'd, becauſe they do not quadrate with any Perſon in particular. But inſtead of concluding that theſe Portraits are over-colour'd or too much loaded, becauſe they do not quadrate with any Perſon in particular, he ought to conclude, that, ſince they are ſo loaded, they were not drawn to repreſent ſuch or ſuch a Perſon with Excluſion of all others; and that it was on purpoſe to prevent their being look'd upon as Copies of certain particular Perſons, that the Author loaded them

them with a great many Touches, which are hardly to be found in one ſingle Subject. This is what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* might have learnt from M. *de la Bruyere*'s Preface to his Speech before the Royal Academy: Or if he did not like that Preface, he might have ſeen as much in the Speech of Thanks made by *l'Abbé Fleuri* to that Academy, when he was choſen to ſucceed M. *de la Bruyere:* For when he came to ſpeak of his Book *of the Manners of the Age,* he expreſsly obſerves, that *his Pictures are ſometimes purpoſely loaded and over-colour'd, that they might not appear too like.* And thus you have a clear Explanation of the Ænigma with which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* was ſo very much puzzl'd.

VI. But, replies our Cenſurer, *it is not true that M.* de la Bruyere *had no body in his Eye; and tho' he has deny'd the Thing with Execrations, he cannot diſown (if a Man of Honour) that he drew* Santeuil's *Picture under the Name of* Theodas. Why not diſown it, if he's ſo ill a Man as to deny *with Execrations* what he knows to be true? But M. *de Vigneul-Marville* gives us by this a frightful Idea of M. *de la Bruyere* without any colour of Reaſon: And if he is himſelf a Man of Honour, he ought to make a public Reparation to the Memory of an honeſt Gentleman, whom he repreſents to the World as the moſt infamous of all Men. For if, according to the Judicious Remark of M. *de la Bruyere, he who is inceſſantly ſaying that he has Honour, that he has Probity, and ſwears to it in order to be believ'd, does not ſo much as know how to counterfeit an honeſt Man:* What ſhall we ſay of him, who with horrible Oaths denies the doing of a thing which he may be eaſily convicted of, and which he cannot but own, I will not ſay if he's a Man of Honour, for ſuch he cannot be after having in ſo baſe a manner abus'd what is moſt Sacred in the

the World? Now ſuch a Man is M. *de la Bruyere* himſelf, if we give credit to M. *de Vigneul-Marville.* But never was Calumny more palpable and more barbarous than that of this raſh Cenſurer. I cou'd here give a Looſe to Paſſion: I feel it riſing: But I will curb my ſelf, that I may not do wrong to Innocence by defending it with too much warmth. The Fact is this. After M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book had been public for ſome time, People wou'd needs be gueſſing at the Originals of the Characters which he had inſerted in that Work. Thereupon, ſome fell to drawing Liſts of all the People whom they fancy'd M. *de la Bruyere* intended to repreſent in the ſeveral Places of his Book. Theſe pretended Keys, tho hardly any of them the ſame, (which ſuffic'd to ſhew their Falſity) went all about the Town, inſomuch that M. *de la Bruyere* thought himſelf at length oblig'd to diſown them: And did ſo, in the Preface which he put to his Speech before the Royal Academy, and which he inſerted in his Book of Characters. I ſhall not repeat all that he ſays upon this Head. I ſhall content my ſelf with citing the Paſſage which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had in all Probability regard to, when he ſays that M. de la Bruyere *denies with Execrations his having in his Eye any Perſon whatever when he wrote* this Book. *Since I have been ſo weak,* ſays M. *de la Bruyere, as to publiſh theſe Characters, what Bank ſhall I raiſe againſt that Deluge of Explainers, which overſpreads the Town, and which will ſoon reach the Court? Shall I proteſt ſeriouſly, and bind it with horrible Oaths, that I am neither the Author of, nor Accomplice in forging, thoſe Keys which are handed about, that I never deliver'd any ſuch to any Perſon; that my moſt familiar Friends know I always refus'd to let them have any ſuch Thing; that ſome of the moſt conſiderable Men at Court have deſpair'd of being ever let into the Secret? Wou'd it not be all one as if I*

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ſhou'd torment my ſelf in maintaining that I'm no ill Man, without Modeſty, Morals, Conſcience, ſuch a one in ſhort, as the Gazetteers I juſt now nam'd wou'd fain repreſent me to be in their ſcandalous Libel?

How does it appear from theſe Words, that *M. de la Bruyere* deny'd with Execrations that he had any Perſon in his Eye, when he wrote his Book? Is not the contrary rather ſeen with the utmoſt Evidence? For if M. *de la Bruyere* refus'd a Key to his beſt Friends; if the greateſt Men at Court deſpair'd of being let into the Secret, is it not viſible, that M. *de la Bruyere* did ſometimes deſignedly repreſent certain particular Perſons? And indeed, he frankly declares the ſame himſelf, in another Place of that Preface: *'Tis true I did paint after Nature*, ſays he, *but I did not ALWAYS intend to paint Mr. ſuch a one, or Mrs. ſuch a one, in my Book of Manners.* If he did not *always* intend it, he therefore intended it *ſometimes.* The Conſequence is indiſputable.

VII. It is, in ſhort, true that M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book contains ſome *perſonal Characters*: I beg leave, for Brevity's Sake, to call by that Name thoſe Kinds of Portraits, wherein M. *de la Bruyere* has ſo plainly drawn ſome Perſons, in Colours ſo peculiar to them, that a Man may ſay, 'tis Mr. ſuch a one, or Mrs. ſuch a one. Now let's ſee what it is that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* finds to carp at in them. He thinks, *they are not entirely done after the Life. The Author having mingled therewith Fancies of his own. But*, adds he, *'tis in this that he is to blame; for as there is no Man but has two Sides, a good one, and a bad one, he had giv'n leſs Offence if he had repreſented them entire, than to take them only on the bad Side, and to load that too with an extraordinary ridicule of borrow'd Vices.* We have juſt now ſeen how Portraits may not

not be chimerical, tho' they do not represent any certain Person in particular, exclusive of all others. As for such as are really *personal*, and which are the Subject of the present Question, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* ought not have barely averr'd, that M. *de la Bruyere* disfigures them with false Colours, he should have prov'd it by incontestible Examples. Besides, in saying that *M.* de la Bruyere *represents only the bad Side of People*, he clearly discovers that he never examin'd those Characters near-hand, and that it wou'd be the wrongest Thing a Man cou'd do to rely upon the Judgment *He* makes of them. We need only cast an Eye upon some of these Characters to be convinc'd, that M. *de la Bruyere* takes therein a Pleasure to do Justice to the Merit of the Persons he meant to describe, and that, instead of representing only the bad Side of People; he sets to view their good Qualities as genuinely, and with at least as lively Colours as he does their Failings. This will easily appear from some Examples.

M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will have it that under the Name of *Theodas*, M. *de la Bruyere* has given us the Portrait of M. *de Santeuil*, Regular Canon of St. *Victor*, one of the best *Latin* Poets that appear'd in *France* in the XVII. Century. The same is affirm'd in the *Menagiana*, and I make no Difficulty to believe it: For besides that M. *de la Bruyere* gives to his *Theodas* an extraordinary Genius for *Latin* Poetry, there are in that Picture some other Touches which can hardly suit with any but M. *Santeuil*. Yet I will not averr it so positively as is done in the *Menagiana*, and in the *Mélanges d Histoire & de Literature*: For, I cannot prove it to those who shou'd incline to make a Doubt of it after what I've been saying. But supposing that M. *de la Bruyere* had own'd it to us, himself; let us see if we may from

from thence conclude with M. *de Vigneul-Marville* that M. *de la Bruyere has only shown us the worst Side of those he meant to describe*, without taking any Notice of their good Qualities. The very first Line does visibly convince us of the contrary. *Imagine*, says M. *de la Bruyere*, speaking of *Theodas*, or if you will of M. *de Santeuil*, *Imagine a Man easy, soft, complaisant, tractable, and then all of a sudden cholerick, furious and capricious; conceive a Man simple, ingenuous, credulous, a trifler and giddy, a Child with grey hairs; but permit him to recollect himself, or rather to give himself up to a certain Genius that operates within him, perhaps without his being concern'd, and it may be without his knowledge: What Rapture! what Elevation! what Figures! what Latinity! You will ask me, Do you speak of one and the same Man? Yes, of the same* Theodas, *and of him alone. He cries, labours, rolls on the ground, rises, thunders and roars, and from the midst of the Tempest comes a Light which warms and delights us; let us speak without a Figure, he talks like a Fool, and thinks like a Wise Man; speaks Truth in a ridiculous Way, and in Folly shews Sense and Reason: What shall I say further? He talks and acts better than he thinks he does; there are in him, as it were, two Souls that are not acquainted, have no dependance on one another, and have each their Turns and distinct Functions. This Picture wou'd want one surprizing Stroke, shou'd I omit to tell you that he is at once covetuous and insatiably desirous of Praise; ready to expose himself to his Criticks, and in the main pliable enough to profit by their Censures. I begin to fancy my self that I have drawn the Picture of two different Persons, and 'tis not impossible to find a Third in* Theodas, *for he is a good, pleasant and excellent Man.*

Is this a representing of People in their worst Light only? Rather, who wou'd not chuse to have the little Failings which M. *de la Bruyere* observes in *Theodas*, on condition of meriting the Prai-

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ſes he beſtows on him? I make M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himſelf Judge in the Caſe.

See another Portrait in M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, which ſuits with but one Man. *A Perſon appears dull, ſottiſh and ſtupid, knows neither how to ſpeak, or relate what he has ſeen; if he ſets to write, no Man does it better; he makes Animals, Stones, and Trees talk, and every Thing that cannot Talk. His Works are full of nothing but Elegance, Natural Senſe and Delicacy.*

By theſe Words we diſcover the Famous *de la Fontaine*, that perfect Original in the Art of Narration, wherein he ſurpaſs'd by far all who went before him, and will perhaps never have his Equal. But does this Picture exhibit only the Faulty ſide of him? Quite contrary: For if on the one Hand we are told that he *ſeem'd* heavy, dull, ſtupid (which he had in common with the * Prince of *Latin* Poets) we are ſoon given to underſtand, that it was a deceitful *Appearance*, and that under this indifferent Exterior was conceal'd an extraordinary and inimitable Genius, which the Painter takes a Pleaſure to ſet in the faireſt Light he cou'd poſſibly give it; ſo that while we are admiring all thoſe rare Qualities united in one ſingle Subject, we are no leſs charm'd with the Penetration of him who ſo well underſtood them, and with his Artfulneſs in deſcribing them in ſo lively a manner to us. But his Sincerity is no leſs commendable upon this Occaſion than his Diſcernment; for if it be true, as the Duke *de la Rochefoucault* ſays, that *it is a ſort of participating in glorious Actions to praiſe them heartily,*

* Virgil; *who is ſaid to have been very heavy in Converſation, and not unlike an ordinary illiterate Man*; Sermone tardiſſimum ac pene indocto ſimilem Meliſonus tradidit. *This you will find in his Life*, totidem verbis.

M. *de*

M. *de la Bruyere* undoubtedly deſerves great Commendations for thoſe he gives with ſo good a Grace to them who are worthy of them.

I confeſs he does not forget the Weakneſſes of thoſe whoſe excellent Qualities he ſo well recommends. But he cou'd not do otherwiſe, if he wou'd ſhew them to us Entire. For if we repreſent only the Bright-ſide of Mankind, we can no more make them known, than a Painter, who deſiring to repreſent to us the Air of the King of *Sweden*, ſhou'd content himſelf with painting to us his Forehead, or having ſeen nothing of that young Hero but his Forehead, ſhou'd paint all the reſt of his Face after his own Fancy. If an Hiſtorian ſays nothing of his Hero but what is good, he's a baſe Flatterer, or wants Memoirs: let him enquire further before he publiſhes his Work. For, in ſhort, if there be any ſuch thing as a general Maxim without Exception, 'tis doubtleſs this, *No Man is without Faults; he is moſt perfect who has feweſt.* And conſequently, a true Hiſtorian ought to ſpeak well and ill of Men in order to repreſent them as they really are; by this he diſtinguiſhes himſelf from the Satiriſt, who heightens and exaggerates their Vices, and from the Panegyriſt, who ſolely bends himſelf to illuſtrate the Virtues which his Hero either has, or which he ſuppoſes in Him. This is what the Count *de Buſſy* was very ſenſible of: For after having ſaid, that what he had written concerning M. *de Turenne* in his *Memoirs*, will meet with more Credit and do him more Honour than the Funeral Orations which have been made on him; becauſe 'tis notorious, that the Authors of ſuch Orations, ſpeak only to Praiſe, and that himſelf wrote only for the ſake of Truth; he adds, *Moreover, 'tis more probable that my Portraits bear a Likeneſs than thoſe of the Panegyriſts; becauſe I ſpeak Good and Evil of the ſame*

Persons; they speak nothing but Good; and no body is perfect in this World.

Here our Censurer will perhaps say, that tho' M. *de la Bruyere* has sincerely represented the good and bad Qualities of M. *Santeuil* and M. *la Fontaine*, it does not follow that he observes the same Practice in the other Personal Characters which he was pleas'd to give us. This is true. But supposing that M. *de la Bruyere* has expos'd only the Faulty-side of some other Persons, it does not follow that he always did so: and consequently M. *de Vigneul-Marville* was in the Wrong to lay his Objection in such general Terms. But what will he say, if ev'n the Character which he cites out of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Books, cannot prove, as he pretends it does, that That Illustrious Author took delight in exposing only the vicious Side of People? This Character is That of *Menalcas*, a borrow'd Name, under which M. *de la Bruyere* presents us with a Man, who through a mighty Distraction of Mind, commits ridiculous Blunders; which, tho' very numerous, are extremely diverting for their Singularity.

Is there in the whole Narration any Particularity, which puts it out of doubt that M. *de la Bruyere* meant to describe such a Person with Exclusion of all others? I see nothing like it. It belongs to M. *de Vigneul-Marville* who believes it, to convince us of it by good Proofs. Otherwise, he is to blame to instance in that Example. But why shou'd he torment himself in seeking who is design'd by *Menalcas*? M. *de la Bruyere* has sav'd him that Trouble by a Note which he put at the beginning of that Character. *This*, says he, *is not so much any one particular Character, as an Enumeration of Blunders: If they are agreeable, they can't be too many; for Men's Tastes being different, they may chuse which they please.* What

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wou'd M. *de Vigneul-Marville* pretend to after this? Wou'd he have us believe Him ſooner than M. *de la Bruyere*? But is it likely that he ſhou'd know an Author's Thought better than the very Author who produc'd it? It is true, this Declaration of M. *de la Bruyere* wou'd prove nothing, if there cou'd be found in *Menalcas*'s Character ſuch things as certainly agree with one certain Perſon, and which can't poſſibly agree with any other. But till M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has made that Diſcovery, he has no Pretence to contradict M. *de la Bruyere*. And what a fine Condition wou'd Authors be in, if the firſt Man who ſhou'd take it into his Head to criticize them, was ſuffer'd to explain their Intentions without any regard had to their Words, *i. e.* to lend them what Thoughts they pleas'd, however oppoſite to what they deliver'd in expreſs Terms, and in a very intelligible Manner?

I know very well that in the *Menagiana* 'tis ſaid, that by this *Menalcas* is to be underſtood the late *Count de Brancas*; but 'tis only ſet down as a flying Report and a ſimple Conjecture, which M. *Menage* dropt in Converſation, on purpoſe to have a Handle for bringing in two Inſtances of that Count's Diſtractions or Blunders, as odd and as extraordinary as any of thoſe which M. *de la Bruyere* attributes to his *Menalcas*. *The World will have it, that the* Menalcas *in M.* de la Bruyere's *Book is the late Count* de Brancas. Theſe are the very Words of the *Menagiana*. Judge if this be a very authentic Teſtimony, and whether M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has good Grounds to tell us afterwards, that *Menalcas*, who is of an Illuſtrious Family, was diſhonour'd by M. *de la Bruyere*. *The falſe Menaclas*, ſays this grave Cenſurer, *being ſubſtituted in the Minds of Men, in the room of the true* Menalcas, *diſhonours this latter, and leaves a foul Blemiſh on his Family which is Illuſtrious.* This

way of Arguing is none of the most Cogent, but let it pass. Here then we have the true *Menalcas* dishonour'd, and all his Posterity with him. Whom must we blame? M. *de la Bruyere*, who no where names the true *Menalcas*, and who says nothing but what quadrates with a hundred others as well as him: or M. *Menage* and the Compilers of his Conversations, who set down his Name and Quality, and who inform us by Facts very Circumstantial, and which they give for true, that he may very well be the Original to the feign'd *Menalcas*? I referit to M. *Vigneul-Marville* himself. But is it not a pleasant Thing to see this rigid Censor so very much scandaliz'd at the Satyrical Portraits which he pretends are interspers'd in the *Characters of the Age*; him I say, who without sparing either the Dead or the Living, criticizes right or wrong, all sorts of Persons, without troubling himself to conceal their Names? I don't desire to be believ'd upon my bare Word. Read what the Author of the *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres* says of him in the Extract he made of M. *Vigneul-Marville*'s Book. [*January* 1700.] *Some People may perhaps be offended*, says that Judicious Writer, *at M.* Vigneul-Marville'*s speaking so freely, and, if I may have leave to say it, IN SO SHOCKING A MANNER, of divers Persons, without distinguishing such as are dead from such as are yet living. But the generality of Readers will not quarrel with him upon that score. Satire is pretty generally relish'd; and provided one's own self is not personally concern'd in it, we are not over-apt to fly into a Passion when we meet with it in a Book. I shall give an Example of one of those Places where the Author seems not to have spar'd either the Dead or the Living*, &c. The rest may be seen in the *Republique des Lettres*, at the Place I have quoted. Upon which I can't forbear saying with Madam *Des-Houlieres*: *Impotent Reason, thou whom Man boasts*

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so much of; Behold, what a sandy Foundation you afford! Ever vain, ever false, ever full of Injustice, we exclaim, in all our Discourses, against those Passions, those Infirmities, those Vices into which we daily fall.

After this Criticism on M. *de la Bruyere's Portraits*, our Censurer makes one general and two particular Remarks against the *Characters of the Age.* And since Errors in Thoughts are much more considerable than those in Words, we will look into those Remarks before we examine his Reflexions on the Stile of that Work.

VIII. M. *de la Bruyere*, * says he, *begs the Reader at the beginning of his Book* " to have his Title in " View, and to remember that he describes the " Characters or Manners of the present Age. *I have carefully follow'd this Advice of* M. de la Bruyere's; *but I find that in following it, a Man is often led out of the way, and that a third Part of* M. de la Bruyere's *Book ought to be cut out, as not at all pertaining to his Design. Instead of enlarging his Work, he should have contracted it, and kept to the Characters of this present Age, without running Riot among a hundred Things, which do not distinguish our Age from the Preceding, but which have been common to all. And therefore what he says concerning Beauty, Love, Friendship, and the like, are out of their Place, and utterly foreign to the purpose.* Here are a great many Words, and yet they import but this single Assertion, *That there are*, according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville, several Things* (in M. *de la Bruyere's* Book) *foreign to the purpose*: So that, if we wou'd take his Advice, we cou'd not do better than to proscribe the third Part of that

* Melange d'Histoire, p. 342.

Work. But this Cenſurer does not conſider that he is only a Party in this Affair; that his own Opinion is to go for nothing; and that he can't expect to win the Cauſe without fully proving all that he alledges againſt the Author, whom he has undertaken to criticize. Beſides, if there's any Objection that requires to be thoroughly handled, and to be diſcuſs'd with the greateſt Exactneſs, 'tis undoubtedly that which he now makes. I don't believe M. *de la Bruyere* to be infallible, or that his Work is without Faults: No, I am perſuaded that in this way of writing (by independent Thoughts) it is next to impoſſible not to put down ſome Things which are not altogether eſſential to one's Subject. But on the other Hand, 'tis almoſt as difficult to demonſtrate clearly and in an undeniable Manner that ſuch Things as are inſerted in his Book are foreign to his Purpoſe. As a Thought is capable of having different References, a Man ſhould preciſely know that which the Author had in his Mind, (which is no eaſy thing to divine) before he can ſafely ſay it is not in its Place, but foreign to the Purpoſe. This ſingle Reflexion wou'd have prevented our Critic from deciding too haſtily, and without good Grounds, that one third of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book ought to be retrencht. One of the principal Reaſons which induc'd him to paſs this terrible Decree, was, it ſeems, becauſe *he found in the Book a great many Things which do not diſtinguiſh our Age from any that were before it.* But where is it that M. *de la Bruyere* engages not to inſert in his Book any thing but what may diſtinguiſh ours from other Ages? He promiſes us the *Characters or Manners of this preſent Age.* That's the Title of his Book: And his Deſign is to paint Mankind in general, without confining his Portaits to any one Court, or any one Country, as he declares to us him-

himself in his † Preface. His Business therefore is to represent our Manners such as they really are: If he does this he makes good his Promise. But whether or no our Age be distinguish'd from the former by these Portraits, is no Concern of his. And, (by the bye) I know not but such a Design of describing one Age by such Things as shou'd agree with no other, wou'd be full as ridiculous, as that of a Painter, who shou'd be minded to paint the Men of this Age without e'er a Nose, or a Chin, the better to distinguish them from those who liv'd in the preceeding Ages. Men have always been the same with Respect to the Heart, always subject to the same Passions and Infirmities, always capable of the same Virtues, and the same Vices. The Actors change, but 'tis still the same Farce. Other Men will soon play the same Parts which are now play'd. *They in their turn will disappear*, as M. *de la Bruyere* somewhere says, *and those who do not yet exist will one Day cease to Be.* A true Image of this World, which manifestly demonstrates, that this present Age cannot be perfectly described, without using an infinite Number of Strokes, which no less correspond with the preceding Ages than this of ours. If then M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has found a great many Lineaments, which do not difference our Age from other Ages, instead of proscribing them for that Reason, he ought to have concluded that these Lineaments were certainly very conformable to Nature, which continually acts after much the same Manner in all Ages. And this is constantly the Inference which we draw from reading the Books of the Ancients. For Instance; we think *Terence* has perfectly well drawn a Debauchée,

† P. 61. Brussels *Edition*. 1697.

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a Villain, an amorous young Man, &c. Why? Becauſe the Portraits he makes of 'em, exactly agree with the Debauchées, Villains, and amorous young Men, whom we ſee now-a-days. Upon the ſame Foundation it is that we admire the Juſtneſs of *Theophraſtus*'s Characters. *The Men whoſe Manners* Theophraſtus *painted*, ſays M. *de la Bruyere, were* Athenians, *and we are* Frenchmen; *and if we add to the Diverſity of Place and Climate, the long Interval of Time, and conſider that this Book was wrote in the laſt Year of the* CXVth *Olympiad, Three hundred and fourteen Years before the Chriſtian* Æra, *and that 'tis above two thouſand Years ſince that People of* Athens *lived, of whom he draws the Picture, we may be amaz'd at diſcovering our ſelves there, our Friends, our Enemies, thoſe whom we live with; and that being diſtant from each other ſo many Ages, the Reſemblance ſhou'd be ſo great. In ſhort, Men in their Souls and Paſſions, change not, but are ſtill the ſame they were, and as they are deſcrib'd by* Theophraſtus, *Vain, Diſſemblers, Flatterers, Selfiſh, Impudent, Importunate, Diſtruſtfull, Backbiters, Quarrelſome, and Superſtitious.*

A Word more upon this Head: I wou'd ask M. *Vigneul-Marville* whether he thinks that M. *Boileau* has drawn a true Picture of this preſent Age in theſe Verſes:

O Money, Money! is the charming Sound;
Without it, ev'ry Thing's but barren Ground.
Virtue without it is a uſeleſs Good,
As little valu'd as 'tis underſtood.
A Raſcal, who has Money, is ador'd;
'Tis Money gains the Cauſe, and makes the Lord.

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He will, doubtleſs, anſwer me that this is viſibly one of the Characters of the preſent Age. But is it a Character that diſtinguiſhes our Age from the preceding? M. *Vigneul-Marville* will never ſay it. He is too converſant among the Ancients, not to know that a * famous Poet in the Age of *Auguſtus* ſaid in *Latin* what M. *Boileau* tells us in *French* in the Age of *Lewis* XIV. Now if M. *Boileau* was able to draw the preſent Age with Features which exactly coreſpond with thoſe already paſt, why might not M. *de la Bruyere* do the ſame thing?

IX. The next particular Remark which M. *Vigneul-Marville* makes againſt M. *de la Bruyere*, is, *That he often makes a Myſtery of what is not ſo.* I call this Remark particular, becauſe our Critic confirms it but by one Example, and that (you ſhall ſee) ſo ill choſen, that I don't think any body will for the future be inclin'd to rely upon his Judgment. *Thus*, (continues our Cenſor) *in Pag.* 468. *to make us comprehend what is ſufficiently comprehenſible of it ſelf*, that ſound Judgment is the ſcarceſt thing in the World; *he exaggerates and pronounces with the Tone of a Prophet this wonderful Sentence.* † "Next to ſound Judg-
" ment, Diamonds and Pearls are the rareſt Things
" to be met with. Our Critic, if I'm not deceiv'd, makes two falſe Suppoſitions in this Place; one, that M. *de la Bruyere* means to inform us, that ſound Judgment is very rare to meet with. This, in my Opinion, is what he never thought of. He contents himſelf with propoſing it as a Thought worthy of Remark, and on which every body

* Hor. Lib. Ep. 1. O Cives, Cives, quæranda pecunia primum eſt, &c.

† M. de la Bruyere's *Words*, Ch. XII.

ought

ought to reflect, in order to accustom themselves to Self-Diffidence, and not too hastily to imagine they understand what they really do not: A Failing too frequent among Men, and the grand Source of those Errors into which they fall every Moment! The second ill-grounded Supposition which our Critic makes here, is, his fancying it so easy a thing to comprehend, *that sound Judgment is a very scarce Thing.* Far from it: 'Tis perhaps the thing which is least comprehended by Mankind; for none but such as have sound Judgment (whose Number is doubtless very small) do comprehend how rare a thing sound Judgment is, and how scarce it is in the World. And to the great Surprize of M. *de Vigneul-Marville* be it spoken, the very manner in which he himself refutes M. *de la Bruyere,* proves visibly that 'tis no easy matter to comprehend how rare a thing sound Judgment is, and how much it concerns People to be advertis'd, that it is a thing extremely scarce. This will soon be seen. *Next to sound Judgment, Diamonds and Pearls are the rarest Things to be met with in the World,* says M. *de la Bruyere.* This Turn does not please M. *de Vigneul-Marville*; and thus he expresses himself upon it. *Ordinary People*, says he, *admire this Passage, as one of those bright Turns which* M. de la Bruyere *has the peculiar Skill to give to his Thoughts; and yet it is only a Thought turn'd upside down, and enchased in a Socket of meer Jargon. For it is not true that Diamonds and Pearls are very scarce Things, and so rare that nothing is more so, but sound Judgment; which must be suppos'd, in order to maintain* M. de la Bruyere's *Thought, and to make it rational. Diamonds and Pearls are indeed Things of Price; but as to Scarcity there are a thousand Things in* France, *and elsewhere, more scarce than either Pearls or Diamonds; and we might sooner meet with ten Bushels of Diamonds and Pearls at*

Paris

Paris *than ten or twelve Sheets of* China-*Paper. Thus Pearls and Diamonds being Things pretty common, tho of great Price,* M. de la Bruyere *must be forc'd to conclude, in Spite of himself, if he will hold to good Sense, that sound Judgment is not the rarest Thing to be met with in the World.* Had M. *de Vigneul-Marville* been paid for proving sound Judgment (or *Discernment*) to be a very scarce thing, he cou'd not have more effectually done it, than by arguing in this glorious Manner; in which, not *discerning Paris* from the rest of the World, he *confounds* two Objects, between which there's a greater Difference than between a Fly and an Elephant. We might soon find, says he, *at Paris* ten Bushels of Diamonds and Pearls, sooner than ten or twelve Sheets of *China*-Paper; *Ergo,* M. *de la Bruyere* was in the wrong to say that next to sound Judgment, Diamonds and Pearls are the rarest Things to be met with *in the World.* What, because *China*-Paper is scarcer at *Paris* than Pearls, is it also scarcer than Pearls ev'n in the Kingdom of *China,* which is undoubtedly in the World, since it is one of the finest Parts of it? Is it not after this very difficult to comprehend that sound Judgment is so scarce as it really is, since such penetrating and judicious Writers as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is, shou'd sometimes be so far deceiv'd as to take *Paris* for the World, a Part for the Whole?

X. Our Critic's second particular Remark is, that M. *de la Bruyere has the Gift of contradicting himself, and not to understand his own Words. This appears,* says he, *in the very beginning of his Book. He is speaking in Favour of Antiquity, and retails that generally receiv'd Thought,* viz. *That the Ancients have said every thing that can be said; that we Moderns come too late to say any thing new.* "Every thing has been said, cries

" cries M. *de la Bruyere*, and We are come too late " after above ſeven thouſand Years that there have " been Men, and Men have thought. The fineſt " and moſt beautiful Thoughts concerning Man- " ners have been carry'd away before our Times, " and we can do nothing now but glean after the " Ancients". *This is all good: But as if* M. de la Bruyere *had repented of his Propoſition, he joyns to the Ancients (which ſpoils all)* the moſt ingenious of the Moderns. *For he thereby equals the Moderns to the Ancients, and ſhews, that ſince there are Moderns as well as Ancients who may be gleaned after, the Ancients did not ſay all that cou'd be ſaid, or that they carry'd away before our time all the fineſt and moſt beautiful Thoughts concerning Manners. But the Cunning of this judicious Contradiction lies here,* M. de la Bruyere *had a Mind to fence againſt the Reproach that might have been thrown on him for not being a quite new Author. 'Twas therefore to do himſelf Honour, that he introduces, againſt his own Maxim, ingenious Moderns who are no leſs inventive in the Subjects of Morals than the Ancients.* So many Words, ſo many falſe Suppoſitions and ill-grounded Concluſions. M. *de la Bruyere* does not here dream in the leaſt of equalling the Moderns to the Ancients. He does not ſay that the Ancients have carry'd off before us all and every the fineſt and moſt beautiful Thoughts concerning Manners; but only that the Ancients and moſt ingenious of the Moderns having carry'd off the fineſt Thoughts; there now remains to thoſe who are minded to write on Manners, but few new Reflexions to make upon that important Subject. And conſequently M. *de la Bruyere* does not contradict himſelf in ſaying at the beginning of his Book; *Every thing has been ſaid, and we are come too late after above ſeven thouſand Years that there have been Men and Men have thought. The fineſt and moſt beautiful Thoughts concerning Manners*

have

have been carried away before our Times, and we can do nothing now but glean after the Ancients, and the most ingenious of the Moderns. There is not, I say, any Contradiction in these Words, but rather a great Modesty which every equitable Man ought to praise and admire, after having read M. *de la Bruyere's* Book, where a Man cannot but see a great many fine Things, which he might in vain look for in the Works of the most ingenious, either Ancients or Moderns. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* perhaps plays upon the Word *All*, which he takes rigidly for a metaphysical Universality, and capable of no Exception; but 'tis visible that in this Place it shou'd be taken loosely and popularly for the greater Part of the Things in Question, and that too in an indeterminate Number, as when we say, *All* Paris *is gone out to meet the King*, &c.

Again, the Science of Manners is so far from being entirely exhausted by the Ancients, that on the contrary it seems reasonable to believe (without any Imputation of Self-sufficiency) that there will be made new Discoveries therein, as long as there shall be Men upon the Earth: so various and so capable of infinite Combinations are the Desires, the Views, the Complexions, and Passions of that Species of the Creation. This is the Sentiment of * a Great Master this way, who has himself discover'd upon the Subject of Manners a Multitude of Things, which, I believe, a Man wou'd be hard put to't to find in those Ancients to whom M. *de Vigneul-Marville* will have it, that nothing was unknown of that Nature. *Whatever Discovery has beeen made in the Country of* † *Self-love,*

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* *The Duke of* Rochefoucaut.

† *The Great if not the Only Motive of humane Actions.*

|| says

‖ says he, *there yet remains a great many unknown Lands.*

XI. Now let us see what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* finds amiss in the Stile of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book. He condemns it without any manner of Ceremony. *I confess*, says he, *that if* M. de la Bruyere *had made choice of a good Stile, if he had written with Purity, and finish'd off his Portraits more than he has done, a Man cou'd not without Injustice despise his Book.* You have already seen what trust may be put in what this Critic has thought fit to publish against M. *de la Bruyere's Portraits*; and you shall now see whether he has any better Skill in *Stile.* He goes on thus: *His way of writing, (according to M.* Menage*) is altogether new: But ne'er the better for that: 'tis a difficult thing to introduce a new Stile in Languages, and to succeed in it, especially when those Languages are arriv'd at their Perfection, as ours is at this Day.*

I know not what M. *Vigneul-Marvile* means by Stile; but it seems to me to be nothing but a certain chaining of the Thoughts, exprest by Words, which shew how they are link't to each other: So that, in Proportion as this linking is clear and rational, a Stile may be said to be more or less clear and exact. I suppose a Man understands his Language, without which the Discourse can't have that Purity and Clearness, which consists in the using proper Terms, in their just Distribution, and in whatever renders the Diction exact and easy to be understood. To conclude; what makes a good Stile, is good Reasoning, and a natural Ordering of the Thoughts. And * as there is perhaps as much

‖ *In his moral Reflexions*, Reflect. 4.

* Est in hoc incredibilis quædam varietas: Nec pauciores animorum penè quàm corporum formæ. *Quintil.*

dif-

difference between Men's Minds as their Faces, there are perhaps as many Stiles as Writers, becauſe 'tis poſſible there are not two Men who conceive Things exactly in the ſame Order, and with the ſame Formality. This may be prov'd every Day by ſenſible Experiments. Let, for Example, two or three Perſons write a Letter on the ſame Subject, they ſhall each take a various Turn, and put his Thoughts together in a different Manner, one more agreeably and more naturally than another: So that each Letter ſhall have its particular Stile, tho in the main the Thoughts ſhall not differ much. It is not, therefore, eaſy to comprehend what our Cenſor means when he ſays, *it is a difficult thing to introduce* a new Stile: For every Writer has his Stile. *Voiture* manages his Thoughts otherwiſe than *Balzac*. His Stile is freer, and ſeems leſs ſtudied. M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s manner of Narration is very unlike that of M. *Pelliſon*. There is at leaſt as great a Difference between them as between *Chapelain* and *Virgil*: And the Stile of M. *Pelliſſon* is no more like that of M. *Menage*, or Father *Bouhours*, than the Stile of Father *Bouhours* is like that of * *Cleanthe*, or Mr. *Fontenelle*. Further; the ſame Writer has not always the ſame Stile. Sometimes he's not in a Humour to write; and then his Stile has no longer the ſame Beauties it was wont to have. Sometimes he is more Diffuſe than uſual, for want of Leiſure or Courage to chaſten his Stile; to poliſh it and prune it of thoſe Excreſcencies, which in the Heat of Compoſing eſcap'd him. I remember a Story to this Purpoſe, in the *Life of Virgil*. 'Tis ſaid †,

* M. Barbier Daucourt.

† Cum Georgica ſcriberet, traditur quotidie meditatos manè plurimos verſus dictare ſolitum, ac per totum diem retractando ad pauciſſimos redigere; non abſurdè carmen ſe urſæ more parere dicens, & lambendo demum affingere. *In Virg Vitâ.*

That when he compos'd his *Georgics*, his Custom was in the Morning to dictate a considerable Number of Verses, and spend the rest of the Day in revising them, and by that time 'twas Night reduc'd them to a very small Number, which he call'd *licking the Bear*. Those Verses which *Virgil* compos'd in the Morning, were, doubtless, very different from those, which, if one may use the Expression, were distill'd from them the remaining Part of the Day. And if by chance any of those first Verses had come down to us, no doubt but many Critics wou'd have scarce believ'd they escap'd that great Poet, because of the little Resemblance there had been between those Verses and what we have of his.

But since we are upon the Difference of Stiles, it will not, I believe, be altogether remote from the Purpose, to hint by the bye, that one of the Things which contributes most to this Difference, is, the different Usage of Particles which have been invented to mark the Connexion which the Mind puts between the Ideas or Propositions that form a Discourse: *For when the Mind is desirous to communicate its Thoughts to Others, it not only chains together the Parts of the Propositions, but entire Sentences, in all their several Relations and Dependances, in order to form a Rational Discourse.* I take this Remark out of an excellent Book, translated from the *English*, which lately fell into my Hands. It is entitul'd *A Philosophical Essay concerning Human Understanding.* The Author is manifestly a Genius of the first Order, a Philosopher accurate and profound, who examines Things in their Source, and penetrates deep into all the Subjects he handles. Let this be said without warranting his System, the bottom whereof I have not yet seen. As for the Usage of Particles in Stile, what he adds upon that deserves to be mention'd, and is *Verbatim* as

fol-

follows. *That a Man may think well, it is not enough for him to have clear and distinct Ideas in himself, or to observe the Concord or Discord which there is between some of those Ideas, but he ought to link his Thoughts, and remark the Dependance which his Reasonings have with each other: And for the well expressing those Thoughts, when rang'd methodically and chain'd together by consequential Reasonings, he must have Terms to shew the* Connexion, *the* Restriction, *the* Distinction, *the* Opposition, *the* Emphasis, *&c. which he applies to every respective Part of his Discourse.* And consequently, it is upon the just Application which is made of those Terms, that the Perspecuity and Beauty of a Stile principally depends, as the same Author observes. On the contrary, the Stile of a Discourse is obscure, ill-form'd, without Coherence and Strength, if those Particles are apply'd at random and without Reason. And if we wou'd speak properly of a Man who writes in that manner, we must say, not that he writes in *a new Stile*, but that he has no Stile at all.

Such Reflexions as these are despis'd by M. *de Vigneul-Marville* who makes *the Novelty* of Stile, which he upbraids M. *de la Bruyere* with, to consist in some Words which are improper, or which being join'd together compose Expressions not perfectly *French*. For after having said that it is difficult to introduce a new Stile in the Tongues, he goes on thus: Barclay, Justus Lipsius, *and others who have been fond of Dabbling in* Latin, *have not been approv'd of by the wisest Critics: And in the* French *Tongue*, Cirano de Bergerac, *and the Translator of* Gracian's *Courtier, are intolerable.* M. *de la Bruyere condemns those Men and himself too, when he says in Chap.* V. " Some Men shock us with their ridi-
" culous Phrases, with the Novelty, and, I will
" boldly speak it, with the Impropriety of the

" Terms they make uſe of; ſuch as the joining " certain Words which are never to be found put " together, except in their Mouths, and by ma- " king them ſignify ſuch Things as their firſt In- " ventors never meant they ſhou'd. In Diſcourſe " they neither follow Reaſon nor Cuſtom, but " their own fantaſtic Genius. *Here you have* M. de la Bruyere *drawn to the Life*, adds our ſubtil Critic.

XII. Happening, ſome few Days ago, to read this *Defence of M.* de la Bruyere to a certain Friend, I pointed him to this genteel Aſſertion of M. *de Vigneul-Marville's*: He took Fire at reading it, and cou'd not forber apoſtrophizing to our Cenſurer, by that Verſe of *Boileau*:

" *Are you who thus pretend to talk, a Judge?*

" You, M. *Vigneul-Marville*, whoſe Diſcourſe " is nothing but a Beadroll of improper, puerile, " and monſtrous Expreſſions; and of pitiful pro- " verbial Phraſes, which are hardly pardonable in " a free Converſation, and by way of Joke, as " M. * St. *Evremont* obſerves." Our Critic did not think of that, when he made himſelf a Judge in an Affair where his Authority is for ſo many Reaſons liable to be excepted againſt. He affects a great Squeamiſhneſs in the matter of Language. But whence ariſes this Squeamiſhneſs? From the Goodneſs of his Taſte? How then comes his Book

* *An Orator*, ſays he, *ought to avoid empty Quibbles*, Proverbs, *Puns, as being the evil Effects of a mean Education, and unworthy of true Eloquence. We ſcarce pardon them in a Gentleman, ev'n tho' he uſes them jocularly over a Bottle.* Vol. I p. 293.

to be so ill written? How comes he to fill it with so many vulgar Expressions, so much bad *French*, and such improper, obscure, affected Phrases? If you will not believe me, read what follows.

* *Whenever* Moreri *meets with an Author, who dilates himself upon Nothing, he dilates with him.* What a way of speaking is this, *'s'epancher, to dilate a Man's self with another upon Nothing!* Is it founded upon Reason, upon Custom, or upon the whimsical Genius of the Person who is pleas'd to make use of it? I appeal to Himself.

† *A man lets fly a captious Argument at* M. *Simon: He receives it with a good grace, cleaves it in two with a subtil* distinguo, *and escapes thro' the Breach.* I know not but *Rural Wits*, as our Critic elsewhere has it, may admire this noble Period; yet I very much doubt whether it will go down with Men of Sense and Politeness.

‖ *The Mareschal* de Bassompierre, *being confin'd in the Bastile, spent his Time in reading good Books, and in composing Observations and Memoirs* (qui lui sont glorieux, *instead of* qui lui font honneur,) *which are vain-glorious* instead of *glorious for him.*

* *It looks as if the Muses had made it their Business to appropriate the Outside of the Books of M.* Grollier's *Library, so much Art and Wit appears in their Ornaments.* Is not this a rare Thought, and the Expression noble and perfectly *French*; *Books appropriated on the Outside*, that is, *Bound by the Muses?*

† Tasso, *at twelve Years of Age, study'd the Law*, au Droit. We say, *etudier en Droit, en Philosophie, en Rhetorique*; but no Man ever said, *etudier au Droit, à la Philosophie*, &c. M. *Vigneul-Marville* is certainly

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* Melanges d'Histoire & de Literature, *p.* 293.
† *P.* 186. ‖ *P.* 133. * *P.* 154. † *P.* 142.

the first that ever spoke thus. Yet he's acquainted with the Rules of our Language. He has read those of M. *Vaugelas* and Father *Bouhours*. But some People read Rules which they don't take care to observe. And therefore our Critic gives a Regimen to *auparavant*, as if it were a Preposition; tho' M. *Vaugelas* expresly says that * the true Use of *auparavant*, is to apply it as an Adverb, not as a Preposition. *Bien auparavant cet Autheur*, says M. *Vigneul-Marville, deux celebres Ecrivains ont donnè à leurs expressions toute la force qu'elles pouvoient souffrir.*

† Again, M. *Gaudin*, says our Critic, *put a Spoke in Fortune's Wheel.* A fine Expression! is it not very clear, and truly *French*?

† *Messieurs* Dupuy, *with a* Cato-*like Gravity, took the Sciences by their most serious Handle, and cou'd not endure those who, if we may so say, were only the Punchanello's of Literature.* Is not this Excellent and Polite, *the Punchanello's of Literature?* Do they speak thus among *Carthusians*? If so, our Author is to be excus'd for employing so pleasant an Expression which whole Order has consecrated. M. *Vigneul-Marville* understands me, and that's sufficient.

† *'Tis not long sincethe* Eugenes *and the* Aristus's, *who thought by their Bravado's to triumph over their Enemies, fell into the Hands of a severe Critic, who shav'd them so close, that the Poor Men look'd as if they were flay'd.*

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* Remarques sur la Langue Francoise, Tom. II. p. 203. *You will find the same thing in the* Doutes *of* F. Bouhours, *p.* 152. *and in a Note of M.* Corneille's *on this Remark of* Vaugelas.

† *P.* 335. *p.* 138, &c.

Is not M. *Vigneul-Marville* likewise turn'd *Barber*? Has he not *flay'd* M. *de la Bruyere*? Are not these Ideas brilliant and well-fancy'd?

† *A very honest Gentleman, who design'd to write the History of his Time, us'd to say, I will have no Favourite Heroe: Virtue alone shall be my Heroine.* M. *Vigneul-Marville* quotes that honest Gentleman's Words too faithfully. He might have made him talk a little better *French*, without hurting *his Heroine* Truth. We do not say, *je ne veux point d'heros*, but *de heros*. This is the first Remark of M. *Vaugelas*.

Excuse me from pursuing this Criticism any further. I began it for no other Reason but to make M. *Vigneul-Marville* sensible that he ought to distrust himself, and not too hastily take his Assertions for Proofs.

XIII. But this is a Fault which he cannot easily correct. Our Censurer is frequently guilty of it, and is again so in what he adds immediately after. *It is true*, says he, *that this Gentleman had said before, in Page* 50. " * That a Man may in one sort of " Writing (*he means his own*) venture certain Ex- " pressions, make use of Terms which are trans- " pos'd and which paint a Thing lively, and pity " such as feel not the Pleasure which there is in " making use thereof, or in understanding them." I know not from whence our Critic learnt that M. *de la Bruyere* in this place meant his own Works more than a great many others wherein these Liberties are justly taken, as we shall see by and by. But let that pass. Let us see what it is he finds amiss in those Words. M. *de la Bruyere*, says he, *tickles*

† *page.* 385

* M. de la Bruyere's *Words, Chap.* 1.

himself here to make himself laugh. Certainly, he must be a very pretty Fellow that can fancy it a Pleasure to have to do with Difficulties. For is any thing more harsh and unpleasant than, in the French *Tongue (which being all smooth, follows exactly the Natural Order in its Constructions,) to transpose its Terms, and to create Confusion where there ought to be none?* Rather, must not he be *a very pretty Fellow* that thinks he proves a Thing, when he does but suppose it? M. *de Vigneul-Marville* absolutely condemns Transpositions in the *French* Tongue, and M. *de la Bruyere* is of Opinion they may be allow d in *one* sort of Writing, that is, if we believe our Censurer, in his own *Characters of the Age.* Who sees not that this hardy Critic ought not to have concluded, that Transpositions are contrary to the Genius of our Tongue, till he had first made appear by ten or a dozen Examples of Transpositions drawn out of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, that they only serv'd to perplex the Discourse? Not that the Conclusion had been, ev'n then, very certain; for other Writers might have done That well which M. *de la Bruyere* knew not how to do. But be that as it will, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* thought this Discussion too troublesome; and therefore chose rather to proscribe in general all Transpositions, than take the pains to examine whether a Man is in the right to make use of them on certain Occasions. *Even our Poets,* continues he, *to whom Transpositions are very helpful in Versification, have abandon'd them, and never use them but in the greatest Extremity, and when they cannot otherwise form their Verses. It is one of the Beauties of our Tongue not to transpose any thing, either in Prose or Poetry; and This, having been discover'd in the beginning of this Century by M.* Malherbe *and the President* Mainard, *is daily practis'd by the greatest Masters, ev'n with more Exactness than formerly.* All this means, according to our Critic,

tic, that Transpositions ought to be entirely banish'd from Prose, and not admitted into Poetry without absolute Necessity. But this Decision is somewhat too general, as you shall see. It is certain, that since the Establishment of the *French* Academy, great Application has been made in polishing our Language, and Endeavours have been more especially us'd to render the Turn of it simple, easy, clear, and free from all Incumbrance. For this end, all obscure or equivocal Constructions have been condemn'd; and, in the Distribution of Words, the most natural Order follow'd, as being the least susceptible of Ambiguity. This Order consists in putting the Nominative Case at the beginning of a Proposition, and then the Verb with what it governs, the Adverb immediately before or after the Verb, *&c.* But is a Man oblig'd to observe this Order upon all Occasions? Yes, when any other Disposition is found contrary to Perspicuity and Clearness, to which all Things must be sacrific'd; for the sole End of Speech is to make our selves be understood. But instead of its being impossible ever to depart from this Order without darkening a Discourse, we are sometimes indispensably oblig'd to forsake it, either in Conformity to Custom, which has in a manner consecrated certain irregular Turns, or to bring a Period well off, which wou'd otherwise be languid, obscure and perplexing; besides that in an Oratorial Discourse, Transpositions have a very particular Beauty and Vivacity. All which we will now prove by Examples.

1. I say in the first place, that some Transpositions are so strongly authoriz'd by Custom, that the natural Construction wou'd be not only harsh, but perfectly barbarous. *The Case is plain,* says * Father

* *In his Translation of* Persius, *Sat.* IV.

Tarteron,

Tarteron; so goes the World, we tear our Neighbour to pieces, and he tears us. Can a *Frenchman*, who knows his Language, speak otherwise? And shou'd we not justly treat as a *Visigoth*, a Man who desiring to follow the natural Order, on this Occasion shou'd say, *So the World goes*, &c? *By this Maxim*, * says the New Translator of *Demosthenes, conducted themselves the ancient and famous Orators, whom the Moderns continually praise without ever imitating; an* Aristides, *a* Nicias, *a* Pericles, *and that Great Man*, &c. Here's another Transposition, *conducted themselves the ancient Orators*, but which is absolutely necessary. I can't believe that M. *Vigneul-Marville* cou'd prevail with himself to say, *By this Maxim the ancient and famous Orators, whom the Moderns continually praise, without ever imitating; an* Aristides, *&c. conducted themselves.* And indeed, tho' he was so great an Enemy to Transpositions as to say, That *it is One of the Beauties of our Tongue not to transpose any thing, either in Prose or Verse*; yet he himself happens sometimes to put the Nominative Case after the Verb. Thus, speaking of *Cicero's* Epistles to *Atticus*, he says (pag. 367.) *These Epistles will instruct us in the History of the Civil War, and what* Cicero's *Thoughts were concerning it (Et des sentiments qu'en avoit Ciceron.)* He might have said, *que Ciceron en avoit*, and the Sense wou'd have been ne'er the less disturb'd for that, but the other Turn seem'd to him the more agreeable One, or perhaps dropt from his Pen without his perceiving it.

2. In the Second place, nothing is more proper for the bringing a Discourse well off, than Transpositions seasonably made, as will be infallibly found by every Writer who understands and loves a Clear-

* M. Tourreil, p. 54.

ness

nesſ of Stile, and has any long-winded Work upon his Hands. *For this Reaſon,* * ſays a famous Orator, *the ſingle Perſon of the Prince of* Conde *was worth, to* France, *whole Armies: That, when he took the Field, the moſt Formidable of the Enemies Forces were viſibly intimidated by the Terror of his Name: That under him our weakeſt Troops became intrepid and invincible: That by his Care, our Frontiers were under Covert, and our Provinces in Safety: That under him were form'd and bred thoſe ſeaſon'd Soldiers, thoſe experienc'd Officers, thoſe Braves in all the Orders of War, who have ſince ſignaliz'd themſelves in our laſt Wars, and who acquir'd ſo much Honour to the* French *Name, only by having had that Prince for their Maſter and Chieftain.* Who ſees not that this laſt Period wou'd have been very flat and diſturb'd if the Orator had follow'd the Natural Order, as he had before done; and if he had ſaid that, *thoſe ſeaſon'd Soldiers, thoſe experienc'd Officers, thoſe Braves in all the Orders of War, who have ſince ſignaliz'd themſelves in our laſt Wars, and acquir'd ſo much Honour to the* French *Name, only by having had that Prince for their Maſter and Chieftain, were form'd and bred under him?*

Here's another Example, where the Natural Conſtruction is perfectly ridiculous. *It is a Book which that Gentleman, who came to viſit me yeſterday about ſix of the Clock in the Evening, when you were with me in my Library, gave me.* "This way of ſpeaking, *adds* " † *the Author from whom I borrow this Example,* as " regular as it is, is ridiculous: And any Man may " eaſily ſee, that 'twere better to take the irregular

* *Father* Bourdaloue, *in his Funeral Oration upon the Prince of* Conde.

† *Mr.* Andry *in his* Reflexions ſur l'Uſage preſent de la Langue Francoiſe, *p.* 485.

" Turn'

" Turn, and to say: *C'est un Livre que, m' a donné*
" *cette personne*, &c. This is a Thing so well known,
" *continues that Judicious Writer*, that we have no Au-
" thor who writes otherwise: Not even such as are
" most incorrect, and least mindful of Politeness;
" they all take this irregular Turn, rather than im-
" pertinently perplex a Phrase. Nor do I think M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is of another Opinion.

3. It remains for me to shew, that, in Discourses of a lively, nervous Stile, Transpositions have a more than ordinary Beauty. Our most celebrated Writers will furnish me with such Proofs of this, as I believe our Critic will not dare to contradict. I shall take the First out of the Works of M. *S. Evremont, that celebrated Author, who has given to his Expressions all the Strength they were capable of within the Bounds of Reason*, as M. *de Vigneul-Marville* has very justly observ'd. *I look upon the Preceptor of* Nero, * says he, *the Lover of* Agrippina, *as an Ambitious Man, who aspir'd to the Empire: The Philosopher and Writer, I make no great Account of.* He might have said, *I make no great Account of the Philosopher and Writer.* But besides that the irregular Turn is more lively and harmonious, M. *S. Evremont* found thereby the means of varying his Stile; a Secret of such Importance, that he who knows it not, let him do what he can, shall never rise above the Character of a pitiful Writer.

† *A Frozen Stile that neither Ebbs nor Flows,*
Instead of pleasing, makes us gape and doze.
Those tedious Authors are esteem'd by none,
Who tire us, Humming the same heavy Tone.

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* *Judgment of* Seneca, *&c.* Tom. 1. p. 237.
† Boileau's *Art of Poetry*, Canto 1.

But

But if M. *St. Evremond* had a Right to employ Transpositions in a familiar Discourse, they may with much more Reason be us'd in public Discourses; which being animated by the Voice, ought to be compos'd in a more lively and nervous Stile. And therefore there is nothing more common than such irregular Turns in those sort of Compositions.

That Heart, greater than the Universe, says Father *Bourdaloue* in his Funeral Oration on the Prince of *Conde*; *That Heart which all* France *may well Envy us; that Heart so solid, so upright, so worthy of God, he was pleas'd that we shou'd possess and be the Depositaries of.*

There wou'd be no End of quoting Examples of this kind, where a more regular Construction wou'd make the Discourse flat, and take from it that sweet Harmony which is so pleasing to the Ear in a Public Action.

But since M. *Vigneul-Marville* * seems to have an Esteem for the Rules of Father *Bouhours*, I can't do better than confirm what I have been saying, with a Judicious Remark made by that famous Grammarian concerning Transpositions being graceful upon some Occasions. *There are,* according to † that Grammarian, *some irregular Turns which are Elegant.* " Examples, *adds he,* will shew what I mean. M. " *Maucroix* says in the Second Homily of St. *Chry-* " *sostom* to the People of *Antioch: This Place which* " *gave us Birth, we avoid it as an Ambush:* And " M. *Patru* says in his Plea for Madam *de Guenegaud:* " *And yet this Sovereign, the new Constitutions degrade* " *her; her whole Authority is annihilated, and no other* " *Mark of Dignity left her but Reverences. The Supe-*

* Melanges d'Histoire, *&c. p.* 347.

† Remarques nouvelles sur la Langue Franc. Tom. 1. p 30.

" *rior*

" *rior does nothing but 'tis condemn'd; her most innocent*
" *Actions, they blacken them.*

" Now according to strict Rule, continues that
" Father, we shou'd say, *We avoid as an Ambush that*
" *Place which gave us Birth. And yet the new Constitu-*
" *tions degrade this Sovereign: they blacken her most in-*
" *nocent Actions.* We speak thus in Conversation,
" and in a plain simple Book; but in a public Acti-
" on which is animated by the Voice, and which
" requires a more lively Eloquence, the irregular
" Turn is more beautiful. Upon these Occasions
" it is sometimes lawful to Orators as well as Po-
" ets, to dispense with the scrupulous Rules of
" common Construction: And we may almost say
" of Sermons and Pleadings, what the Author of
" the *Art of Poetry* says of *Ode:*

" *Her generous Stile will oft at random start,*
" *And by a brave Disorder shew her Art.*

" But if such sort of Irregularities are Elegant in
" Prose, *adds Father* Bouhours, they are still more
" so in Poetry, which in it self is somewhat impe-
" tuous, and loves not a Language altogether uni-
" form.

Now let any one judge, whether M. *de la Bruyere* was not in the Right to say, that *in one sort of Writings a Man may use Terms which are transpos'd and which paint a thing lively*; and whether on the other hand, M. *Vigneul-Marville* was not in the Wrong to assert, that *it is one of the Beauties of our Tongue not to transpose any thing either in Prose or Poetry.* No doubt there are some Transpositions forc'd, and contrary to the Sweetness and Perspicuity of a Language: But there are likewise others which have a very good Grace, and which can't be banish'd without depriving our Tongue of that lively, free and natural

rural Air, which makes one of its greatest Beauties. This is what was perfectly well understood by M. *Vaugelas*, that Judicious Author, whose Authority will be always of great Weight in this Point. For after having condemn'd certain Transpositions as too rugged, he adds, *Many ascribe to Poetry the Cause of these Transpositions, which are Ornaments in Versification, when perform'd like that of* Malherbes, *whose Poetry is incomparable for its Turn; but commonly they are Vices in Prose: I say* commonly, *because there are some which are very beautiful.* Observe how this prudent Writer avoids those general and absolute Decisions, which are almost always falsify'd by some uncontrovertible Exceptions.

XIV. Let us return to M. *Vigneul-Marville.* "† No Man before M. *de la Bruyere*, says M. *Menage*, "has had that Strength, that Justness of Expressi-"on which are to be met with in his Book." *In truth*, exclaims our Censurer upon this, M. *Menage would have oblig'd us by pointing out the Places of M.* de la Bruyere's *Book where this is to be met with: We might, in return, shew him twice the number, where it is not to be met with.* Why then did he not shew them without losing his Time in idle Words? Why did he thus abuse his own Leisure, and that of the Public, in Printing such Dialogues? We need no longer despair of seeing an Edition of Porters and Herb-Women's Conversation. *It will rain to day*, say you; *but I don't think so, and will lay Two to One it will not.* Imagine, if you please, something more frivolous; it cannot be more so than this Place of the *Melanges d' Histoire & de Literature.* For what

† P. 335.

im-

imports it us to know, that M. *Menage* wou'd have oblig'd M. *Vigneul-Marville*, by quoting to him the Places in the Book of Characters, where the Force and Exactness he speaks of were to be met with; and that if he had so done, M. *Vigneul-Marville* wou'd *have shewn him twice the Number where they are not to be met with?* After this wonderful Dialogue, are we a whit the more knowing, or more capable of judging of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book?

But, adds M. *Vigneul-Marville*,* *it is* gratis dictum, *and without Consideration what M.* Menage *said*; viz. *that till M.* de la Bruyere, *no Man ever had that Force and Justness of Expression, which he fancies in that Book of Characters. Long before M.* de la Bruyere, *two famous Authors (not to reckon others) did give to their Expressions all the Strength they were capable of within the Bounds of Reason: And these were Messieurs* Nicole *and St.* Evremont. M. *Vigneul-Marville* is in the Right. *France* has produc'd many excellent Authors who have their Merit as well as M. *de la Bruyere.* Messieurs *Nicole* and St. *Evremont*, are of that Number, every body agrees it. M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, who advances so many Things without proving them, has done well to dispense with that Practice on this occasion. And it is undoubtedly too hardy in M. *Menage* to prefer M. *de la Bruyere* to so many famous Writers who have appear'd in this last Age. Such Comparisons are always odious and inconsiderate. But, in my Opinion, M. *Menage* is not so much to be blam'd as the Compilers of his Conversations. For where is the Man who does not sometimes in a free Conversation let fall some extravagant Thoughts, which he wou'd be far from maintaining in a Public Work?

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* *Page* 335, &c.

XV. M.

XV. *M.* Menage, continues our Critic, *adds, that M.* de la Bruyere *says in one Word what another Man does not so perfectly express in Six. 'Tis commonly just the contrary*, M. de la Bruyere *affecting to heap Words upon Words, and Thoughts upon Thoughts, without any manner of Necessity. An Example of this is just before me*, pag. 90. *where he says, that* Formality is an Imitation of Wisdom. *This Thought is so apparent, that it requires no clearing up by Comparisons fetcht from I know not where. And yet what Turnings and Windings does* M. de la Bruyere *use to make us comprehend a thing which has not the least Shadow of Difficulty:* "A Comedian, *says he*, exceeds Nature in the "Parts he plays: A Poet overloads his Descriptions: A Painter who draws after the Life, forces and exaggerates a Passion, a Contraste, and "the Postures; and he that Copies him, unless he "measures exactly the Sizes and Proportions, will "make his Figures too big, and give more Scope "to all the Parts, through the Disposition of the "whole Piece, than they have in the Original. "'Tis the same with the Precise or Formal, they "are but the Imitators of the Wise." *Besides that this whole Discourse smells very strong of Jargon: I wou'd fain know, Who, after this Example, can seriously say (unless it be M.* Menage) *that* M. de la Bruyere *delivers in one Word, what another does not so perfectly in Six?*

This is what M. *de Vigneul-Marville* objects against the Reflection of M. *de la Bruyere; That Formality is an Imitation of Wisdom.* These, you see, are so many definitive Decrees, independant of all Reason. But what's to be done? Every Man has his Method: And our Critic's is, not to prove what he Advances. He may, however, have Reason at the bottom. Let us see whether he has or no:

M. *de la Bruyere* is minded to let us ſee how Formality is an Imitation of Wiſdom, and to that end makes uſe of ſeveral Compariſons. His Thought was clear enough without any of thoſe Compariſons, replies M. *de Vigneul-Marville.* But that Critic is miſtaken. For without thoſe Compariſons M. *de la Bruyere*'s Thought wou'd have been very imperfect. 'Tis not enough to ſay that Formality imitates Wiſdom, unleſs we make out how and to what a Degree it does ſo. Moſt Virtues conſiſt in a certain Mean, the two Extremes whereof are equally dangerous. Keep ſhort of the juſt Limits, or go beyond them, you are out of the right way: And nothing is more eaſy than to miſtake it. 'Tis ſeen every Day. The Miſer thinks he is a good Husband: The Prodigal, who laughs at him for a Fool, thinks none but himſelf knows how to make a right Uſe of Wealth. Cowards cover their Fear with the gloſſy Name of Prudence; and the Raſh think themſelves the truly Brave. All theſe are ignorant of the juſt Bounds of the Virtues which they believe they practiſe. They go beyond, or ſtop ſhort, for want of knowing that exact Middle, whoſe two Extremes are equally vicious. And conſequently, when one wou'd repreſent the Imperfection of any of thoſe Vices, he muſt ſpecify how, and to what a Degree, it imitates ſome certain Virtue. For to ſay in general that it is an Imitation of ſuch or ſuch a Virtue, is to give an Idea of it which may full as well agree with another Vice that is its direct Oppoſite. Avarice, for Example, is an Imitation of Frugality, but at the bottom as remote from it as Prodigality it ſelf. M. *de la Bruyere* was too cloſe a Thinker to make ſuch Definitions. He intends to inform us that Formality is an Imitation of Wiſdom; but he takes care to teach us Wherein that Imitation conſiſts.

And

And this he does by means of an ingenious Parallel, which, keeping the Mind in play by an agreeable Amusement, discovers clearly, that it is an extravagant Imitation, transgressing the Bounds of Reason. *A Player exceeds Nature in the Parts he plays; A Poet overloads his Descriptions, &c. . . . . Just such Imitators of the Wise are the Formal.* What is there in this obscure, or that smells of Jargon? Formality is an ill Imitation of Wisdom, by carrying Things to excess, as a Comedian who over-acts his Part, as a Poet who loads his Descriptions, as a Painter who, drawing after the Life, forces and exaggerates the Passions and Postures which he endeavours to represent, or who intending to copy a Picture, makes the Figures too big. Our Critic sees no Propriety in this; I know not how to help it. But, in my poor Opinion, Comparisons are then just when the Things compar'd agree in that Point upon which the Comparison turns; which can't be found defective in this Parallel. For the Player, the Poet, the Painter, agree all in this; *viz.* They go beyond certain Bounds, which they ought not to exceed, in like manner as the formal Man who transgresses the Bounds of Wisdom in pretending to imitate it.

Another thing which M. *de Vigneul-Marville* finds Fault with in this Parallel, is, that there are too many Words us'd in it, whence he concludes, that M. *Menage* was in the wrong to say, that M. *de la Bruyere expresses in one Word, what another does not so perfectly do in Six.* But, with his good leave, this Conclusion is somewhat too hasty. For tho an Author may chance to be a little more diffuse than usual, in a certain Place of his Book, yet it does not follow that he is so every where else. And what wou'd become of the best Writers, ev'n M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himself, if this way of Reason-

ing were admitted ? *Virgil* is obſcure in ſuch or ſuch a Place ; *Ergò*, he's a pitiful Writer , and does not underſtand his own Meaning. There is in *Cicero* a diſturb'd and very long-winded Period ; *Ergò*, *Cicero* knew not how to write. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* reaſons ill, in ſuch or ſuch a Place of his Book ; he concludes from Particulars to Generals ; *Ergò*, he's an ill Logician, who ſpeaks what comes uppermoſt, and without reflecting. Is it not plain that all theſe Concluſions are impertinent, and that our Cenſurer wou'd have Reaſon to complain againſt the laſt ? Let him therefore do unto others what he wou'd they ſhou'd do unto him. Further ; this Critic is not only to blame for inferring from a ſingle Paſſage of the *Characters*, that the Author thereof generally affects to heap Words upon Words without Neceſſity, but ev'n this very Paſſage which he quotes to prove it, is, in my Opinion, very ill choſen. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* might perhaps ſay, that the Author ſpeaks too much in this Place, that he crouds in four Compariſons without a Neceſſity, ſince one or two might have ſuffic'd. But the Queſtion is not whether M. *de la Bruyere* ſpeaks too much, but whether he expreſſes in few Words what he means to ſay, and whether it cou'd have been ſo clearly deliver'd in fewer. Theſe are two very different Things. A Man may be conciſe and utter much at the ſame time, eſpecially in writing; for in Converſation a great Talker and a Sayer of Nothing do generally ſignify but one and the ſame thing.

XVI. But after ſo many falſe Attacks , here is at laſt one which perhaps will do Execution. 'Tis a Criticiſm on ſome Expreſſions , which M. *de la Bruyere* has made uſe of in the Paſſage we juſt now ex-

examin'd, and which do not ſeem to M. *de Vigneul-Marville* to be *French*. They are four in Number, namely, (1.) *Un Peintre qui fait d' apres nature*, inſtead of *qui travaille*, *qui peint d' apres nature*: (2.) *Forcer une paſſion, une contraſte, des attitudes*, Expreſſions barbarous in Painter's Language, if we may believe our Cenſurer: (3.) The Term *Volume* (ſcope) apply'd to the Figures of a Picture, tho, according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, that Word is never us'd but to Things that are meaſur'd and weigh'd: And, (4.) *Les pieces d' un tableau*, inſtead of the Figures of a Picture, the word *pieces* being appropriated to Heraldry, *as* M. de la Bruyere *knows or knows not*, adds our Critic very politely.

I know not but the Solidity of ſome of theſe Deciſions may admit of Diſpute: But I'm under a ſtrong Temptation not to conteſt this petty Victory to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, were it only to encourage him to impart to us a more ample Criticiſm upon the *Characters of the Age*. For you muſt know all that you have hitherto ſeen, is only a Prelude to a pitcht Battel. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* had compos'd a much larger Work * *which he ſuppreſt* after he had heard of M. *de la Bruyere*'s Death. This here is but a ſmall Sample whereby we may judge of the whole Piece. But if I grant to M. *de Vigneul-Marville* that he had Reaſon to cenſure theſe 4 Expreſſions in M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, it is on Condition that he will not abuſe this ſmall Advantage, as if it gave him a Right to conclude that M. *de la Bruyere* can't write *French*, † *That he has no regular Stile, that he writes at random*; ‖ *and that moſt of his Expreſſions*

* P. 345.
† Melanges d'Hiſtoire, &c. p. 336.
‖ P. 339.

are forc'd, improper, and unnatural. This wou'd be imitating those Critics mention'd by Madam *Des-Houlieres*, who for a Word well or ill plac'd approve or condemn a whole Work. I take M. *de Vigneul-Marville* to be too sensible a Man to give into such an Excess. He knows that *Homer* nods sometimes, and that Faults are found in the best Writers. He is an Author himself, and consequently may commit an Over-sight as well as *Pindar*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and all the most celebrated Ancient and Modern Authors.

Again, tho I'm not inclin'd to dispute with M. *de Vigneul-Marville* the Glory of having justly censur'd the Expressions afore-mention'd, especially this, *Un peintre qui fait d' apres nature*, yet I'm oblig'd to warn the Public, that this Censurer, producing no other Proof for the Solidity of this Censure, than his own Authority, and the Knowledge which he pretends to have in the Language of Painters, People would do well not to trust him without good Security: Since there are to be found, ev'n in M. *de Vigneul Marville's* Book, some Expressions taken from Painting, which raise a Doubt whether he understands the Terms of that Art so well as he fancies he does; for Instance, when he says, that M. *de la Bruyere travaille plus en detrempe qu' à l' huile.* We say, *peindre en huile*, I am sure of it; and can prove it by undeniable Authorities: But I doubt whether it can be said, *peindre à l' huile.* I refer it to the Masters.

XVII. I know not how I came so easily to believe that M. *de Vigneul-Marville* wou'd use with Moderation that small Advantage I just now granted him. Far from doing so, that Critic is grown so haughty, he begins to forget himself; so difficult

ficult a thing is it to use a Victory with Moderation. *It were an endless Task*, * says he, *to pick out all the forc'd, improper, and unnatural Expressions which are palm'd upon us for Beauties and Refinements of the Language.* These are terrible Menaces, but which, to M. *de la Bruyere's* Comfort, will never be put in Execution. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is pleas'd to save him the Confusion and Shame of an entire Defeat. He will be content to give him two or three Thrusts, to let the World see what he cou'd do if he wou'd fight his best. And yet, to judge of him by those two or three Thrusts, our Critic does not seem to be in Reality so formidable as he wou'd make us believe. You shall judge of it.

" 1. †True Greatness suffers it self to be touch'd " and handled: *Is this*, says he, *to speak naturally and properly, which* M. de la Bruyere *so often wishes to see done? This, in good* French, *and according to Reason*, proceeds our Critic, *cannot be spoken but of corporeal Things, which are handl'd and are tangible.* And yet I know an ingenious Person who pretends to write Books and thinks he understands the Rules and Beauties of the *French* Tongue, who makes use of the Term *handle* in speaking of Things which are not corporeal. And this same Person (who wou'd think it?), is M. *de Vigneul-Marville* himself, who makes that use of it twice, and in the same Work wherein he so haughtily censures M. *de la-Bruyere* for using it only once, *risum teneatis amici? A Man*, says M. *de Vigneul-Marville* p. 251. of his Melanges, *a Man has compos'd a Sermon, a Plea, or a*

* P. 340.
† Ch. 11. *Of Personal Merit.*

Speech, with a great deal Care. He has HANDLED, turn'd, set in Order his Thoughts. If this rigid Censor is of Opinion that nothing but corporeal Things can be *handl'd*, cou'd he *handle* Thoughts? Let him explain this Riddle. *Good Writers*, says he in another Place, *imitate the* Laconic *Stile, which is not less difficult to HANDLE.*

2. Let us pass to the second Remark. † *Is it proper to say*, to throw Profoundness into certain Writings? M. de la Bruyere *says it in his Chapter of Polite Learning. But good Sense and Custom do not speak so.* After this, there's nothing more to be said. How can such formal Decisions be resisted! But yet why might not M. *de la Bruyere* use that Expression, since M. *de St. Evremont, who*, as our Critic very well says, *cloaths his Thoughts, which are noble, with bold Expressions, but ever just, ever proper to his Subject*, made no difficulty to say, * *When the Choice of a Subject depends upon the Orator, he ought to make it susceptible of Force and Ornament. He ought to* throw Order *into his Design, and* Connexion *into his Thoughts.* Why may not *Profoundness be thrown into a Writing*, as well as *Order into a Design*, and *Connexion into Thoughts*? This is another *Ænigma*, which our Critic is desir'd to explain, if such be his Will and Pleasure.

3. He adds a third Remark, which he expresses in these Terms: *To say as* M. de la Bruyere *does, p.* 173. *in speaking of such as can't keep a Secret*, that you see through their Breast, that they are transparent; *is it not to carry one's Expressions too far? Was it not enough to have said*: They don't move their

† P. 139. *Of his Melanges.*
* M. St. Evremont. *Of Eloquence*, p. 293. Vol. I.

Lips

Lips, and yet are underſtood; you read the Secret on their Forehead, and in their Eyes.

Here it might be proper to ſpeak of the uſe we ought to make of *figurative Terms.* Upon this Occaſion I wou'd ſay what M. *de Fontenelle* ſomewhere ſays concerning the ſublime Stile, that *a Man ſhou'd not give into it without an abſolute Neceſſity.* It is, however, certain that figurative Terms are very proper upon ſome Occaſions. But without pretending to treat of this Matter to the bottom, it ſeems to me that they may be employ'd for two Reaſons. The firſt, when proper Terms are wanting for the expreſſing our Minds, which very often happens, and which can't be ſo much attributed to the Poverty of Languages, as to the Ignorance of Mankind, who not knowing Things in themſelves, cannot ſpeak of them but by way of Compariſon. The other Reaſon why we may uſe figurative Terms in a Diſcourſe, is to divert the Mind in repreſenting to it by corporeal Images what has been already expreſt to it or what is immediately after expreſs'd to it in Terms proper, and which paint the thing as it is in it ſelf. For in that Caſe, the figurative Expreſſions having nothing obſcure, do agreeably amuſe the Mind, by tracing to it in a ſenſible manner, what a proper Expreſſion makes it comprehend with an entire Exactneſs. And this, if I'm not miſtaken, is the only uſe we ought to make of figurative Terms, when we are not under an indiſpenſable Neceſſity of making uſe of 'em. 'Tis like a Debauch of the Mind which cannot but pleaſe, when it comes *à propos*, but which otherwiſe is offenſive, diſpleaſing, and infallibly diſturbs it.

I leave to others the Care of applying what I ſay to this Paſſage of the *Characters* which has fallen under the Cenſure of M. *de Vigneul-Marville.* Theſe

are

are Things dependant upon the Taste and Sentiment, and can hardly be made intelligible to those who don't perceive them of themselves.

XVIII. Lastly, Our Critic can't endure that M. *Menage* shou'd make a Doubt that M. *de la Bruyere*'s Way of Writing is close and connected. *Why not*, * says he? *How many poor Painters daily copy bad Originals? Nevertheless*, adds he, *I agree with M.* Menage, *that no body of a good Taste will ever imitate the bad Stile of M.* de la Bruyere. A glorious Conclusion, and worthy of the Exordium! M. *de la Bruyere* was not only likely to have some Imitators, but he has actually had great Numbers of them. M. *de Vigneul-Marville* cannot be ignorant of it; the Thing has made too great a Noise in the Republic of Letters. Some have plunder'd his Words and Expressions; Others his Thoughts; and all have deck'd themselves with the Title of his Work, as if it were sufficient, in order to have a share in the Glory of an excellent Writer, to make Books under the same Title with him. For a considerable While there was nothing printed but Works which bore the Name of *Characters*, or something like it. *Ouvrage dans le gout des Caracteres. Les differens Caracteres des femmes du siecle. Caracteres & Portraits Critiques sur les defauts ordinaires des hommes. Portraits Serieux & Critiques. Caracteres tirez de l'Ecriture sainte, & appliquez aux Mæurs de ce siecle. Caracteres naturels des hommes, en forme de dialogue. Suite des Caracteres de Theophraste & des Mæurs de ce siecle, &c.* Nothing was seen but *Characters*. The Booksellers Shops were cramm'd with them. But, pray, cou'd the Censurer of M. *de la Bruyere* have better shewn the

* *Page* 340.

Merit

Merit of the *Characters of the Age*, than by putting us in mind of those Swarms of Writers produc'd by a desire of imitating that excellent Author? What more proper to raise the Value of M. *de la Bruyere*, than so many dull Copies, most of them despis'd by the Public, and all so very much inferior to their Original?

But perhaps M. *de Vigneul-Marville* was of Opinion, that among those Imitators, there are some that may vie with M. *de la Bruyere*. How then comes it that he has not nam'd them? Why wou'd he lose so fair an Opportunity of convincing us of the Extent of his Understanding, and Solidity of his Judgment? For, infallibly, he wou'd have carry'd off the Honour of so glorious a Discovery; since it does not appear that thePublic has yet preferr'd or equall'd any of those Imitators to him whom they have endeavour'd to copy. One of the most hardy, but not the wisest, has assum'd the haughty Title of *the Modern Theophrastus*: And this Person, they say, is he that comes nearest to M. *de la Bruyere*. But if he follows him, 'tis only by Track, and at a great Distance, as was lately made appear by a * Writer, who after he had very well demonstrated the Defects of the *Modern Theophrastus*, did not do strict Justice to M. *de la Bruyere*. Let this be said without Consequence. For besides that the Attacks of this new Critic have been already † repell'd, I wou'd not willingly embroil my self with him, after having drawn upon my Back so formidable an Adversary as M. *de Vigneul-Marville*.

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* *In a Book entitul'd*, Sentiments Critiques sur les Caracteres de M. de la Bruyere.

† *In a Book intitul'd*, Apologie de M. de la Bruyere, ou Reponse à la Critique des Caracteres de Theophraste.

XIX. And

XIX. And now I ſpy Land, as *Diogenes* ſaid. There remains nothing more for me to do, but to examine ſome Reflexions of our Critic upon the Perſons who have approv'd of M. *de la Bruyere's* Book. *If they are not ſuperficial Wits*, ſays he bluntly, *I can aver that they are either ſuch who read Books ſuperficially and without examining, or who are under an Obligation of praiſing M.* de la Bruyere. I leave you to judge, after what we have ſeen, whether it becomes him to ſpeak thus. He afterwards names ſome of thoſe Approvers, and endeavours to leſſen their Authority.

XX. The Firſt is Father *Bouhours, who,* * ſays he, *has extoll'd M.* de la Bruyere *to the Sky, by ranking him among the celebrated Authors who furniſh'd out his Collection of Select Thoughts: This*, adds he, *was done, I believe, as much out of Policy as any thing elſe.* He believes it; ſo let him; but what ſignifies it for us to know what he *believes*, if he does not let us know the Foundation of his Belief? Another need only publiſh in Print that he *believes* the contrary; and then there's Tit for Tat; ---- he and M. *Vigneul-Marville* wou'd be upon a Par; the one never a whit more advanc'd than the other. And which of the two ſhall we believe? *But after all that can be ſaid*, continues our Cenſor, ſtill in the Tone of a Man who will be credited upon his Word, *I don't think that* F. Bouhours *ever prais'd M.* de la Bruyere *abſolutely and without mental Reſtriction. He's too able a Jeſuit to have gone that Length purely and ſimply.* This is what is call'd, affronting People without Reaſon or any manner of Neceſſity. *Beſides*, adds he, *if M.* de la Bruyere *is an excellent Writer, all F.* Bouhour's *Rules muſt be ſaid to be falſe; which that Fa-*

* Page 347.

ther

ther does not believe, nor I neither. If it be not *wasting Ink and Paper with Impunity,* let any Man tell me what this can mean; for my part, I ſee nothing therein but Words which ſignify nothing. What are thoſe Rules which M. *de la Bruyere* has violated? Are they all the Rules of Father *Bouhours,* or only ſome of them? Again, Are thoſe Rules bottom'd upon inconteſtable Cuſtom, or on his Authority who publiſh'd them? Can a Man be condemn'd without bringing a Bill of Indictment? And can his Indictment be drawn without ſeeing the Evidence? M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is a little too negligent of Forms, for a Man who has ſtudy'd the Civil Law.

Further, By the Manner in which he ſpeaks of the Eſteem which Father *Bouhours* had publickly manifeſted for M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book, wou'd not one ſwear that Father *Bouhours* only prais'd it in looſe Terms, and without giving any Reaſon for his Eſteem? And yet 'tis juſt the contrary. For, not content with ſaying that M. *de la Bruyere* has a ſolid and agreeable Way of Thinking, he draws from his Book Thoughts which are actually full of Solidity, Agreeableneſs and Delicacy. For Example, after having ſaid that * the Thought of one of the Ancients concerning the Advantage which Great Men have of doing good to thoſe beneath them, ſeems to him very beautiful and noble, he adds; *A Modern Author,* i. e. M. *de la Bruyere, turns the ſame Thought into an agreeable Satire:* " The " Great, *ſays he,* delight in opening Walks in Fo- " reſts, making fine Terraces, gilding their Ceil- " ings, making Water-Works and Orangerees; but " to reſtore Content to a diſtracted Mind or Joy " to an afflicted Soul, to prevent extreme Neceſſity

* Penſees ingenieures, *p.* 194.

" in

" in the Miſerable, or to relieve them, is what
" their Curioſity reaches not to." If M. *de Vigneul-Marville* believed that this Place was ill Thought and worſe Expreſs'd, why did he not ſhew it by correcting what he ſaw falſe in it, and by expreſſing it in a more delicate and agreeable Manner? That had been the true way to pleaſe the Public in cenſuring M. *de la Bruyere*'s Book. He, by that means, might have giv'n Authority to his Criticiſm, weaken'd the Teſtimony of Father *Bouhours*, and have pleas'd his Readers by inſtructing them. " There is, ſays M. *de la Bruyere* elſe-
" where, a Country where Joys are viſible, but
" falſe; and the Griefs hidden, but real.

" The Court Life, ſays he again, is a ſerious
" melancholy Game, and requires Application;
" a Man muſt range his Pieces and his Batteries,
" have a Deſign, purſue it, thwart his Adverſa-
" ries, venture ſometimes, and ſometimes play
" capriciouſly; yet after all hisMeaſures and Con-
" trivances, he will be often beat; when he thinks
" he has manag'd his Men well, and is in a fair
" way to ſucceed, one more Skilful, or more Luc-
" ky, gets the Game.

Father *Bouhours* thought fit to inſert thoſe two Paſſages in his Collection of *Ingenious Thoughts*; and, according to him, *ſuch Definitions or Deſcriptions where the* Antitheſis *plays a little, have ſomething very agreeable.* Is M. *de Vigneul-Marville* of another Mind? Does he believe that Father *Bouhours* did not ſpeak ſincerely on this Occaſion, or that he was in the wrong to commend thoſe Thoughts, which, according to him, are falſe and unpolitely expreſs'd? Why then did he not make appear what Falſity they contain'd? Or if he did not think them falſe, but only ill turn'd, why did he not give them

them a more lively and agreeable Turn, to convince us at once of the Beauty of his Wit, the Unskilfulness of M. *de la Bruyere*, and the ill Taste of Father *Bouhours*? But there's yet time enough for that Proof. Let him discover to us that rare Wonder, and we will look on him as the *Phænix* of the Modern Writers.

XXI. After Father *Bouhours*, our Critic brings on the Stage *l'Abbè Fleury*, who, in his Speech of Thanks to the *French* Academy, made the *Elogium* of M. *de la Bruyere*, in whose Place he succeeded. These Praises can be of no great Weight, according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, *because the Complaisance which* M. l'Abbè Fleury *makes Profession of, oblig'd him to praise with Excess* M. de la Bruyere; *besides, the Academy requires from their Candidates such Incense, as a kind of Tribute which they owe to the Memory of those who chalk'd out for them the Road to Immortality.* This is all that cou'd have been said of that *Elogium*, had it been nothing else but a heap of loose and general Epithets, as proper to any other as M. *de la Bruyere*. But if *l'Abbè Fleury*'s Design was to paint M. *de la Bruyere* to the Life, to draw his true Lineaments, and to give us the Character of his Wit and Writings, as there's all the Reason in the World to believe it was, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is to blame to decry that *Elogium*, without taking it to Pieces, and shewing that it cannot suit the Person who is the Subject of it. M. *de la Bruyere* is not so much concern'd in this Censure as the Author of his Panegyric. 'Tis the Works of an Author which makes his true *Elogium*, and not study'd Speeches publish'd in his Praise when he is no more. M. *de la Bruyere* had swept the Stakes of the public Esteem, before he was prais'd by *l'Abbè Fleury* or by the Secretary of the Academy (*l'Abbè Regnier*)

Regnier) who in the Answer he made to the former, painted so lively and so delicately that peculiar Talent which M. *de la Bruyere had in discovering the most secret Mysteries of the Inside of Mankind, and penetrating into what they take most Pains to conceal from the Eyes of the World.* It wou'd be a Pleasure to me to transcribe all that he says on that Occasion, if it were not to be seen prefix'd to the last Edition of *the Characters.* And I wonder M. *de Vigneul-Marville* neglected to speak of it.

XXII. But how can we excuse his forgetting M. *St. Evremond*? For that famous Author, whose Decisions are always so Rational in M. *de Vigneul-Marville*'s own Opinion, has prais'd M. *de la Bruyere*, and that too by solidly reflecting upon a Passage of his Book of *Characters.* These are his Words: * *It were an unpardonable Fault to pass from a Metaphor with which we have begun, to a new one, and so to couple together Images which have no Relation to each other. When a Man is attentive to writing well, he will continue and support the same Idea.* " I pity him, *says the Author of the Characters.* I conclude he is " founder'd. He is lost, and out of the way. " That is not sailing near the Wind; That is not " the way to arrive at the delightful Haven of For- " tune." *You see he took care to mingle nothing foreign to the first Image which he gave for expressing what a rich Man sometimes thinks of the Conduct of a Philosopher. This last is represented as upon the Sea. The Rich Man foresees that he will founder there. He looks on him as out of the way. He judges that he is not sailing near the Wind; and that he will never reach the Port of Good Fortune. There is not a single Word in all this, but is a Kin*

* Vol. IVth.

to each other. He had been shipwreck'd in the Haven, if, after all these Expressions taken from Navigation, he had happen'd to say; This is not sailing near the Wind: This is not the way to build a Fortune. *This new Image of Building joyn'd to those of the Marine which go before, wou'd have produc'd a disagreeable Effect; whereas the whole being of a Piece, the Discourse becomes clear and easy.*

This is an *Elogium* which ought not to be suspected by our Critic. These are not vague Reflections which fall no where. They are substantial Reasons, which make us, as it were, touch the Thing with our Finger. But pray observe and admire how different Men's Judgments are. M. *St. Evremont* looks on M. *de la Bruyere* as an Author attentive to well Writing, who knows how to continue and support the same Idea, which is perhaps one of the greatest Secrets in the Art of Writing, and which contributes most to the Perspicuity, Exactness and Beauty of a Stile: And according to M. *de Vigneul-Marville*, M. *de la Bruyere* writes by chance, and has no settl'd Stile. Some malicious People have said upon this, that if M. *St. Evremont never departs from Reason*, M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is not always so fortunate.

XXIII. The third Approver of M. *de la Bruyere*, which our Critic has thought fit to produce, is M. *Menage*, *who*, * he says, *has mightily heighthen'd* M. de la Bruyere's *Characters. But this same* Menage *us'd to speak Things inconsiderately*, adds M. *de Vigneul-Marville: His* Menagiana *sufficiently proves this. Methinks when he praises or blames, he commonly*

* P. 348.

 does

does it for talking sake, and to fill up a Gap in Conversation, rather than to do it with Judgment, and with the Balance in his Hand. Without attempting here to defend either M. *Menage* or his *Menagiana*, I will leave You to conclude, after what I've said, which of the two, M. *Menage* or M. *Vigneul-Marville*, is most guilty of Talking for Talk-sake, and of Praising or Dispraising without knowing Why or Wherefore. But how comes our Critic to say nothing of the *Elogium* which M. *Menage* made of the Translation of *Theophrastus*'s Characters? *It is*, * says he, *very beautiful, and excellent* French, *and shews that the Author perfectly understands the* Greek *Tongue. I may say that I have seen a great many Things in it which, perhaps for want of Attention, escap'd me in the* Greek. This is very express, and ought to be reckon'd as Something, coming from a Man, who, by the Confession of all *Europe*, understood the *Greek* Tongue extremely well. Perhaps M. *de Vigneul-Marville* is preparing to give us a New Version of *Theophrastus*'s Characters, more exact and truer *French* than that of M. *de la Bruyere*. He can't do a better Thing. For besides that he wou'd by this means do a considerable Piece of Service to his Country, in presenting it with a better Translation of a Work which deserves to be be in every body's Hands, he wou'd at length recover the Public from that prodigious Insatuation under which they labour with respect to *this* M. *de la Bruyere*, (if I may be allow'd to speak the Language of M. *Vigneul-Marville*,) who will doubtless have the Credit of introducing that beautiful Expression among polite Men, with whom I believe it was never much in use.

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* Menagiana, Vol. II. p. 241.

XXIV. Lastly,

XXIV. Lastly, Our Critic supposes I know not what Defenders of M. *de la Bruyere*, who shelter and fortify themselves with the Esteem which the Gentlemen of the Royal Academy have discover'd for his Person and Writings, by admitting him into their Society. And to this M. *Vigneul-Marville* answers, That * *those Gentlemen wou'd not have chosen him, had he not been recommended by the King, who, by declaring himself in his behalf, made others do so too, as he owns in his Characters, tho' he expressly declares in his Speech to the Academy, that there was no Mediation us'd for such Admission, except the Singularity of his Book.* But that Recommendation of the Prince, and that Confession made by M. *de la Bruyere*, are mere Chimera's. And this we have already made appear, and with so much Evidence, that it wou'd be to waste Time and to abuse the Patience of those who shall read this Discourse, to insist any more upon it.

But supposing that M. *de la Bruyere* was receiv'd into the *French* Academy, at the Recommendation of his Prince, why may we not look on that Favour as a Proof of the Merit of him who was honour'd with it? *It looks as if the Author wou'd conclude that a Prince never makes a right Choice, and that his Favour is not more Judicious than that of the People*, † as M. *de la Bruyere* has been wrongfully accus'd of Thinking. M. *Boileau* was admitted into the Academy at the King's Recommendation, and in all likelihood wou'd never have been admitted without it: Does this imply that he did not deserve to

* *Page* 348.

† Sentiments Critiques sur les Caracteres de M. de la Bruyere, *p.* 425.

be admitted into that Illuſtrious Body? I know what may be ſaid in Anſwer to this; That, *if the Prince's Favour does not exclude Merit, ſo neither does it ſuppoſe it*, according to M. *de la Bruyere*'s Judicious Obſervation:

Tho' Kings are Kings, they're ſtill of Human Make,
And may, in Verſe, like other Men, miſtake.

This is true; I don't deny it. But yet methinks it is no leſs certain, that the Eſteem which a Prince ſhall have teſtify'd for an Author generally eſteem'd, as M. *de la Bruyere* is, ought to weigh much more with us, than the Diſguſts of a ſplenetic Critic, who may have defam'd his *Perſon* without Reaſon, and cenſur'd his *Writings* without Underſtanding them: And that M. *Vigneul-Marville* has done ſo, will manifeſtly appear to any One who ſhall have perus'd the preceding Sheets of this ſmall Piece.

IN the Year 1693, M. de la Bruyere *was Chosen a Member of the* French *Academy, in the Room of* M. L'Abbè de la Chambre; *and Dying in* 1696, *was himself succeeded in the same Place by* Monsieur L'Abbe Fleuri, *who upon that Occasion spoke of Monsieur* De la Bruyere, *(or as the* French *call it, made his* Elogy*) in the following Words.*

However sooner or later it may be, yet the Public is always observ'd to do Justice to an Author; and we may take it for granted, that a Book which has been Read and frequently Enquir'd after by the whole World, cannot be without its peculiar Merit. Such is the Work of that Friend, whose late and surprizing Loss we at this Time deplore; and whose Place you have been pleased to allow me the Honour of Supplying: A Work very singular in its Kind, and in the Opinion of some Judges, even Superior to that Great * Original, which the Author himself did at first only propose to Imitate. In drawing the Characters of others, he has perfectly well express'd his own: One may see in 'em a vast Strength of Thinking, and the most profound Reflexions upon Men's Manners and their Understandings, together with that Great Erudition, which was so Remarkable upon all fit Occasions in his private Conversation, agreeably and usefully mixt and running through the Whole.

* Theophrastus.

He

He was particularly well acquainted with the Living and Dead Languages, and indeed there was no Kind of Learning to which he was a Stranger.

In his Characters one may obſerve, that his Criticiſm is ſeverely exact, and his Expreſſion lively; that his Turns are very Artful, and his Pictures ſometimes purpoſely loaded and over-colour'd, that they might not appear too like. His Boldneſs and Force are manag'd ſo as not to exclude either Pleaſure or Delicacy, tho at the ſame Time we may ſee that the governing Spirit of the Whole is a Predominant and Implacable Hatred of *Vice*, with an avow'd Love of *Virtue*. In fine, the Crown of the Work, and which we who are moſt nearly concern'd for the Author are the Witneſſes of, is that Holy Spirit of True Religion that ſhines in it. This Piece then, Gentlemen, will happily be one of thoſe which you do in ſome Manner ſeem to adopt for your own, by receiving their Authors among you; one of thoſe Beautiful and Uſeful Works, that you Conſecrate to Immortality.

After Monſieur L'Abbè Fleuri *had finiſh'd his Diſcourſe, Monſieur* L'Abbè Regnier *replying to him, took an Occaſion to ſpeak thus of Monſieur* de la Bruyere.

Our Loſs of that Excellent Member of our Academy, to whom you ſucceed, is Great. He was a Perſon of a very Extraordinary Genius; Nature ſeem'd to take a Pleaſure in Revealing the Secrecies of Mankind to him, in ſhewing him the Myſterious Inſide of Human Nature, and continually expoſing thoſe Things to his Eyes, which Men labour to conceal with the utmoſt Care from the Knowledge of the World. With what Force of

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Expreſſion, what Beautiful Colours has he expreſt them! A Writer Maſterly in his Strokes and full of Fire, who by a Turn uncommonly fine and peculiar to himſelf, cou'd infuſe a Strength into Words which of themſelves they had not: A Painter fortunately Bold and Succeſsful, who in every thing that he Drew, ſuggeſted ſomething more for the Underſtanding to conceive, than the Eye could poſſibly take in.

A

THE
Moral Characters
OF
THEOPHRASTUS.

Made ENGLISH from the GREEK.

WITH A

Prefatory Discourse
CONCERNING
THEOPHRASTUS,

From the FRENCH of

Monsr *De La Bruyere.*

The Sixth Edition.

LONDON:
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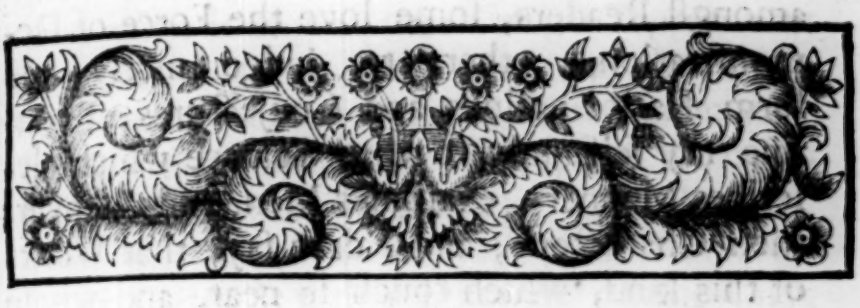

A Prefatory Discourse CONCERNING *THEOPHRASTUS.*

I Cannot conceive how it's possible for Man to entertain a more vain and ridiculous Thought, than to imagine, when he writes on any Art or Science, he shall be able to escape all sort of Censure, and obtain the good Opinion of every Reader.

For without enlarging on the Diversity of Human Minds, as prodigious as that of their Faces, which makes some relish Things Speculative, others Things Practical; inclines some to turn over Books to exercise their Fancy, others to form their Judgment; that

amongst Readers, some love the Force of Demonstration, others to judge nicely, or form Ratiocinations and Conjectures; I confine my self only to that Science which describes Manners, examines Men, and discovers their Characters; and I dare say, that Works of this kind, which touch so near, and whose Subject is Men themselves, will not easily meet with a favourable Reception.

Some of the Learned relish nothing but the Apothegms of the Ancients, and Examples drawn from the *Romans*, *Grecians*, *Persians* and *Egyptians*; the History of the present Time is insipid to them; they have no manner of Concern for Men whom they converse and live with, and make no Observations on their Manners.

The Ladies and Courtiers, on the contrary, and all who have a great deal of Wit without Learning, indifferent for those things which preceded them, are eager after those which pass before their Eyes, and as it were under their Hands; these they pry into, these they apprehend; they continually observe the Persons about them, are charm'd with the Descriptions and Representations made of their Contemporaries and Fellow-Citizens, in short, of those who resemble themselves, to whom yet they think they do not bear the least Resemblance; insomuch, that

that thoſe who inſtruct us from the Pulpit, often judge it expedient to neglect preaching ſolid Divinity, to gain Men by their own Weakneſs, and reduce them to their Duty by things which pleaſe their Palate, and are within their Comprehenſion.

The Court is either ignorant of the City, or has ſo contemptible an Opinion of it, as not to take the Ridicule, or to be the leaſt touch'd with the Images might be drawn from thence; and if on the contrary, the Court is repreſented, as it always is, full of Intrigues and Deſigns, the City does not find wherewithal from this Sketch, to ſatisfie Curioſity, and form a juſt Idea of a Country, which can no otherwiſe be known but by living there. On the other ſide, it is not very natural for Men to agree about the Beauty or Delicacy of a Moral Treatiſe, which deſigns and paints themſelves, and where they cannot avoid ſeeing their own Faces; they fly into Paſſion and condemn it; they no longer approve the Satyr than when it looſes its Hold, and keeping at a diſtance from them, fixes its Teeth on Some-body elſe.

What Probability is there to pleaſe all the different Taſtes of Men, by one ſingle Tract of Morality? Some look for Definitions, Diviſions, Tables and Method; are deſirous to have explain'd what Virtue is in general, and

then every Virtue in particular; what Difference there is between Valour, Fortitude and Magnanimity; the extreme Vices, either in Defect or Excess, betwixt which each Virtue is plac'd, and of which of the Two Extremes it most participates: No other Doctrine pleases them. Others satisfy'd with having the Manners reduc'd to the Passions, and those demonstrated by the Motion of the Blood, the Fibres and Arteries, will excuse an Author all the rest.

There are a Third Class, who being of Opinion, that the whole Doctrine of Manners ought to tend to Reformation, to distinguish the good from the bad, and to discover what is vain, weak and ridiculous, from what is good, solid and commendable, solace themselves infinitely in the reading of Books; and taking for granted the Principles of Natural and Moral Philosophy repeated by the Ancients and Moderns, immediately apply themselves to the Manners of the Times, correct Men by one another, by those Images of things which are so familiar to them, and from which nevertheless they never mind to instruct themselves.

Such is the Treatise of Moral Characters, which THEOPHRASTUS has left us; he collected 'em from the Ethicks, and great Morals of ARISTOTLE, whose Scholar he was; the Excellent Definitions, at the beginning of each Chapter,

Chapter, are built on the Ideas and Principles of that great Philoſopher; and the Foundation of the Characters there deſcrib'd, is taken from the ſame Original; it is true, he makes them more particular by the Scope he gives them, and by his ingenious Satyrizing the *Greeks*, and eſpecially the *Athenians*.

This Book can hardly paſs for any thing more than the beginning of a greater, which THEOPHRASTUS had begun. The Deſign of this Philoſopher, as you may obſerve in his Preface, was to treat of all the Virtues and Vices; and as he aſſures you, he undertook this great Work at Ninety-nine Years of Age, it is probable that the Shortneſs of his remaining Life hindred him from perfecting it. I own the common Opinion is, that he liv'd above an Hundred Years; and St. JEROME, in one of his Letters, written to NEPOTIANUS, aſſerts that he dy'd full a Hundred and Seven Years old; ſo that I doubt not in the leaſt, but it was an Ancient Error either in the *Greek* Numerical Letters, by which DIOGENES LAERTIUS computed, who reckon'd him to have liv'd but Ninety-five Years, or in the firſt Manuſcripts of this Hiſtorian; if what others ſay is true, that the Ninety-nine Years, which the Author aſcribes to himſelf in the Preface, are read alike in Four Manuſcripts in the *Palatine* Library; where are alſo the Five laſt Chapters of the Characters of THEOPHRASTUS,

wanting in the Old Editions; and where are also Two Titles, the One, *The Opinion the World has of the Vicious*; the Other, *Of Sordid Gain*; which are found alone, without Chapters.

Thus is this Work no more than a Fragment, but nevertheless a precious Remain of Antiquity, and a Monument of the Vivacity of Mind, and firm and solid Judgment of this Philosopher at so great an Age. It has always been look'd on as a Master-piece in its kind, there being nothing extant wherein the *Attick* Taste is more remarkable, or the *Grecian* Eloquence more conspicuous; it was call'd a Golden Book: The Learned particularly observing the Diversity of Manners there treated of, and the Natural Way of expressing the Characters, and comparing it with that of the Poet MENANDER, a Scholar of THEOPHRASTUS, and who serv'd afterwards for a Model to TERENCE, now so happily imitated in our Days, cannot but discover in this little Tract, the Original of all Comedy; that Sort I mean, which free from all Quibbles, Obscenities and Puns, is taken from Nature, and diverts both the Wise and Virtuous.

But to make the Beauty of these Characters more conspicuous, and excite the Reader, perhaps it may not be improper, to say something concerning their Author. He was a Fuller's Son of ERESUS, a City in LESBOS; his

his first Master in his own Country was * LEUCIPPUS of the same Place; from whence he went to PLATO's School, and afterwards settl'd at ARISTOTLE's, where he soon distinguished himself from all the rest of his Disciples. His new Master, charm'd with the Readiness of his Wit, and Sweetness of his Elocution, chang'd his Name which was TYRTAMUS, to that of EUPHRASTUS, which signifies one who talks well; but this Name not sufficiently expressing the great Estimation he had for the Beauty of his Genius and Language, he call'd him THEOPHRASTUS, which is, one whose Language is Divine. Which agrees with CICERO's Sentiments of this Philosopher, in his Book entitl'd *Brutus*, or *De Claris Oratoribus*; Who is, *says he*, more fertile and copious than PLATO, more solid and substantial than ARISTOTLE, more agreeable and smooth than THEOPHRASTUS? And in some of his Epistles to ATTICUS, he calls him his Friend, and says, That his Works were familiar to him, and the Reading of them had afforded him abundance of Pleasure.

ARISTOTLE relates concerning Him and CALISTHENES, another of his Scholars, what PLATO before had said of ARISTOTLE Himself, and XENOCRATES, That CALISTHENES had a

* *Not* Leucippus *the famous Philosopher, Zeno's Scholar.*

dull

dull Invention, and a sluggish Fancy; and that THEOPHRASTUS, on the contrary, was so sprightly, piercing and penetrating, that he would comprehend all that was to be known of a thing; that One wanted Spurs to prick him forward, the Other Reins to hold him in.

He principally esteem'd him for a Character of Sweetness, which equally reign'd in his Style and Conversation. It is said that ARISTOTLE's Scholars, observing their Master grow in Years, and of a weak Constitution, begg'd of him to name his Successor; and as he had only two Persons in his School, on whom the Choice could fall, MENEDEMUS the * *Rhodian*, and THEOPHRASTUS the *Eresian*, out of a tender Respect for him he design'd to exclude, he declar'd himself after this manner. Pretending a little time after his Disciples had made this Request to him, and in their Presence, that the Wine he commonly us'd was prejudicial to him, he order'd Wine to be brought him both of *Rhodes* and *Lesbos*; he tasted both of them, and said, It was very evident what Country they were of, and that each in its kind was excellent; the first was strong, but that of *Lesbos* was more pleasant, and to that he gave the Preference. Whatever AULUS GELLIUS says in reference to this Matter, 'tis certain, that when

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**There were two others of the same Name, one a* Cynick *Philosopher, the other a Scholar of* Plato.

ARI-

ARISTOTLE was accus'd by EURIMEDON, a Prieſt of *Ceres*, for having ſpoken irreverently of the Gods; fearing the Fate of SOCRATES, he left *Athens*, and retir'd to *Chalcis*, a City of *Eubœa*; and left his School to a *Lesbian*, whom he intruſted with his Writings, on condition he ſhould never make them publick; and 'tis to this THEOPHRASTUS we are oblig'd for the Works of that Great Man.

His Name became ſo famous through all *Greece*, being Succeſſor to ARISTOTLE, that he could reckon ſoon after in the School which was left him, near Two thouſand Scholars. He was envy'd by † SOPHOCLES, Son to AMPHICLIDES, at that time Chief Magiſtrate, who out of Enmity to him, but under a Pretext of a Regulation of Government, and to hinder publick Aſſemblies, made a Law, prohibiting, under pain of Death, any Philoſopher to teach in Schools. They all ſubmitted to it; but the following Year PHILO ſucceeding SOPHOCLES, who went out of his Office, the *Athenians* repeal'd this deteſtable Law which the other had made, and laying a Fine of five Talents upon him, re-eſtabliſh'd THEOPHRASTUS and the reſt of the Philoſophers.

He was in this more fortunate than ARISTOTLE, who was forc'd to ſubmit to EURIME-

† *Not the Tragick Poet.*

DON.

DON. He had like to have seen one AGNONIDES punish'd by the *Athenians* for Impiety, only because he durst accuse him of it; so great was the Opinion this People had of him, and which his Virtue deserv'd.

And indeed the Character given of him, is, That he was a Man of Singular Prudence, Zealous for the Publick Good, Laborious, Officious, Affable, Liberal. PLUTARCH says, when ERESUS was oppress'd with Tyrants, who had usurp'd the Government, he joyn'd with *PHYDIAS his Countryman, and out of his own Estate contributed with him to arm those who had been banish'd; who re-entring the City, expell'd the Traitors, and restor'd the whole Isle of *Lesbos* to its Liberty.

His many and excellent Accomplishments, did not only acquire him the Good-will of the People, but the Esteem and Familiarity of Kings: He was Friend to CASSANDER, Successor of ARIDEUS, Brother to ALEXANDER the GREAT, in the Kingdom of *Macedon*: And PTOLOMY, Son of LAGUS, and first King of *Egypt*, kept a constant Correspondence with this Philosopher. At last he dy'd, worn out with Age and Fatigues, and ceas'd at the same time both to Labour and Live: All *Greece* lamented him, and all the *Athenians* assisted at his Funeral.

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* *Not the famous Statuary.*

It

It is related, that in his extreme Old Age, not being able longer to go on Foot, he caus'd himſelf to be carry'd in a Litter through the City, that he might be ſeen by the People to whom he was ſo dear. 'Tis reported alſo, that his Scholars, who ſtood about his Bed when he was dying, asking him if he had nothing to recommend to them, he addreſs'd himſelf to them after this manner:

"Life deceives us, it promiſes us great Plea-
" ſure in the Poſſeſſion of Honour; but Life
" and Miſery begin together, which end in
" Death: There is often nothing more unpro-
" fitable than the Love of Reputation. There-
" fore, my Diſciples, be content: If you can
" contemn the Eſteem of Men, you'll ſave a
" great deal of Trouble; and if it abate not
" your Courage, it may ſtill happen that Ho-
" nour may be your Reward: Remember only
" that in Life are many uſeleſs Things, and but
" few which tend to a ſolid End. I have now
" no Leiſure to determine what Sect I ought to
" eſpouſe; but for you my Survivors, you can-
" not too ſeriouſly conſider what you ought
" to do." And theſe were his laſt Words.

Cicero, in the Third Book of his *Tuſculan* Queſtions, ſays, That Theophraſtus dying, complain'd of Nature, who had given Deers and Crows ſo long a Life, which was uſeleſs to them,

them, while she had allotted Men an extreme short Life, tho' it was of such Consequence for them to live long: That if the Age of Men were extended to a greater Number of Years, their Life would be improv'd by an Universal Knowledge, and all Arts and Sciences might be brought to Perfection. And St. JEROME assures us, that THEOPHRASTUS at One hundred and seven Years old, taken Ill of that Distemper of which he dy'd, lamented he was oblig'd to quit Life, at a Time when he just began to be Wise.

He us'd to say, We ought not to love our Friends in order to try them, but to try them in order to love them: That Friends ought to be common amongst Brethren, as all things are common amongst Friends: That you ought as soon to trust to a Horse without a Bridle, as to a Man who speaks without Judgment: That the greatest Expence a Man can be at, is that of his Time. He said once to a Person who sate silent at Table, during the Entertainment; If you are a Man of Sense, you are to blame to say nothing; but if otherwise, you do very well. These were some of his Maxims.

But if we speak of his Works, they are Infinite; and we cannot find that any of the Ancients wrote more than THEOPHRASTUS: DIOGENES LAERTIUS reckons up more than Two hundred different Tracts, and the Subjects of which

which they treated: The greateſt Part of which were loſt by the Injury of Time; and the other remaining Parts he reduces to Twenty Tracts, which are collected together in the Volume of his Works. There are Nine Books of the Hiſtory of Plants, Six of their Cauſes: He wrote of Winds, of Fire, of Stones, of Honey, of the Signs of Fair Weather, of the Signs of Tempeſts, of the Signs of Rain, of Smells, of Sweat, of the Vertigo, of Wearineſs, of the Relaxation of the Nerves, of Swooning, of Fiſh which live out of the Water, of Animals which change their Colour, of Animals which are Born ſuddenly, of Animals ſubject to Envy, the Characters of Manners: Theſe are what remain of his Writings; amongſt which, this laſt which I have tranſlated, is not inferior in Beauty to any of thoſe which are preſerv'd, but may be ſuperior in Merit to any of thoſe which are loſt.

But if any one ſhould coldly receive this Moral Treatiſe, on the account of thoſe things they may obſerve there, which are only applicable to the Times in which they were wrote, and have no relation to the preſent Manners; What can they do more advantageous and obliging to themſelves, than to get rid of this Prepoſſeſſion in favour of their own Cuſtoms and Manners, which having taken up on Truſt without any deliberation, makes 'em peremptorily pronounce all others contemptible, which are

are not conformable to them; thereby depriving themselves of that Pleasure and Instruction, which the Reading of the Ancients would afford them.

We who are now Modern, will be Ancient few Ages hence: Then will the History of our Times reconcile Posterity to the Selling of Offices; That is to say, the Power of protecting Innocence, punishing Guilt, and doing Justice to the World, bought with Ready-money like a Farm; will reconcile them to the Splendor of our * Partisans, a Sort of Men treated with the last Contempt amongst the *Hebrews* and *Greeks*. They'll hear of a Capital City of a great Kingdom, which had neither Publick Places, Baths, Fountains, Amphitheatres, Galleries, Porticoes, nor Publick Walks, which was notwithstanding a prodigious City; they will be told of Persons, whose Life was spent in going from one House to another; of honest Women, who kept neither Shops nor Inns, yet had their Houses open for those who would pay for their Admission: Where you might have had Cards and Dice, or play'd at what sort of Game you pleas'd; that you might have eat in those Houses, and that they were convenient for all sort of Commerce: They'll be inform'd that People pass'd up and

* *Collectors of the Revenues.*

down

down the Streets only to ſeem to be in a hurry; that there was no Familiarity or Converſation there, but all in Confuſion, and as it were in an Alarm by the Noiſe of Coaches, which were hardly to be avoided, and which were drove at ſuch a Rate through the Middle of the Streets, as if it were for the Prize of ſome Race: They will learn without Wonder, that in the Time of Publick Peace and Tranquility the Inhabitants went to the Temples, viſited Ladies and their Friends, with offenſive Weapons; and that there was no Perſon almoſt but carry'd at his Side, wherewith at one Puſh to Murder another.

Now if our Poſterity, aſtoniſh'd at Cuſtoms ſo ſtrange and different from theirs, ſhould therefore diſlike our Memoirs, our Poetry, our Comedies and Satyrs, might not we complain of them aforehand; that by this falſe Delicacy they depriv'd themſelves of the Reading ſo many excellent Works, ſo elaborate and ſo regular, and of the Knowledge of the moſt glorious Reign which ever yet adorn'd Hiſtory?

Let us then have the ſame favourable Regard for the Books of the Ancients, which we our ſelves hope for from Poſterity; being perſuaded no Uſages or Cuſtoms continue in all Ages, but vary with the Times; and that we are too remote from thoſe which are paſt, and too near

those now in Vogue, to be at the Distance requisite to make a just Judgment of either. Then will not that which we call the Politeness of our Manners, or the Decorum of our Customs, or our State and Magnificence, prepossess us any more against the *Athenian* plain Way of living, than that of the first Men, great of themselves, and independant on a Thousand exterior things, which afterwards were invented perhaps to supply the Defect of that true Grandeur, which is now no more.

Nature shew'd herself in them, in all her Purity and Dignity, and as yet was unsully'd by Vanity, Luxury and foolish Ambition. No Man was honour'd, but on the account of his Strength and Virtue; none were enrich'd by Places or Pensions, but by their Fields and Flocks, their Children and Servants; their Food was wholsome and natural, the Fruits of the Earth, and the Milk of their Beasts; their Raiment plain and convenient, made of their Wool and Fleeces; their Pleasures innocent, a great Crop, the Marriage of their Children, a good Understanding with their Neighbours, Peace in their Families. Nothing can be more opposite to our Manners than all these things; but the Distance of Time makes us relish them, as the Distance of Place occasions us to receive all that different Relations, or Books of Travels inform us of remote Places, and

and Foreign Countries. They tell us of a Religion, a Policy, a Way of Feeding, Habiting, Building, and making War, which we knew nothing of, and of Manners wewere ignorant of; thoſe which come neareſt ours affect us, thoſe which are more diſtant fill us with Admiration; but all amuſe us, leſs diſguſted with the Barbarity of Manners and Cuſtoms of People ſo remote, than inſtructed, and even pleas'd with their Novelty; it ſuffices us that thoſe concerning whom we have this Account, are *Siamites*, *Chineſe*, *Negroes*, or *Abyſſines*.

Now thoſe whoſe Manners THEOPHRASTUS paints were *Athenians*, and we are *Frenchmen*; and if we add to the Diverſity of Place and Climate, the long Interval of Time, and conſider that this Book was wrote in the laſt Year of the CXV Olympiad, Three Hundred and Fourteen Years before the Chriſtian *Era*, and alſo that 'tis above Two Thouſand Years ſince the People of *Athens* liv'd, whom he repreſents, we ſhall be ſurpriz'd to ſee and know our ſelves there, our Friends, our Enemies, thoſe whom we live with; and that being diſtant from each other ſo many Ages, the Reſemblance ſhould be ſo perfect. Indeed, Men in their Affections and Paſſions change not, but are ſtill the ſame they were, and as they are deſcrib'd by THEOPHRASTUS, Vain, Diſſemblers, Flatterers, Selfiſh, Impudent, Importunate, Diſtruſtful, Slanderous, Quarrelſome and Superſtitious.

'Tis true, *Athens* was a free City, the Center of the Republick, its Citizens were equal, were not asham'd of one another, they walk'd mostly alone and on Foot, in a neat, peaceable and spacious City, going into the Shops and Markets to buy themselves what Necessaries they wanted; Court Emulation did not in the least incline them to leave this common Way of Life; They kept their Slaves for the Baths, for their Repasts, for their Domestick Service, and for Travelling; they spent one Part of their Time in the Publick Places, the Temples, the Amphitheatres, on the Peer or under the Portico's, and in the middle of a City, of which they were equally Masters. There the People met together to deliberate of the Publick Affairs, there they treated with Strangers. In other Places the Philosophers sometimes deliver'd their Doctrine, sometimes convers'd with their Scholars. These Places were at once a Scene of Pleasure and Business; there was something plain and popular in their Manners, which I acknowledge little resembles ours; yet notwithstanding, what Men were the *Athenians* in general! And what a City was *Athens!* What Laws! What Government! What Valour! What Discipline! What Perfection in all Arts and Sciences! Nay, what Politeness in their common Conversation and Language! THEOPHRASTUS, the same THEO-

PHRASTUS

PHRASTUS of whom ſo great things have been ſaid, this agreeable Talker, this Man who expreſs'd himſelf Divinely, was known to be a Foreigner, and call'd ſo by an ignorant Woman, of whom he bought Herbs in the Market, who knew by a ſort of *Attick* Nicety, which he wanted, and which the *Romans* afterwards call'd Urbanity, that he was no *Athenian*; and CICERO relates, that this great Man was amaz'd, that having liv'd to Old Age in *Athens*, perfect Maſter of the *Attick* Language, habituated to the Accent ſo many Years, he could not do that which the common People naturally, and without any Difficulty do. But if we read in this Treatiſe, the Characters of certain Manners which we can't juſtify, and appear ridiculous to us, we ought to remember that THEOPHRASTUS had the ſame Thought of them, that he look'd upon them as Vices which he had drawn ſo to the Life, that the Picture would ſerve both to ſhame and reclaim the *Athenians*.

But being deſirous to pleaſe thoſe, who coldly receive whatſoever concerns Foreigners and the Ancients, and value no Manners but their Own, we have added them likewiſe to this Work: It was thought excuſable not to follow the Deſign of this Philoſopher, as well becauſe it is always dangerous to imitate the Works of another, eſpecially if he be an Ancient, or an Author of great Reputation; as

also because the single Figure call'd Description or Enumeration, made Use of with so great Success in these Twenty Eight Chapters of Characters, might succeed abundantly less if handl'd by a Genius much inferiour to that of THEOPHRASTUS.

On the contrary, remembring that amongst the great Number of Tracts of this Philosopher reckon'd up by DIOGENES LAERTIUS, there is one under the Title of Proverbs, that is to say, independent Pieces, such as Reflections or Remarks; and that the first and greatest Book of Morality which ever was made, bears the same Name in the Sacred Writ; I found my self excited, by so many great Models, according to my Ability to follow the same Method * in Writing of Manners; and was not discourag'd from the Undertaking, by Two Works of Morality which are in every ones Hands; and from which some, either for want of Attention, or through a Spirit of Criticising, may think these Remarks are Copy'd.

The First by the Inclination of its Author, makes Metaphysicks subservient to Religion,

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* *The short concise Manner in which* Solomon *writ his Proverbs is here meant, and by no means the Things, which are Divine, and which admit of no Comparison.*

explains

explains the Nature of the Soul, its Paſſions, its Vices; diſcuſſes the moſt ſerious Motives which lead to Virtues, and endeavours to make a Man a Chriſtian: The other, which is the Production of a Mind inſtructed by Converſation in the World, and in which the Delicacy is equal to the Penetration, obſerving that Self-love in Man is the Cauſe of all his Errors, attacks it without intermiſſion in every Part where 'tis found; and this one Thought, as it is multiply'd a thouſand different ways by choice of Words and variety of Expreſſions, has always the Charms of Novelty.

I have not follow'd either of theſe two Ways in the Work, which is joyn'd to the Tranſlation of theſe Characters; it is quite different from the other Two, which I ſpoke of; leſs Sublime than the Firſt, and leſs Delicate than the Second, its ſole Deſign is to render Man reaſonable by plain and common Ways, and by examining him indifferently, without any regard to Method, and according as the ſeveral Chapters lead to it thro' his ſeveral Ages, Sexes and Conditions, thro' the Vices, Weakneſſes, and the Ridicule which attend them.

I have moſtly apply'd my ſelf to the Vices of the Mind, the Secrets of the Heart, and all the interior Part of Man; which THEOPHRASTUS has not done, and I may ſay, that

as his Characters by a Thousand exterior Things, observ'd in Man, by his Actions, his Words, his Gate, shew what is his Principle, and lead us to the very Source of his Disorder; on the quite contrary, these New Characters displaying the Thoughts, Sentiments and Inclinations of Men, discover the Principle of their Villany and Folly, make us easily foresee all they are capable to do or say, and abate our Wonder at a Thousand vicious and frivolous Actions, of which their Life is full.

It must be acknowledg'd, that in the Titles of both the Works, the Difficulty was found near equal; for those into which the Latter is divided, if they do not please well enough, the Reader is permitted to put others in the room of them. But with relation to the Titles of the Characters of THEOPHRASTUS, the same Liberty is not allow'd, because we are not Masters of another Man's Propriety, but must follow the Spirit of the Author, and render him according to the nearest Sense of the *Greek* Words, and at the same time according to the most exact Conformity to their Chapters; which was found very difficult; because very often the signification of a *Greek* Phrase, translated Word for Word, is quite another Thing in our Language; for Example, Irony, which with us is Raillery in Conversation, or a Trope in Rhetorick, with THEOPHRASTUS signifies somewhat between Cheating and Dissembling, and which

which in the whole is neither the one nor the other, but that very particular Vice deſcribed in his Firſt Chapter.

And in other Places, the *Greeks* have ſometimes Two or Three very different Terms to expreſs different Things, which we cannot render but only by one ſingle Word; this Poverty of our Language does very much embarraſs us.

You may obſerve in this *Greek* Work, Three Sorts of Avarices, Two Sorts of troubleſome Perſons, Flatterers of Two Sorts, and as many of great Talkers; by which means the Characters ſeem to interfere one with the other, to the prejudice of the Titles; neither are they always purſu'd exactly, nor perfectly conformable, becauſe THEOPHRASTUS, eagerly bent ſometimes on his Deſign of drawing Pourtraicts, found himſelf oblig'd to theſe Alterations, by the Character and Manners of the Perſon he Paints or Satyrizes.

The Definitions at the beginning of each Chapter are very difficult; they are ſhort and conciſe in THEOPHRASTUS, according to the Force of the *Greek*, and the Style of ARISTOTLE, who furniſh'd him with the firſt Ideas; I was oblig'd to enlarge them in the Tranſlation, to make them intelligible: There are alſo in this Tract ſome unfiniſh'd Phraſes, which

which make but imperfect Sense, but the true one is easy to be supply'd. You'll find in the various Readings some things very abrupt, which may admit of divers Explications; and to avoid wandring amongst these Ambiguities, I have follow'd the best Interpreters.

To conclude, As this Work is nothing but a plain Instruction, concerning the Manners of Men, rather design'd to make them Wise than Learned, I think my self exempt from the Trouble of long and curious Observations, or of learned Commentaries, which might give an exact Account of Antiquity; I have only added some small Notes in the Margin, where I thought them necessary, to the end none of those who have Justness and Vivacity, and are pretty well read, should have occasion to blame me, and that they may not be obstructed in reading these Characters, or hesitate one moment concerning the Sense of THEOPHRASTUS.

THE Moral Characters OF *THEOPHRASTUS.*

BEFORE I particularly apply'd my ſelf to the Study of this Subject, I have often wonder'd, nor can I forbear to do ſo ſtill, how it comes to paſs, that, notwithſtanding all *Greece* is ſituated under the ſame Climate, and all the *Grecians* are * educated alike, there ſhould yet be ſo great a Diſparity

* *With Reſpect to the* Barbarians, *whoſe Manners are vaſtly different from the* Greeks.

of

of *Manners* amongst us. Since then (my dear *Policles*) I have study'd Human Nature long, and have now liv'd to be Ninety nine Years old, during which Time, I have been conversant with Persons of all Tempers, Humours, and Inclinations, and observ'd with great Nicety both the Good and the Bad, comparing one with the other: I thought it not amiss to characterize the Method and Way of Living of † both one and the other. I shall therefore shew you their several Sorts of *Manners*, and what their different Inclinations tend to in daily Conversation. For I am of Opinion, my dear Friend, that Posterity will be much advantag'd by leaving them such *Remains* as these, which they may set before them as Examples, what Persons to chuse to be more familiar and conversant with, by a Noble Emulation of whose Virtues they may become great Men. But to return to my Design. It is you who are to consider and examine, if what I say be agreeable to Right Reason. Therefore, omitting long Prefaces, and many Things which might be said on this Subject, I shall begin with *Dissimulation*. First, I shall define it; then describe what Sort of a Man this *Dissembler* is, what it is he proposes by all his Actions; and afterwards treat of the other Passions successively, according to my first intended Method.

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† Theophrastus *had a Design to treat of all the Virtues and Vices.*

I. *Of*

I.

Of Diſſimulation.

TO give an imperfect Deſcription of * *Diſſimulation:* It is the framing of *Words* and *Actions* to baſe and ſiniſter Ends. The Diſſembler addreſſes himſelf to his moſt inveterate Enemies, as if there were not the leaſt Grudge between them; commends before their Faces thoſe whom he deſigns to enſnare and Ruin; and if they happen to fall under any Misfortune, moſt compaſſionately condoles them. He ſeems to ſlight the moſt opprobrious Things ſaid of him, and entertains thoſe who rail againſt him for Abuſes done to them, with all imaginable Reſpect and Complaiſance. To thoſe who deſire to ſpeak with him in Haſte, he pretends Buſineſs, and bids them call another time: All his own Deſigns, he carefully conceals; but he ſays he will declare himſelf, being at preſent upon the Point of Deliberation. Sometimes he ſays, he's but juſt come to Town, or came late laſt Night, or was taken ill on the Road.

* *The Author ſpeaks not of that Sort of Diſſimulation, which is the Effect of Prudence, and with the* Greeks *call'd* Irony.

If

If you ask to borrow Money of him, or to * contribute to the Relief of an Indigent Friend, he'll tell you, I am no Trader: At another time you'll hear him talk of his great Dealings, tho he has not the least Business.

When he has been listening attentively to Peoples Discourse, he affects to seem as if he had not concern'd himself about it. What he sees, he will deny that ever he saw it, pretends Forgetfulness to all his Promises. Discourse him about some things, he says he'll consider of 'em; is strangely struck with Admiration concerning some other Matters, of which a little before he had the same Sentiments with your self. According as Occasion requires, these are his common Expressions. I believe not a Word of it —— It can never enter into me to conceive it —— It amazes me —— Sure I am not my own self. He always represented Matters otherwise to me ——— This is an incredible thing, and exceeds all Belief. Pray tell it to some-body else —— Shall I believe you, and think he has impos'd upon me? Be extreme cautious how you give Credit to such deceitful and insinuating Harangues, for there's nothing more pernicious. These Persons Actions proceeding from sly and ensnaring Principles, ought more to be shunn'd than the Venom of Vipers.

* *This Sort of Contribution was frequent at* Athens, *and authoriz'd by the Laws.* vid. Duport's Prælectiones, in Theophrast. *pag* 190.

II. *Of*

II.

Of Flattery.

FLATTERY is a vile Way of Converſation, advantageous only to the *Flatterer*.

When the Flatterer walks abroad with any one, Obſerve, ſays he, how the Eyes of all Men are fix'd on you; there is no Perſon in the whole City ſo honour'd beſides your ſelf: You had an extraordinary Character yeſterday in the † *Portico*; there were above Thirty of us together, and the Diſcourſe happening to be, Who had the beſt Reputation in the whole City? you were the firſt Perſon mention'd, and the whole Company unanimouſly declar'd you the Man. He tells him a Thouſand ſuch Things as theſe, then falls to bruſhing the Lint off his Cloaths; and if the Wind chance to blow a little Chaff, or a Straw into his Hair, he takes it out, and ſmiling, ſays, Becauſe I have not kept you Company theſe Two Days, ſee how

† *A Publick Edifice made Uſe of by* Zeno, *and afterwards by his Diſciples, as a Place of Meeting for Diſputation: They were call'd* Stoicks *from* Stoa, *which ſignifies* Portico, *in* Greek.

Grey

Grey your Beard is grown; ſure the Hair of a Man of your Age may be as black as any Body's. Whenever the Perſon he deſigns to flatter begins to ſpeak, he enjoyns the whole Company ſilence, praiſes him in his own hearing, applauds him both by Words and Actions, and when he has finiſh'd his Diſcourſe, declares what he has ſaid to be moſt ſublime Senſe in the World. If his Patron happens to break a Jeſt upon any one, he'll be ſure to laugh ſufficiently, and ſeems forc'd to cram the end of his Coat into his Mouth to ſtop his Laughter. Whoever he meets in the way as they go along, he bids them ſtop till his Patron is gone by. He buys Apples and Pears, and carries them home to his Children, taking an Opportunity to give 'em to them in the Father's ſight; then kiſſing them calls 'em " the delicate Branches " of a noble Stock. If he be along with him when he buys his Shoes, he tells him his Foot is more neatly ſhap'd than the Shoe it ſelf. When he pays a Viſit to any of his Friends, the Flatterer runs before and acquaints them, that ſuch a Perſon is about to Viſit 'em; then returning back, ſays, I have told them of your coming, and they are very proud of the Honour. He's an exquiſite Fellow at all thoſe Trifles which belong only to Women, and has accompliſh'd himſelf ſo as to be extraordinary handy about them. He's the firſt Man who commends the Wine at an Entertainment: And if it be poſſible, places himſelf next the Ma-

ſter

ſter of the Feaſt, ſaying, Sir, you eat little or nothing: Then taking ſomething off the Table, ſhows it, and ſays, How delicious is this! Then officiouſly enquires, if he be not a cold? or if he will pleaſe to have any thing on to keep him warmer? He is perpetually whiſpering him in his Ear; and let him direct his Diſcourſe to whom he will, be ſure his Eyes are always fix'd upon him. In the Theatre he takes the Cuſhion from the Page, and will lay it himſelf. He tells him his Houſe is ingeniouſly contriv'd, and ſumptuouſly built; his Orchard curiouſly planted; his Picture extraordinary like, and finely drawn: In a word; a Flatterer ſuits all his Words and Actions to inſinuate himſelf into the good Opinion of others.

III.

Of IMPERTINENCE.

IMPERTINENCE is an Habit of Talking much, and to no purpose. This Impertinent sitting next a Person who is a meer Stranger to him, will tell him a long Story in Praise of his own Wife, and give an exact and particular Relation of his last Night's Dream; tells you every individual Dish that was at the last Feast he was at: When he begins to be warm in his Discourse, he exclaims, that the World much degenerates, and the present Age is more wicked than the former; That the Corn is very dear in the Market; and that there are Abundance of Foreigners in Town; That presently after the * Bacchanals, the Ships may put to Sea; That a little Rain would extraordinarily forward the Fruits of the Earth, and give us the Prospect of a plentiful Crop; The next Year he intends to dung his Fields. He tells you also, that it is very hard to make a shift in the World: He'll give

* *The first Bacchanals celebrated in the City in the Spring.*

a Stran

a Stranger to understand, that when the mysterious Rights of CERES were perform'd, DAMIPPUS had the greatest * Torch. He enquires how many Pillars support the Musick-Theatre; tells you yesterday he took a Vomit; asks what Day of the Month it is; and if you have the Patience to hear him, you'll never get rid of him.

He tells you, as mighty News, that the † Mysteries are celebrated in *August*, the ‖ *Apaturia* in *October*, and the ‡ Bacchanals in *December* in the Country. These Sort of Men ought to be industriously shunn'd by all those who are not fond of a Fever; for it is intolerable to be troubl'd with those Persons, who cannot distinguish betwixt Times of Business and Leisure.

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* *The Mysteries of* Ceres *were perform'd in the Night, and the* Athenians *strove who should bring the largest Torch.*

† *The Feast of* Ceres *before mentioned.*

‖ *Feasts in Honour of* Bacchus.

‡ *Second Bacchanals celebrated in the Country in Winter.*

IV.

Of Rusticity.

THE Clown is a Person who seems Ignorant of what is neat and handsome; who when he has taken any nauseous * Physick, will intrude into Publick Company; can perceive no difference between the richest Perfumes and ordinary Thyme; always wears Shoes too big for his Feet, and accustoms himself to talk very loud in Company. He reposes no Trust or Confidence in his nearest Friends or Relations, but consults his menial Servants in Affairs of greatest Importance; and whatsoever he hears Abroad in Company, tells at Home to his Hirelings, who do his Country-drudgery: He'll sit with his Breeches above his Knees, and show his naked Flesh: He sees nothing in the Way he goes along, worthy Observing or Admiring, unless he meets an Ox, or an Ass, or a Goat; then he stands Stock-still, and is wonderfully Contemplative. When he goes

* *The* Greek *word signifies a Drug that makes the Breath stink very much.*

into his own Kitchen, he'll take a great Piece of whatever comes next to hand, and greedily crams it down, drinking a great Draught immediately after it; but contrives it so cunningly, that his own Cook-Maid may not discover him. He then goes and helps her to Turn the Mill, and provide Necessaries for himself and the whole Family. He rises from Dinner to go and fodder his Cattel; and if any body knock at the Door, he listens. Calling his Dog, he takes him by the Snout, saying, This is he that preserves my Lands, my House, and all things in it: When he receives Money, he always scruples it, and asks to have it chang'd. If he has lent a Neighbour a Plough, a Sickle, or a Sack; whenever there happens to be a stormy Night, that he cannot sleep, he'll be sure to remember them, and send for them home *then*. Whoever he meets in the City, he asks how Skins and Salt-fish sell? What is like to be the Effect of this New Moon? Tells them he is going to shave himself presently; He is so rude as to sing in the * Bath; wears his Shoes full of Nails; and because it lies in his way, goes to † *Archias's* Shop to buy Salt-fish, which he carries home in his Hand through the Open Street.

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* *A very rude Thing amongst the* Athenians.

† *A famous Dealer in Salt-fish, the Common Peoples ordinary* Food.

V.

Of WHEEDLING.

WHEEDLING may be defin'd a deceitful and insinuating Way of Conversation; more regarding what is Pleasant and Agreeable, than what is Virtuous and Honest. The Wheedler Compliments every one, as far off as he can see them; uses the highest Encomiums he can invent; admires a Person in all Particulars; and taking hold of him with both Hands, will not part with him, but forces himself upon him; importunately asking what Time he will be at leisure to receive a Visit, and detains him till he has pass'd a thousand Compliments on him.

If he be chosen an Arbitrator, he consults how to be favourable to the opposite Side, and orders Matters so as to oblige both. To render himself acceptable to Strangers; he says, he finds more Honour and Probity amongst them, than his own Countrymen. When he is invited to an Entertainment, he desires to see the Master of the House his Children; and when they come in, he says two Figs are not more alike than they and their Parents; and calling them to him, kisses them, sets them down by him, and plays with them at the mean-

est

eſt childiſh Sports; lays them in his Lap while they ſleep, tho' they are very burthenſome to him. He always goes cloſe ſhav'd; takes great Care to keep his Teeth white; has Change of Cloaths for every Day in the Week, and throws them by when they are as good as New. He's an excellent Cuſtomer to the Perfumer; he uſes that part of the Town where the richeſt Perſons are, and the * Schools which young Gentlemen reſort to. At the Theatre alſo he ſeats himſelf next Perſons of the greateſt Quality. He pretends never to buy any thing for himſelf, but only for Preſents to ſend to his Friends at *Byzantium*, *Spartan* Dogs to ſend to *Cyzicus*, and the fine *Hymettian* Honey to *Rhodes*, making the whole City acquainted with his generous Actions. He keeps Apes and Monkeys, and *Sicilian* Doves at home; has all ſorts of rich Eſſences and Perfumes; fine *Lacedemonian* twiſted Canes, and Hangings with the Figures of noble *Perſians* in them. He has a little neat Hall ſtrew'd with Sand to wreſtle in, and a Tennis-Court; and when he meets any of the Philoſophers, or Sophiſts, or Fencing, or Muſick-Maſters, he officiouſly deſires them to make uſe of it for their Performances; during which Time, he entertains ſome of the Spectators with the Praiſe both of the Houſe and Maſter.

* *Dancing, Fencing, Riding, &c.*

VI.

Of a Profligate Temper.

A PROFLIGATE TEMPER has in it the Heigth of Impudence, and an utter Dislike of Honesty and Decency in Words and Actions. This profligate Person, prone to all Wickedness, is often taking Oaths, without the least Regard to Reputation, and valuing whatever the World says of him. He is Impudent, Crafty and Tricking, and will Perpetrate any thing. He is not asham'd when he is sober, to go and Dance the most obscene Posture-Dances amongst the Publick Actors without a Mask. When the * Shows are to be seen, he will force himself to be Receiver of the Money; runs about, demanding it of every Spectator; but if any produces him a Ticket to see *gratis*, he picks a Quarrel with him. He's a meer Jack of all Trades; Sometimes he keeps an Ale-house; at other Times he is a Cock-Bawd, a Ferry-man; and sometimes he's a Tax-gatherer; and because there is nothing so sordid which he will not undertake, he serves for a publick Cryer; then again he is a Cook, afterwards turns Gamester; nothing comes amiss to him. He suffers his own Mother to perish for want of common Sustenance. He is an arrant Thief, and is every now

* *Such as at our Fairs are seen in an open Place.*

and

and then dragg'd to Jayl, which is his place of Residence more than his own House. He is one of those that gather a Crowd about them in the Street to make a doleful Complaint, in a loud and lamentable Tone, abusing and railing at all that oppose them. Some crowd to see him, others go on their Way without hearing the Story, whilst he tells some the beginning, some the middle, others the end of his Tale: You may also observe, he chuses that time when there is the greatest Concourse of People, that there may be the more Witnesses to his Rascality. He is always in Law, either Suing, or being Sued; some Suits he keeps off by Perjury, to others he appears. He is never without a *Box in his Bosom, and has a Load of Papers relating to Law-matters in his Hands; and as a singular Argument of his Impudence, is always a Ring-leader amongst litigious Pettifoggers.

What Money he lends at Interest, he demands 3 † *Semioboli* a Day for the Use of each *Drachma*. He is a constant Tavern-haunter, and walks up and down in those Places, where || Fresh and Salt-Fish are to be sold; and spends in his luxurious Living, what he has got by his base Practices. These are troublesome Fellows, whose Mouths are continually open to revile; and so much given to it, that the Exchange and all the Taverns are continually disturb'd by their Noise and Clamour.

* *A Light Copper-Box, in which Lawyers carry'd what related to their Causes.* † *Six* Oboli *make a* Drachma.
|| *Much eat by the* Athenians.

VII. *Of*

VII.

Of LOQUACITY.

IF we would define Loquacity, it is an excessive Intemperance of Words. The Prater will not suffer any Person in Company to tell his own Story, but let it be what it will, tells you, you mistake the Matter; he only apprehends the thing right, and if you please to hear him, he will make it very clear to you. If you make any Reply, he suddenly interrupts you; saying, Why, Sir, you forgot what you were talking about; it's very well you begin to recollect your self; see how beneficial it is for People to inform one another: Then presently cries, But what was I going to say? Why truly you take a thing very soon: I was waiting to see if you would be of my Sentiment in this Matter; always taking such Occasions as these not to permit the Person he talks with the Liberty of Breathing. After he has thus tormented all who will hear him, he is so rude to intrude into the Company of Persons met together upon important Affairs, and drives them away by his troublesome Impertinence. Thence he goes into the Publick

* *This was punish'd with Death at* Athens *by* Solon's *Law, from which they had derogated in* Theophrastus's *Time.*

Schools

Schools and Places of * Exercise, where he interrupts the Masters by his foolish prating, and hinders the Scholars from improving by their Instructions. If any Person discover an Inclination to go away, he will follow him, and will not part from him till he comes to his Door. If he hear of any thing transacted in the Publick Assemblies of the Citizens, he runs up and down to tell it to every body. He gives you a very long Account of the Famous Battel which was fought when † *Aristophontes* the Orator was Governor; and that of the || *Lacedemonians*, under the Command of *Lysander*. Then tells you with what general Applause he made a Speech in Publick, repeating a great deal of it, with Invectives against the common People; which is so tiresome to those who hear him, that some forget what he says as soon as 'tis out of his Mouth, others fall asleep, and others leave him in the midst of his Harangue. If this Talker be sitting on the Bench, the Judge shall not be able to determine Matters. If he's at the Theatre, he'll neither let you see or hear any thing, or even permit him who sits next to him at the Table to eat his Meat. He declares it is very hard

* *At Wrestling, Fencing, &c.*

† *The Battle of* Arbela, *and the Victory obtained, followed by the Death of* Darius, *the News of which came to* Athens *when* Aristophontes *the Orator was chief Magistrate.*

|| *This was before the Battel of* Arbela, *but a very simple Business.*

for

for him to be silent, his Tongue being so very well hung, that he'd rather be accounted more garrulous than a Swallow, than be silent; and patiently bears all Ridicules, even those of his own Children, who when they want to go to Rest, desire him to talk to them, that they may the sooner fall asleep.

VIII.

The NEWSMONGER.

HE is a Person who falsely relates Words and Actions, according to his own Humour and Caprice. If he meet with any of his Friends, with a formal Look or grave Nod, asks, Whence came you? What good News have you? Have you nothing else? And goes on to ask him, Is there no more News in the Town? I assure you there is wonderful good News; and without giving him time to answer, continues, What was it you said? I perceive you know nothing, and therefore I will entertain you with some Matters; and this Relation is either from some Soldier, or *Asteus* the Piper's Son, or *Lycon* the chief Workman, lately come from the Army, from whom he hears what he tells you: He always produces such Authors

Authors as these for his Stories, which no body can contradict. They also told him, that the * King and † *Polyperschontes* have got the Day, and that ‖ *Cassander* was fallen into their Hands alive: But if any body ask him, Do you believe these things your self? He says the thing is beyond all Dispute, and the News of the whole Town, that it was continually confirm'd, every body agreed in the same Story concerning the Fight, that there was a very great Slaughter made, which might easily be read in the Countenances of all who were concern'd in managing Publick Affairs, which now seem'd to be quite alter'd. He says, He heard that a Person who came from *Macedonia*, and was present at all the Actions, has been conceal'd these Five Days in the Magistrate's House: When he has told all this, he adds some compassionate condoling Expressions, What think you, Gentlemen, of this Success? Poor *Cassander!* Unhappy Prince! Miserable Man! See what Fortune can do! For *Cassander* was very Brave, and had a Gallant Army. But pray (says he) keep this to your self, for 'tis a great Secret; and presently runs up and down the City to tell it himself. I must con-

* Arideus *Brother to* Alexander *the Great.*

† *A Captain under* Alexander.

‖ *This was a false Report.* Cassander, *the Son of* Antipater, *contended with* Arideus *and* Polyperschontes, *for the Tutelage of* Alexander's *Children, and had the better of it.*

fess

fess I am amaz'd, what these Raisers and Dispersers of false News and Reports propose to themselves; for without mentioning the sordid Baseness always attending a Lye, it often turns to their Prejudice; for it very frequently happens that they have their Cloaths stolen away from them in the Bath, while the People crowd upon them to hear their Romances. Others, after they have been victorious both by Sea and Land, in the Portico are severely fined for neglecting to attend their Business in the Courts of Justice; and others, who by their thundring Words most valiantly conquer Cities, are often disappointed where to find a Dinner. There is nothing can be more miserable than these Folks Circumstances; for what Portico, what Shop, what Part of the Market, do they not spend whole Days in, to the great Uneasiness of their Hearers, whom they deafen with their lying Stories.

IX.

Of IMPUDENCE Occasioned by COVETOUSNESS.

THIS Vice may be defin'd a Disregard of Reputation for the sake of sordid Lucre. A Person influenc'd by this Principle, will ask to borrow Money of one whom he has already openly cheated. The very day that he sacrifices to the Gods, he salts his consecrated Flesh, and keeps it for another time (instead of devoutly eating it) going to Supper with somebody else, and calling in his Foot-boy before the whole Company, † takes a great Piece of Bread and Meat off the Table, gives it him, and in all their Hearings bids him eat heartily. When he goes himself to the Butchers, that he may have a better Pennyworth, tells him, he did him a Kindness at such a time; when his Meat is weigh'd, (standing by the Scales) he will (if it be possible) put more in than is his due Weight; if he be hindred from that, he will throw a Bone into

† *This was the Custom among the* Greeks.

the

the Scale, which if he can but carry off, he is mightily pleas'd; but if he cannot, he'll snatch some of the Offal off the Stall, and go away extreamly satisfy'd. When he has any Strangers with him who desire to see a Play, and give Money to pay for their Places, he always contracts for himself to come in on Free-cost, and have his Children and their Tutor in the next day after. What he sees another have which cost a good Price, he'll beg very earnestly to let him have part of it. And when he comes to anothers House, he'll be borrowing even Barley or Chaff it self; and get those he borrow'd it of, to send it Home to his own House. He goes into the Bath, and makes use of all the Bathing Vessels, and other Conveniences, and so * Bathes himself, whilst the Master of the Bath exclaims against him, but to no purpose, and going away, tells him, I have Bathed, but no Thanks to you.

* *None but the poor People did so to save Charges.*

X.

Of SORDID FRUGALITY.

THIS Vice is a violent Inclination to be Parsimonious beyond what is Decent and Commendable. A Person of this Temper will publickly dun the Friends whom he receives Money of every Month, for a single Farthing, which was the Balance of the last Account, and keeps reckoning how many Glasses each Man drinks at his Table. His Offering to † *Diana* is the meanest of all the Guests. Whatsoever is bought for him, tho' never so good a Pennyworth, he always says is very dear. If his poor Foot-boy lets a Pot fall, or by Mischance breaks an Earthen Dish, he'll deduct the Price on't out of his Wages. If his Wife happens to lose but a Penny, he'll remove all his Houshold-Stuff, have all the Beds taken down, turn the Trunks and Boxes out of their Places, and have every Nook and Corner, where the old Lumber lies, search'd. Whatever he sells, the Buyer is sure to have a hard Bargain of it. He'll never let any Person

† *The* Greeks *began their Publick Entertainments with these Offerings.*

gather so much as a Fig out of his Garden, or go over his Field, or take up an Olive, or a little Branch of Palm that is fall'n from his Trees. He goes over the Bounds of his Ground every Day, to see if any thing be missing, or if all Things remain in the same Places they were. If any of his Debtors does not punctually pay him on the Day when the Money is due, he'll be well paid for his Forbearance, and reckon Interest upon Interest. When he invites his Friends to Dinner, he gives them but one little pitiful Dish. He goes to Market, but often comes home empty, every Thing being too dear for him: He orders his Wife that she should not lend a Neighbour a little Salt, a bit of Candle, a little Cummin, Pennyroyal, an handful of Flower, a little Garland, or a small * Cake; for, says he, these small Matters amount to a vast deal in the Year. In short, the Money-Chest of this miserable Wretch is cover'd all over with Mould, and his Keys all rusty. He wears Cloaths too short and streight for him; the least drop of Oyl suffices to anoint him; his Head is close shav'd; at † Noon he pulls off his Shoes to save them, and goes to the Fullers, earnestly begging them to use a great deal of ‖ Earth in his Cloaths, that they may not be soon dirty again.

* *Us'd at Sacrifices, and made of Flower and Honey.*

† *For then the Cold in all Seasons was tolerable.*

‖ *Which also makes them thicker and more serviceable.*

XI.

Of a BRAZEN-FAC'D FELLOW.

THIS Sort of Impudence is not hard to define: It is professing Villanous Tricks and Shams in an affected Way of Railery. When this Brute meets a Lady of the best Quality, he offers her all manner of Rudeness and Indecency, even to the exposing her Modesty. At the Theatre, when every Body is silent, he Claps; and Hisses those Things which the rest of the Audience hear with great Satisfaction: When all Persons are intent upon the Play, he lies down upon his Back, and sordidly falls a Belching, interrupting every Body, making them turn back to look upon him. He goes in a full Market to all the Stalls, where Nuts, Apples, and all sorts of Fruit are sold; and standing there, eats of them all, talking all the while with those who sell them; scrapes Acquaintance with every One that passes by, and calls 'em by their Names, tho' he never knew them; if he sees any Person in haste, he'll stop him to know what he is going about. He'll go to a Man who has

been just cast in a Suit of Law, and congratulate him. When he has bought his Supper, and hir'd the Musicians to play before him, he shows every Body he meets, what he has provided, and invites them to take part with him. You may see him standing at the * Barber's or Perfumer's Shops, telling what an Entertainment he is to be at that Night, and how he intends to be very drunk there. If he sells Wine, he'll put what is bad and sophisticated upon his best Friends. His Children are not suffer'd to see Plays, till the very † Time they may go in *gratis*. When he's sent on an Embassy with some of his Fellow-Citizens, he leaves what was allow'd him by the Publick, to defray his Charges at home, and borrows of his Fellow-Travellers. It is usual for him to load his Servant that travels with him, with as much as he can possibly carry, and yet not allow him necessary Subsistance. When the Ambassadors have receiv'd their Presents, he immediately demands his Part, in order to turn it into Money. When he bathes, he calls the Boy who attends, and swears at him for buying such stinking Oyl, as he cannot endure to smell it, and takes that Occasion to make use of another's. If his Servants find but the least

* *Places where idle Persons always meet.*

† *As at our Fifth Act.*

Piece

Piece of Money in the way, he demands his Part of it, making uſe of this Expreſſion, * *Mercury is common.* He has theſe Tricks too; if he meaſures any Thing, or diſtributes to his Servants their Allowance, he uſes a Meaſure, whoſe Bottom is rais'd up Inwards; which, when he has fill'd, he's careful to ſtrike as cloſe as ever he can. And if he's to pay Thirty Pounds, he'll take care it ſhall want Four † *Drachma*'s of Weight. When he makes a publick Entertainment, he orders his Servants to give him a particular Account of what is left; and if there be but half a Rhadiſh miſſing, he carefully looks after it, leſt thoſe who wait at Table ſhould have it.

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* *Like our crying Halves.*

† *An Hundred made a Pound at* Athens.

XII.

Of Unseasonable Conversation.

THE Ill-timing of Conversation, is what makes it uneasy and troublesome to all Persons. When a Man is entirely taken up with Affairs of his own, which are of the greatest Consequence to him; an importunate troublesome Fellow intrudes upon him, to communicate some of his little Trifles, and desires to advise with him about them. He'll also go to sup with his Mistress when she is in a raging Fever. At the very Moment he sees a Person cast in Court for being Bound for another, he desires him to do him the same Favour. If he is summon'd as a Witness, he comes to give in his Evidence after the Tryal is over: If he is invited to a Wedding, then is his Time he thinks fit to shew his Wit in railing against the Fair Sex. He earnestly importunes his Friend, just come off a long and tiresome Journey, and very weary, to take a Walk along with him. When a Thing is sold, he'll bring a Chapman who would give more for it. Sometimes you'll have him

him rise up in the midst of a great Company, and make a Relation from beginning to end, of what has just then pass'd there, which every Body has seen, and heard, and knows as well as himself. He will officiously thrust himself into the Management of another Person's Affairs, who is extremely averse to it; but yet does not know how to deny him. When the * Sacrifices are to be perform'd, and a Feast made by any Person, he goes to him, and asks to have part of what is provided. If any Gentleman corrects his Servant in his sight; says he, I beat one of mine on the same Occasion, and he presently went and hang'd himself. Being chosen Umpire by two Persons who have been long at Law, and desire to have the Matter accommodated, he leaves it to themselves to agree it. At an Entertainment he takes that †Person out to Dance with him who has scarce either eat or drank.

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* *The* Greeks, *the same Day they sacrificed, either entertained their Friends at home, or sent them some part of the Sacrifice. Therefore it was very unreasonable for him to demand part before the Feast was appointed, or he knew whether he should be invited or no.*

† *The* Greeks *used not to Dance till all the Repast was over, and the Tables taken away.*

XIII.

Of a Busy-Body.

THis Over-officiousness, (which is the Character of a Busy-body) is an Affecting an extraordinary Kindness for Others both by Words and Actions. This Person shall attribute the Success of an Affair to himself, that was far beyond his Power to perform; He'll insist a long time to prove that a Thing which every Body is thoroughly convinc'd of, was Rational, and beyond Contradiction. He makes the Servant fill out more Wine than what the Person is able to Drink. If he be where Two are equally Quarrelling, he effectually sets them together by the Ears. He offers his Service to shew you the Way, tho' he does not know it, nor whither it will carry you. He goes to the General of the Army, and asks when he draws up his Men in Battalia to engage the Enemy, and enquires if he have no Orders for him tomorrow. Coming to his Father, he asks him, if his Mother is asleep still, and not come out of her Chamber yet? When he is order'd to keep at home for a Distemper, for which the Physi-

cians

cians think fit to forbid him the Uſe of Wine, he will Drink it on purpoſe to try the Experiment, whether it will do him good or harm. When a Woman dies in the Neighbourhood, he is the only Perſon to write her Epitaph, where he inſcribes her Husband's Name, her Father's, her Mother's, and her own, with an Account of what Country ſhe was, and her Deſcent, with this famous Elogy, THEY WERE ALL PERSONS OF EMINENT VIRTUE. If at any time he is oblig'd to take an Oath in a Court of Judicature, turning himſelf about to the Standers-by, ſays, This is not the firſt Time by many that I have been a Witneſs.

XIV. Of

XIV.

Of STUPIDITY.

STUPIDITY may be defin'd a Dulness of Thought, influencing both Words and Actions. The Blockhead, when he himself has cast up the Sum, will ask the Man who sits next him what the Total amounts to. If he has a Suit depending, and knows the very Day when it will come to a Hearing, quite forgets it, and takes a Journey into the Country; when he is at the Theatre to see a Play, he falls fast asleep, and wakes not till the rest of the Spectators are all gone; when he hath glutted himself, at Midnight, being Crop-sick, he'll get up and walk Abroad for Digestion, and so have his Neighbours Dogs fall upon him. When he has receiv'd any thing from another, and laid it up himself, he enquires where that very thing is, not being able to find it. When he is told of the Death of one of his Friends, and invited to his Funeral, putting on a Countenance full of Grief and Sorrow, and shedding Tears, yet still thinking of something else, says, it happen'd very well. He carries Witnesses with him when he

he receives * Money, and falls out with his Servant for not buying Cucumbers in the midst of Winter. When his Sons are Fencing or Racing, he'll not let them leave off till they are quite spent. When he is in the Field boiling Lentules, he forgets he has season'd them before, and throws Salt again into the Pot, making them so briny, that no body can eat them. In a time of excessive Rain, when every one wishes for dry Weather, he says methinks this Rain-water is very pleasant. If he is ask'd how many were carry'd thro' the † Sacred Gate to be interr'd, (supposing the Person talk'd of Money) says, I wish you and I were worth as much.

* *The* Greeks *used to bring Witnesses with them when they paid their Money.*

† *To be interr'd out of the City, according to the Law of* Solon.

XV.

Of Brutality.

THis Brutishness is a Rudeness attending Words and Actions. If a rude Fellow be ask'd where is such a Person? He Answers, Pray don't trouble me. If you Compliment him, he takes no notice of it. When he has any thing to sell, if you ask him the Price of it, he won't tell you, but rather angrily ask you what Fault you can find with it. Of those Devout Persons, who at solemn Times send the usual Offerings to the Temple of the Gods, he says, That if their Prayers are heard, and they have but what they desire, they are very well requited and paid for their Presents. If any one casually jostles him, or chances to tread on his Toe, he'll never forgive him. When he has denied a Friend, who desired to borrow some Money of him, and told him that he had none to lend, he will afterwards bring it, and disdainfully say, he has a mind to throw this away also to what he has lost before. If he stumbles against a Stone in the Street, he curses it bitterly. He will not stay one Moment beyond the Time appointed for any Person, tho' it be on the account of Business of great Importance to himself,

self. He has an affected Singularity not to sing at a Feast, or * repeat in his Turn, nor dance with the other Company: In fine, he neither regards the Gods, nor takes any care to offer up his Vows and Sacrifices.

XVI.

Of SUPERSTITION.

WE may define Superstition to be a Worshipping of the Deity out of Fear and Terror. The Superstitious Man, after he has wash'd his Hands, and purified himself with Holy Water, taking a Lawrel Leaf out of the Temple, and putting it in his Mouth, shall walk about a whole Day so: If a Weazel cross the Way as he goes along, he'll stir no farther till somebody else has gone before him, or he has thrown three Stones cross the Way. In what part soever of the House he sees a Serpent, there he builds an Altar. He pours Oyl out of his Essence-Bottle all over the Consecrated Stones, that are in Places where three Ways meet; afterwards he falls down upon his Knees, and most devoutly adores them. When a Mouse

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* *The* Greeks *repeated some fine Passages of their Poets, and danc'd after the Entertainment was over.*

has

has gnaw'd a Hole in his Sack of Meal, he goes to the Soothsayers, and gravely enquires what he must do in the Matter; and if they tell him he must send his Sack to be mended, he cannot in the least rest satisfy'd with this Answer; but imagining some mighty Religious Consequence in this Accident, empties the Sack, and never makes use of it again. He's continually purifying his House, will never sit down on a Grave, go to the Funeral of any one, or into the Chamber of a Lying-in Woman. When he has dreamt some extraordinary Dream, he immediately runs to the Interpreters of Dreams, the Soothsayers and Augurs, to know of them, to what God or Goddess he ought to make Vows and offer Sacrifice. He's very punctual to go every Month to the Priests of *Orpheus*, to be instructed in their Mysteries; and if his Wife be not detain'd by Business, he takes her along with him, if not, his Nurse and little Children: As he goes by the Conduits, he washes his Head all over with Water. Sometimes he gets the * Priestesses to purify him with little Dogs, or † Squills. To conclude, if he sees a Lunatick, or a Person taken Ill of the Falling-Sickness, being struck with extreme Horror, he spues in his own Bosom.

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* *They did it by carrying a Squill, or a little Dog round about the Person.*

† *Sea-Onions.*

XVII.

Of UNEASINESS OF MIND.

UNeasinesſ of Mind makes the Perſon affected to be always complaining without any juſt Reaſon. When any of his Friends make a Feaſt, and ſend him ſome part of what was there, he will never return him Thanks, but ſay to him that brought it, Your Maſter thought me not worthy to dine at his Table, and drink of his Wine. He ſuſpects even the Careſſes of his Miſtreſs, and tells her, I am very jealous whether you are ſincere in your Affections, and theſe Endearments proceed from your Heart. After a time of great Drought, when at laſt it begins to Rain, and he cannot then complain of the Weather, that he may ſtill continue to rail, he finds fault with Heaven for not Raining ſooner. Going along, tho' by chance he finds a Purſe of Money in the way, he'll grumbling ſay, Some Folks have the good Fortune to find Treaſure; I, for my part, could never find any thing in my Life. Likewiſe when he has bought a Slave very cheap, having tir'd the Seller by his Importunity in beating down the Price, he immediately repents of his Bargain, and ſays,

It's

It's a great Wonder if I am not cheated, it was impossible to buy what is good for any thing so cheap. When he is complimented upon the Birth of a Son, as an addition to his Family, he immediately cries, I am now half as poor again as I was before. If he has a Suit at Law depending, he will complain his Lawyer omitted doing or saying a great many Things which were very material, tho' the Cause has gone for him. When his Friends have rais'd a Sum of Money amongst them, for the relieving him under his present Necessities; and one of them says to him, Pray now be brisk and chearful: Alas, says he, how can I pretend to be merry, when I consider I have all this Money to repay to every particular Person who lent it me, and shall never be quit of the Obligation, but must render a perpetual Acknowledgment.

XVIII. Of

XVIII.

Of DISTRUST.

DISTRUST is an Opinion, that every one cheats and impoſes on us. When the Diſtruſtful Man has ſent his Servant to Market to buy Proviſion, orders another to go after to enquire and bring him an exact Account of what every thing coſt; if he goes Abroad with any Money in his Pocket, he tells it over every quarter of a Mile; as he lies in his Bed he asks his Wife if his Cheſt is cloſe ſhut, his Trunk well lockt, and care taken to make the Porch-Door faſt; and tho' ſhe aſſures him all theſe things are ſecure, he gets out of Bed, goes naked and bare-footed, and lights a Candle to ſearch all over the Houſe, to ſee all Things are ſafe; and notwithſtanding all this, can hardly compoſe himſelf to Reſt. When he goes to get Money, he carries Witneſſes along with him, that the Perſons may not be able at another time to deny their Debts. He makes uſe of that Fuller to ſcour his Cloaths, who will give him ſufficient Security to return them again,

never considering whether he is a good Workman or not. If any one ask to borrow any Cups, *&c.* of him, he usually denies them; but if perchance he does lend them, he's always sending for them till he has them home again. He makes his Foot-boy go before him, that he may not run away from him. If those who buy any thing of him, bid him cast up what it comes to, and set it down to their Account, he says, Pray lay me down the Money, for I han't Time to spare to run up and down to Receive it.

XIX.

XIX.

Of NASTINESS or SLOVENLINESS.

SLOVENLINESS is a lazy and beastly Negligence of a Man's own Person, whereby he becomes so sordid, as to be offensive to those about him. You'll see him come into Company when he is cover'd all over with a Leprosy and Scurf, and with very long Nails, and says, those Distempers were hereditary, that his Father and Grandfather had them before him. He has Ulcers in his Thighs, and Boils upon his Hands, which he takes no care to have cured, but lets them run on till they are gone beyond Remedy. His Arm-pits are all hairy, and most part of his Body like a Wild Beast. His Teeth are black and rotten, which makes his Breath stink so that you cannot endure him to come nigh you; he will also snuff up his Nose and spit it out as he eats, and uses to speak with his Mouth cramm'd full, and let his Victuals come out at both Corners. He belches in the Cup as he is drinking, and uses nasty

ſtinking Oyl in the Bath. He will intrude into the beſt Company in ſordid ragged Cloaths. If he goes with his Mother to the * Southſayers, he cannot then refrain from wicked and prophane Expreſſions. When he is making his Oblations at the Temple, he will let the Diſh drop out of his Hands and fall a laughing, as if he had done ſome brave Exploit. At the fineſt Conſort of Muſick he can't forbear clapping his Hands, and making a rude Noiſe; will pretend to Sing along with them, and fall a Railing at them to leave off. Sitting at Table, he ſpits full upon the Servants who waited there.

* *The Greeks were then eſpecially very careful of their Words.*

XX.

Of a TIRESOME or TROUBLESOME FELLOW.

A Tiresome Person is one whose Conversation is very fatiguing and uneasy, tho' otherwise not injurious or prejudicial. He comes into his Friend's Chamber, when he is just fallen asleep, and wakes him to tell him a few impertinent idle Stories. He'll desire one who is going Aboard a Ship, just ready to set Sail, to spend some time with him first, and make him lose his Voyage to no purpose. Taking the Child out of the Nurse's Arms, he will feed it himself, and dandle it in his Arms, and talk foolish gibberish to it. He chuses at Meal time, and when the Victuals are upon the Table, to tell how t'other day he took Physick, which workt with him upwards and downwards, and that he voided a great deal of nasty black Choler. He asks his Mother before a great Company of People what Day he was Born on. He says the Water in the Cistern is Cold; That he has a great many very good Pot-herbs in his Garden; That his House is free for all sorts of Comers

and Goers as if it were a publick Inn; and when he entertains any Strangers, has a * Fellow ready to talk very great Things concerning him to all the Guests, whom he also keeps to divert the Company and make them merry.

XXI.

Of Vain-Glory.

VAIN-GLORY, which is conversant about minute and frivolous Matters, may be call'd a sordid and foolish Affectation of Honour. A Person affected with this Vice when he is invited to a Feast, strives to sit next the Man who makes the Treat. He carries his Son to † *Delphos*, where he cuts off his Hair, and consecrates it to some God. He loves to have a Black for his Footman. When he pays a Sum, it is all in New Money. When he has sacrific'd an Ox, he takes the Fore-part of the Head, and Adorning it with Ribbons and Flowers, fixes it without Doors, just at the Entrance to his House, that every one may see and know what he hath sacrific'd. When he is return'd

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* *A* Parasite *kept by some of the* Grecians.

† *The* Greeks *used to Dedicate their Children before some of the Family privately, but this Person does it in sight of a Multitude.*

off a Cavalcade which he and ſome other Citizens have made, he ſends all his Equipage home but his Robe of State, in which he ſtruts about the reſt of the Day in all the publick Places of the City. When his little Dog dies he makes a formal Burial, and erects a Tomb for it, with this Epitaph, *He was of the* * Malta *Breed.* He conſecrates a Braſs Ring to ÆSCULAPIUS, to which he hangs Garlands of all ſorts of Flowers; he perfumes himſelf all over every Day. During the Time of his Magiſtracy, he uſes a great deal of Caution and Circumſpection; and when he goes out of his Office, gives the People an Account of his Management of Affairs, and of how many and of what ſort his Sacrifices were. Being clad in a White Robe, and having a Garland of Flowers on his Head, he goes out and makes a Speech to the People: O! ATHENIANS! We Magiſtrates have ſacrific'd to the Mother of the Gods, and paid her all the ſolemn Worſhip due to her; therefore you may juſtly expect that Things will ſucceed very proſperouſly with you: This done, he goes home, and tells his Wife he has come off with great Applauſe and Approbation.

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* *This Iſland had a ſort of little Dogs much valued.*

XXII.

Of NIGGARDLINESS.

NIGGARDLINESS is a base and sneaking Temper in a Man to save his Money at the Expence of his Reputation. The Niggard, when he has won the Prize of * Tragedy, he'll consecrate to BACCHUS Garlands made of the Rind of Trees, and have his Name writ on this magnificent Present. In Times when the Necessity of the Publick Affairs requires the Citizens to raise extraordinary Contributions, which may be sufficient to supply the present Exigencies, he either rises up and is † silent, or retires as soon as he can. When he marries his Daughter, and Sacrifices according to Custom, he sells all the Flesh of the slain Victim, besides what belongs to the || Priests, and hires Servants to attend during the Time of the Wed-

* *Which he either made or repeated.*

† *Those that wou'd give any thing, rose up and offered what they pleas'd; those that would not, rose up and were silent.*

|| *The Legs and Entrails.*

ding,

ding, but makes them find themſelves Victuals. Being Captain of a Veſſel which he built, he lets his own Cabbin to Paſſengers, and lies among the common Sailors. He goes to Market, buys Meat and Herbs, and carries them home himſelf in the Lappet of his Coat. When he has ſent his Cloaths to the Scowrers to be clean'd, he is oblig'd to keep at home for want of others. He ſhuns a poor Friend who has fallen into Misfortunes, and deſires him to raiſe Money among his Acquaintance; if he ſees him at a diſtance, he turns back, and makes all the haſte home he can. He never keeps his Wife any Maids, but when ſhe has occaſion to go Abroad, hires ſome to wait on her through the City. As ſoon as he riſes in the Morning, he waſhes his own Houſe, makes the Beds, and is forc'd to turn his old Threadbare Cloak, when he goes into Publick Company.

XXIII. Of

XXIII.

Of Ostentation.

OSTENTATION is a vain Humour of Bragging and Valuing our selves for those things which we are not Masters of. The Braggadocio standing on the Keys where the Ships unlade, and where a great many Strangers resort, talks of vast Sums of Money owing him beyond Sea, makes a long Discourse concerning lending Money at Interest, telling you what a great Man he is, and what great Advantages he hopes to reap by it. If he can pick up a Person to keep him Company on the Road, he tells him, he serv'd under *Alexander*, how he signaliz'd himself in a great Expedition, and that he brought away a great many rich drinking Cups set with Precious Stones. He affirms, contrary to the Opinion of all others, that the *Asiaticks* are better Artificers than the *Europeans*. He also shews a Letter from *Antipater*, which says, that he was the Third Person who enter'd into *Macedonia*; he takes occasion to tell him, that tho' the Magistrate as a Reward for his singular good Services, had granted him a liberty of Exporting what Commodity soever he pleas'd Custom-free, yet he scorn'd to make use of it, that he might not incur the People's Ill-

Ill-will; He ſays in a dear Time of Corn, he laid out above five Talents, and diſtributed it amongſt the poor Citizens. If he is in Company with thoſe who don't know him, he deſires them to take their Book and ſet down the Number of thoſe he has been ſo liberal to, which he'll make amount to above Six Hundred, and has fictitious Names ready for them all, to make the Thing appear more formal; then adding the particular Sums diſtributed to each, he makes it come to above Ten Talents; all which, he ſays, he laid out to Relieve the Poor: And yet, ſays he, I don't reckon the Ships I Built and Commanded my ſelf, and a great many other very chargeable Things I did on the Publick Account, for which I expect no Recompence. He goes to the Jockeys who ſell the fineſt Horſes, and makes them ſhew him ſome of the beſt. In the Fairs he goes to thoſe Shops which ſell rich Cloaths, and bids them ſhew him a Suit worth two Talents, and falls in a Paſſion with his * Servant for following him without Money about him: And tho' he pays Rent for the Houſe he lives in, yet if the Perſon he talks with don't know it, he ſhall tell him this Houſe was left him by his Father; but being too little for the Accommodation of that great Number his Hoſpitality continually drew thither, he deſign'd to ſell it.

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* *The Ancients us'd to have their Servants to carry their Money.*

XXIV. *Of*

XXIV.

Of Pride.

PRIDE is a contemptible Opinion a Man has of every One besides himself. A Proud Man, tho' you meet him opportunely, at his most leisure Time, and only walking for his Diversion, will not stay to talk with you about Business, tho' of Importance, and requiring great Expedition, but defers it till he has supp'd. If he has done any Person a Kindness, he makes him publickly acknowledge it. He's one who scorns to make the first Proposal, notwithstanding it is about an Affair which concerns himself only.

If you would buy any thing of him, or have occasion to transact any other Business with him, he bids you call upon him early next Morning; has an affected Way in going along the Streets, hanging his Head down, and neither sees nor speaks to any Body he meets. When he condescends to Entertain any of his Friends, he frames Excuses for not sitting down at Table, but orders some of his principal Servants to take care his Guests want nothing; never pays a Visit before he has sent word of his coming. When he Dresses, Perfumes or Eats,

Eats, he permits no Body to be present; will not undergo the Fatigue of adjusting his own Accounts, but orders his Servants to do it. His Stile is always lofty and commanding, and cannot write, *Sir, you'll much oblige me if*—— But *'tis my Pleasure it should be done. I have sent one to receive it of you, take care it be according to my Order, and no otherwise, and that as soon as may be.*

XXV.

Of COWARDICE.

COWARDICE is a timerous Dejection of Soul, creating imaginary Dangers. When such a Faint-hearted Wretch as this is at Sea, he fancies all the Promontories are so many Hulks of Ships wreckt on the Coast. The least Agitation of the Water puts him in a panick Fear, and makes him enquire whether all who are Aboard are * initiated. When he observes the Pilot to stop the Ship's way, he anxiously asks whether the Gods seem to be propi-

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* *The Ancients never sail'd with those who were reputed impious, but initiated them before they took them on Board; that is, instructed them in the Mysteries of some Deity, to render him the more propitious to them in the Voyage.*

tious

tious or not †. He tells the Man who sits next him a terrible Story of a dismal Dream he dreamt last Night, which he takes to be an ominous Presage; then plucks off his Cloaths to make ready for Swimming, and heartily begs the Sailors to set him ashore as soon as possible. If he be in the Land-Service, getting his Fellow-Soldiers about him, he tells them it is hard to discern whether those they discover afar off are the Enemy or not; but when the greatness of the Noise gives them to understand the Armies on both sides are engag'd, and he sees Men fall on each side him; he says to those who are next him, That he took the Field in such hurry and precipitation, that he forgot to bring his Sword along with him, and presently runs into his Tent to fetch it, then sends his Servant out to observe the Motion of the Enemy, and in the mean time hides his Sword under the Pillow, and is employ'd in looking for it till the Battle is over. When he sees any of his Friends brought wounded into the Camp, he runs to meet him, encourages him to have a good Heart, stops his Blood, dresses his Wounds, and drives away the Flies which are troublesome; he takes all imaginable care of him, and this or any thing else he'll rather do than fight. When he sits in

† *They consulted the Gods by Sacrifices or Auguries, (i. e.) by the flying, singing, and feeding of Birds, or by the Entrails of Beasts.*

the Tent with a wounded Person, if he hear the Trumpeters sounding a Charge, he bitterly curses them, saying, These Fellows continually make such a horrid Noise, that the Poor Man cannot take one Minutes Rest. He walks about besmear'd all over with the Blood which proceeded from the Wounds of others, and makes those who lately came from the Fight believe, that he ran a great Risque of his own Life to save one of his Friends, and brings his Town-folks and Country-men to see the very Man, to each of whom he gives a particular Relation, how he carried him into his Tent in his own Arms.

XXVI. *Of*

XXVI.

Of an Oligarchical Government, *and the* Grandees *thereof.*

THE Principle which actuates these Men, is an Ambitious Desire of Honour and Fame, without Regard to the Advancement of their private Estates. When the Citizens are met to chuse a fit Person to be an Assistant to the Supreme Magistrate, in managing the Publick Shews and Triumphs, one of these Persons immediately stands up and peremptorily demands the Honour of that Employment, as the most qualify'd in the whole World for it. Of all the Verses in HOMER, he only remembers this:

* *It is not good to have many Rulers.*
Let the Government be in a single Person.

His usual Discourse is, We our selves ought to retire and consult what Laws are fit to be made for the Government of the Commonwealth, and take care to suppress these tumul-

* Οὐκ ἀγαθὸν πολυκοιρανίη· εἷς κοίρανος ἔστω.

tuous

tuous and popular Assemblies, and totally exclude the Common People from interfering with the Magistracy. When he has receiv'd an Affront from any one, he says it is impossible for the same City to contain us both. At Noon he goes Abroad new trimm'd, and his Nails close par'd, having every Thing about him in most exact Order; and strutting about, tells every One he meets, he cannot endure to live longer in the Town, but is quite tir'd, and his Spirits almost exhausted in Hearing and Determining litigious Suits and Controversies, and much asham'd that Persons should be admitted to sit near him, so meanly and sordidly Dress'd. He has a mortal Aversion for Advocates who plead the Cause of the Common People, and blames *Theseus for being the first Occasion of these Mischiefs in the Commonwealth: With such sort of Discourse as this, he entertains both Strangers and the Citizens of his own Party.

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* Theseus *laid the Foundation of the* Athenian *Commonwealth in establishing an Equality among the Citizens.*

XXVII.

Of Those who begin to Learn in Old Age.

AMongst such as squander and mispend the precious Moments of their youthful and more docil Years, there are some who are still desirous of Improving and Cultivating the remaining Part of their Life by studying Arts and Sciences, tho' with very little Success. Thus when an Old Fellow of Threescore learns the Poets by heart, and is either to * sing or recite them in his Turn at a Feast; as soon as he has begun, his Memory fails him, and the Dotard forgets whereabouts he was, and comes off abruptly. He gets his own Son to teach him Military Discipline, and to face to the Right and Left. He borrows an Horse to Ride out of Town, and when he is mounted, affecting to be complaisant to all who pass by, loses his Seat, tumbles down and bruises his Head. You'll find him often darting at the † Statue, and sometimes making a Match with his Foot-boy to

* *The Greeks used to sing or recite Verses at their Feasts, Turn by turn.*

† *A great Statue set up on purpose to dart at.*

shoo

ſhoot with Bow and Arrow. When he is taught any thing, he'll be pretending to inſtruct his Tutor, as if he were the beſt Accompliſh'd of the Two, and in the very Bath be practiſing Wreſtling, and is full of fantaſtical and ridiculous Geſticulations and Poſtures.

XXVIII.

Of SLANDER.

SLANDER is a ſecret Propenſity of Mind to think Ill of all Men, and afterwards to utter ſuch Sentiments in ſcandalous Expreſſions. If you ask the Slanderer who ſuch a one is, he preſently gives you an Account of his Pedigree from his very Original, as if he were an Herald; ſaying his Father was at firſt call'd * *SOSIA*; but afterwards ſerving in the Army, he took upon him the Name of *SOSISTRATUS*, after that he was made free, and regiſter'd amongſt the Citizens. His Mother indeed was a † noble *Thracian*, becauſe thoſe Women value themſelves on account of their great Families; and yet this Man, tho' ſo nobly and honourably deſcended, is a meer Villain and Raſcal. Then (talking again of his Mother) theſe are thoſe

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* *The Name of a Slave or Servant amongſt the* Greeks.

† *In deriſion, for the* Thracians *came to* Greece *to be Servants, or what was worſe.*

* Women, ſays he, who entice young Men in the Streets, and draw them into their Houſes and debauch them. If there be any Perſon in the Company who ſpeaks Ill of another that's abſent, he joyns with him, and ſays he is indeed a moſt abominable Wretch, I could never endure him in all my life; obſerve but the very Countenance of him, he looks ſo like a very Rogue, that I always hated him; but if you examine his Life and Converſation, there is nothing more lewd and infamous in the whole World; nay, this hard-hearted Wretch allows his Wife but Three-half-pence to buy her a Dinner, and makes her waſh with cold Water in the Middle of *December*. It is uſual for him to abuſe ſome-body or other in all Companies wherever he comes, ſpares neither Friend nor Relation, nor can the Grave itſelf ſecure the Dead from his malicious Detractions.

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* *They kept Bawdy-Houſes on the Highways, where they play'd infamous Pranks.*

FINIS.

Monſr. *De La Bruyere's*

SPEECH

Upon his ADMISSION

INTO THE

French Academy,

JUNE the 15th, 1693.

Now Firſt made *Engliſh* by Mr. OZELL.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year MDCCXIII.

PREFACE.

THoſe Gentlemen, who, being ask'd their Opinion of the Speech I made to the *French* Academy when I had the Honour to be admitted one of their Society, ſuperciliouſly reply'd, That *I had drawn Characters*, thinking thereby to diſparage it, did in effect give a more advantageous Idea of it than I my ſelf could have deſir'd: For the Public having approv'd of that Way of Writing, whereto I've apply'd my ſelf for ſome Years; to make ſuch an Anſwer, was to prepoſſeſs the World in my Favour. There remain'd nothing further, but to know whether I ought not to renounce thoſe Characters complain'd of in the Speech: And this Queſtion vaniſhes, when the Reader is inform'd, That it is the conſtant Cuſtom for a New Academic to compoſe his Speech, in Praiſe of the King, Cardinal *Richlieu*, Chancellor *Seguier*, the Perſon whom he ſucceeds, and of the *French Academy*. Of theſe Five *Elogiums* there are Four Perſonal: Now I would deſire my Cenſurers, that they would lay down the

Difference between *Perſonal Elogiums*, and *Characters of Praiſe*; and to diſtinguiſh ſo well between the one and the other, that I may be ſenſible of it, and own my Fault. If, being engag'd to make any other ſort of Harangue, I ſhould relapſe into Painting, then their Criticiſm may be worth hearing, and, perhaps, I may be condemn'd: I ſay, perhaps; ſince Characters, or at leaſt the Images of Things and Perſons are ſo unavoidable in a Speech, that every Writer is a Painter, and every Excellent Writer, an Excellent Painter.

I confeſs, I added to theſe Pourtraicts which were cuſtomary, the Praiſes of Each of thoſe Illuſtrious Men who compoſe the *French* Academy; and my Criticks ought to pardon me for it, if they conſider that, as much to ſpare their Modeſty, as to avoid Characters, I forbore touching their Perſons, that I might only ſpeak of their Works, upon which I made Critical Encomiums, more or leſs extenſive, according as the Subjects on which they wrote ſeem'd to require. I prais'd Academicks ſtill living; ſay ſome: It is true, but I prais'd them All: Who among them had Reaſon to complain? It is a way of proceeding altogether New, add they, and without Preſident: I am willing to allow it; as likewiſe that I induſtriouſly quitted the common Road, and abſtain'd from Proverbial Phraſes, which have long ſince been worn out by being made uſe of in an infinite

finite Number of Speeches on the like Occasion. Was it therefore so difficult for me to introduce *Rome* and *Athens*, the *Lyceum*, and the Porch, into the *Elogium* of that Learned Body? *To be at the Top of one's Wishes, by being an Academic: To protest that the Day on which we first enjoy so exquisite an Happiness, is the most glorious Day of one's whole Life: To doubt whether the Honour we have just now receiv'd is a real Thing, or only a Dream: To hug one's self with the Pleasure of drinking for the future, at the Fountain-head, the purest Streams of* French *Eloquence: Not to have accepted, not to have desir'd such a Place, for any other Reason, but to improve by the Sagacity of so many Persons of such enlighten'd Understandings: To promise, that, however unworthy a Man is of the Honour of their Choice, he will do his utmost to make himself in some sort worthy of it.* Are these, and a hundred such Compliments so scarce and so little known, that I could not have found them, adapted them, and gain'd Applause by them?

If therefore I was of Opinion, that whatever Envy or Malice may report of the *French Academy*; whatever they may say of its Golden Age, and Declension, it has never, since its Establishment, been able to boast of so great a Number of Gentlemen illustrious in all manner of Capacities, and in all sorts of Learning, as it may easily be observ'd to be at this Time, If, I say, as the Case now stands, I did not expect

expect that that Society could ever hereafter be in a more beautiful Condition to be painted, or taken in a more favourable Light; and if accordingly I laid hold of the Opportunity, have I done any thing which ought to draw the least Reproach upon me? *Cicero* could with Impunity praise *Brutus*, *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, *Marcellus*, who were living, who were present: He prais'd them several times, he prais'd them and none other, in the Senate-House, oftentimes in presence of their Enemies, always before an Assembly jealous of their Merit, and which had quite different Niceties in Politicks, concerning the Virtue of Great Men, than the *French Academy* can possibly have: I prais'd the *Academicks*, I prais'd them All, and yet have been blam'd; What would have been done to me, if I had disprais'd them?

I am come from hearing, says *Theobald*, *a confounded long Speech*, *which made me yawn twenty times*, *and has tir'd me to Death*: This is what he said; and you shall hear what he did afterwards, he and some few others, who conceiv'd they ought to espouse the same Interests: They set out for Court the next Day after the Speech was spoke; they went from House to House, they told every Body whom they had Access to, that the Night before I had been chattering an Oration, which had neither Style, nor common Sense in it, but was stuff'd with Extravagancies, and a true Satire. Returning to *Paris*, they

they ſcatter'd themſelves in ſeveral Parts of the Town, where they ſpit ſo much Venom againſt me, gave themſelves ſuch a Looſe in defaming this Speech, as well in Company, as in the Letters which they wrote to their Friends abroad; ſpoke ſo ill of it, and ſo ſtrenuouſly perſuaded thoſe who did not hear it, that they thought themſelves able to inſinuate to the Public, either that the Book of *Characters* done by the ſame Hand was trifling and inſipid; or that if it were good for any thing, I was not the Author of it, but that ſome Woman of my Acquaintance had furniſh'd me with what was moſt tolerable in it: They likewiſe pronounc'd that I was not capable of writing any thing of Length or Connexion, not ſo much as a Preface; ſo impracticable did they think it, even for one who has got a Habit of Thinking, and writing what he thinks, to have the Art of chaining his Thoughts together, and making Tranſitions.

They went further; violating the Laws of the *French Academy*, which forbids *Academicks* to write, or cauſe to be written, any thing againſt their own Body; they let looſe upon me Two Authors, aſſociated in one *Gazette* *, they animated them, not to publiſh againſt me a delicate and ingenious Satire, a Work too much

* *Merc. Gallant.*

beneath

beneath either of those Gentlemen, *easy to manage, and which an ordinary Genius is capable of*; but to load me with those gross and Personal Invectives, so difficult to meet with, so painful to pronounce or to write, especially to such, who I am willing to believe have some Remains of Modesty, and some Value for their Reputation.

And indeed I make no doubt but the Public is by this time stunn'd and fatigu'd with hearing, for so many Years past, a Couple of Old Ravens croaking at those who with an unrestrain'd Flight and nimble Wing have rais'd themselves to some Glory by their Writings. These lugubrous Birds seem by their continual Noise to be desirous to impute to such Writings the universal Disesteem which necessarily befals whatever they themselves Print and Publish; as if others were the Cause of their Want of Strength and Lungs, or were responsible for that Mediocrity which overspreads their Works. If there happens to be Printed a Moral Treatise, stupid enough to fall of it self, and not excite their Jealousy, they praise it willingly, or yet more willingly say nothing of it: But if it be such that the World talks of it, they attack it with all their Fury; Prose, Verse, every thing is subject to their Censure, every thing becomes a Prey to an implacable Hatred which they have conceiv'd against whatever dares appear in some Perfection, and with the Marks of a

Public

Public Approbation. No Man knows what sort of Morality will please these Gentlemen; we must restore them that of *la Serre* or *Desmarets*; and, if they themselves are to be Judges, we must return to the *Christian Pedagogue* and the *Holy Court*. There is publish'd a new * Satire written against Vice in General, and which in a nervous Strain of Poetry, and with a Pen of Steel, enforces its Strokes against Avarice, excess of Gaming, Chicanry, Effeminacy, Sordidness, and Hypocrisy, wherein no Body is either nam'd or delineated, where no Woman of Virtue either can or ought to think her self struck at. A BOURDALOUE in the Pulpit never drew more lively or more innocent Pourtraicts of Guilt; no matter for that, *'Tis all Slander, all Calumny*. This has been for some time their only Cry and all they have to say against Books of Morality, which are in any Vogue: They take every thing literally, they read them as they do a History, they make no Allowance for Poetry, no Allowance for Figure; and accordingly condemn them; they find out some weak Places in them, and so there are in *Homer*, *Pindar*, *Virgil*, *Horace*; indeed where are there not? except, perhaps, in their own Writings. *Bernino* never manag'd the Marble, nor exprest all Figures with equal Force; but we cannot but ob-

* M. Boileau's *xth Satire*.

serve,

serve, even in what he has been least happy in certain Strokes so masterly, tho in Company with others which are less so, that they easily discover the Excellency of an Artist. If it be an Horse, the Mane is turn'd with a bold Hand, it flutters and seems to be the Sport of the Wind; the Eye is fiery, the Nostrils breathe Flame and Life; a Master's Chizzel is seen in a thousand Places; it is not in his Copyers or Æmulators, to reach such Faults by their Master-pieces; 'tis plain, it is an Error of an able Man, and a Fault of a PRAXITELES.

But who are those so tender and scrupulous as not to be able to see Vice declaim'd against, even tho inoffensively, and without naming the Vicious? Are they *Carthusians* or Hermits? Are they Jesuits; those pious and ingenious Men? Are they such as live in Cloisters or Abbeys? No, all these read such Works, in private, and in public, at their Recreations; they recommend the reading of them to their Pupils and Scholars, they search the Shops for them, they preserve them in their Libraries. Were not they the first, who discover'd the Plan and Oeconomy of the Book of *Characters*? Did they not observe, that of Sixteen Chapters, which compose it, there are Fifteen totally employed in detecting the Falsity and Ridicule which are found in the Objects of Human Passions and Inclinations, and tending only to remove all such Obstacles as at first wea-

weaken and afterwards extinguish the Knowledge of God, in Mankind: That therefore those Chapters are only Preparatives to the Sixteenth and last, wherein Atheism is attack'd, and perhaps routed, wherein the Proofs of a God, such at least as weak Man is capable of receiving, are produc'd; wherein the Providence of God is defended against the Insults of Libertines? Who then are those, that dare repeat, against so serious and so useful a Work, this continual Cry, *'Tis all Slander, all Calumny*? They shall be nam'd; they are Poets; but what sort of Poets? Are they Authors of sacred Hymns, or Translators of Psalms, the *Godeaux* or the *Corneilles*? No; but Makers of Stanzas and whining Amorous Elegies, those *Beaux Esprit*, who turn a Sonnet upon a *Mistress's Absence* or her *Return*, who make an Epigram upon a *fine Neck*, or a Madrigal upon a *Night's Enjoyment*. These are they, who thro' a Scruple of Conscience cannot bear, that, (however cautious I am in sparing particular Persons,) I should endeavour in my Book of *Characters* to decry, if possible, all Vices both of the Heart and the Head, to render Mankind rational, and put them in a way to become Christian. Such are the *Theobalds*, or at least their under-pullers.

They have gone yet farther; for palliating, with a zealous Policy, their Vexation at their not being so well prais'd, nor their Praises so

long

long dwelt upon, as some of the other *Academicks*, they have dar'd to make dangerous and nice Applications of that Part of my Speech, where, (exposing my self singly to espouse the Cause of all Men of Learning, against their most irreconcileable Enemies, the Men of Money, whose excessive Pelf, or whose Fortunes made by Ways they dare not own, together with the Favour of the great Men, which it necessarily procures, inspires them with a haughty Negligence,) that Part of my Speech, I say, where indeed I make a sharp Apostrophe against all such in general, but which it is by no means allowable to take off from them, to throw it upon any single Man, or upon any other Body of Men.

Thus am I us'd, perhaps at the Instigation of the *Theobalds*, by such who persuade themselves that an Author writes Satire only to amuse them, and not at all to instruct them by a sound Moral; instead of applying the Strokes thereof to themselves, and improving the whole to their whole Amendment, they make it their Business, if possible, to discover which of their Friends or Enemies may seem to be struck at; neglecting every thing which has the Appearance of a solid Remark, or serious Reflection, tho almost the whole *Book* consists of such, they dwell upon nothing but the *Portraicts* or *Characters*; And after having explain'd them their own Way, and believing they have found

out

out the Originals, publiſh to the World long *Liſts*, and, as they call them, *Keys*, but which are indeed falſe *Keys*, and as uſeleſs to Them, as they are injurious to the Perſons whoſe Names are therein decypher'd, and to the Writer who is the Cauſe thereof, tho the innocent one.

I was ſo cautious, as to proteſt in my Preface againſt all ſuch Interpretations, which the little Knowledge I had of Mankind made me foreſee; I even heſitated ſome time, whether I ſhould make my Book Public, and waver'd between a Deſire of being uſeful to my Country by my Writings, and the Fear of furniſhing Matter to ſome People to exerciſe their Malice upon. But ſince I have been ſo weak to publiſh theſe Characters, what Bank ſhall I raiſe againſt this Deluge of Explainers, which overwhelms the Town, and will ſoon reach the Court? Shall I proteſt ſeriouſly, and bind it with horrible Oaths, that I am neither the Author of, nor Accomplice in making, thoſe *Keys* which are ſpread abroad; that I never delver'd out any of them; that my moſt familiar Friends know very well I always refuſed to let them have any ſuch thing; that the Perſons of the beſt Credit at Court have deſpair'd to get the Secret out of me? Would not this be juſt the ſame thing, as if I ſhould plague my ſelf to maintain that I am not a Villain; a Man without Shame, Morals, Conſcience: In ſhort, ſuch a one as the

Gazetteers juſt now mention'd have endeavour'd to repreſent me to the World ?

But beſide, how could I be the Diſtributer of theſe Sort of Keys, ſince, conſidering what they are, I could not poſſibly forge them my ſelf ? They being almoſt all different from each other, how could I make them ſerve for the ſame Lock, I mean, for the underſtanding my Remarks ? Naming, as I do, Courtiers and Citizens whom I never ſpoke to, nor have any knowledge of, Can ſuch Keys come from me, or be diſtributed by my Hand ? Was I likely to give out thoſe which are forg'd at *Romorentin*, *Mortagne*, and *Beleſinne*, which are differently apply'd to the Bayliff's Wife, the Aſſeſſor's Wife, the Preſident of the Election, the Provoſt of the *Marechauſſeé*, and the Provoſts of the Collegiate ? The Names are indeed very plainly ſet down, but help me never the more to know the Perſons. If I might be allow'd to be a little vain, I ſhould be apt to believe that my Characters have pretty well expreſs'd Man in general, ſince they reſemble ſo many in particular ; and ſince every one thinks he finds there his Neighbour or his Countryman. I did indeed paint after the Life, but did not always mean Mr. ſuch a one, or Mrs. ſuch a one, in my Book of *Characters*. I did not hire my ſelf out to the Publick to draw ſuch Pourtraicts as ſhould be really true and reſembling, for fear leſt ſometimes they ſhould be

known

known and not ſeem feign'd or imagin'd. Being yet more nice I went further; I took one Lineament from this Side and another from that, and from theſe ſeveral Lineaments, which might concur in one and the ſame Perſon, I have drawn a Likeneſs, ſtudying not ſo much to pleaſure the Reader by Characterizing, or as the Malecontents ſay, by Satirizing of any one, as to lay before him what Faults he ought to avoid, and what Examples to follow.

Methinks therefore I ought to be leſs blam'd than pity'd, by thoſe who may happen to ſee their Names in ſuch inſolent *Liſts*, which I diſown and condemn as much as they deſerve. I dare even expect this Juſtice from them, that without laying hold on a Moral Author, who had not the leaſt Intention to offend them by his Work, they would faſten upon the Interpreters, whoſe Villany is inexcuſable. What I ſpeak, I ſpeak plainly, and not what they would make me ſpeak. When I was inclin'd to name any Perſons I nam'd them, but always with this View to praiſe their Virtue or their Merit. I write their Names in Capitals that they may be ſeen at a diſtance, and that the Reader may run no Riſque in miſtaking them. If I had been minded to put real Names to Characters leſs obliging, I might have ſav'd my ſelf the trouble of borrowing Names from Ancient Hiſtory, of making uſe of initial Letters, which have nothing but a vain and uncertain ſignification,

of finding out a Thousand Shifts and Subterfuges to mislead those who read me, and make them weary of Applications. Such has been the Cond[illegible] I have observ'd in composing my Book [illegible] *Characters*.

As for what concerns the *Speech*, which seem'd long and tedious to the chief of the Malecontents, I know not indeed how I came to attempt to give my Thanks to the Academy in a set Oratorial Discourse. Some Zealous Academicks had indeed chalk'd out the Way for me, but they are very few; and their Zeal for the Honour and Reputation of the Academy has not had many Followers. I might have pursued the Example of those, who being Candidates for a Place in this Society, without having ever written any thing, tho' they were able, declare with a lofty Mien the Evening before their Reception, *they have but Two Words, and one Moment to speak them in, tho' they are capable of holding an Harangue for a long time and to the Purpose too.*

It was my Opinion on the contrary, that as no Artist is admitted into any Society, or can obtain his Letters of Freedom without producing some Specimen, so, and with much more Reason ought a Man, upon his being made a Member of a Body, (which only supports its self by Eloquence,) to make an Effort in this kind, which may recommend him as worthy of

of the Honour they do him. I likewiſe was of Opinion, that ſince prophane Eloquence ſeems no longer to prevail at the Bar, from whence it has been baniſh'd thro' a neceſſity of Expedition, and ſince it ought no longer to be admitted into the Pulpit, where it has been but too much indulg'd, the only *Aſylum* which could remain for it was the *French Academy*? That there was nothing more Natural, or which could make that Society more famous, than if, when any New Academicks are admitted, they could ſometimes draw the Court and City to their Aſſemblies, out of curioſity to hear Pieces of Eloquence of a juſt Extent, Done by the Hands of Maſters, and whoſe Profeſſion it is to excell in the Art of Speaking.

If I have not obtain'd my Aim, which was to pronounce an Eloquent Diſcourſe, I hope at leaſt I have excus'd my ſelf for having made it too long by ſome Minutes: If moreover, the People of *Paris*, who were aſſur'd of its being good for nothing, Satyrical and Senſeleſs, have complain'd that they have been deceiv'd in their Expectations; If *Marli*, whither the Curioſity of hearing it had ſpread it ſelf, did not ring with the Applauſes given to the Criticiſm which was made on it; if it could leap over *Chantilly*, that fatal Rock of inſipid Pieces; if the *French Academy*, to whom I appeal'd as Sovereign Judge in theſe ſort of Per-

formances, did in an extraordinary Aſſembly adopt this of mine, cauſe it to be Printed by their own Bookſeller, put it among their Archives; If it was not actually compos'd in an *affected*, *harſh* and *broken* Style, nor cramm'd with inſipid extravagant Praiſes, ſuch as are to be met with in Prologues to *Operas* and *Dedicatory Epiſtles*, it ought no longer to be a Wonder why *Theobald* is diſpleaſed with it. The Time is coming, under favour I ſpeak it, when the Publick Approbation ſhall not be ſufficient to fix the Credit of a Work; but in order to put the laſt Seal to it, it ſhall be neceſſary that certain People ſhall diſapprove of it, and yawn at it. Will they, now they find this Speech has met with better Succeſs than they expected, and ſince they know that Two Bookſellers went to Law who ſhould Print it; will they, I ſay, diſown their Taſte, and the Judgment they pronounc'd of it, when it was firſt ſpoken? Will they give me Leave to publiſh or only to ſuſpect another Reaſon for the ſharp Cenſure they made of it, quite different from a Perſuaſion that it deſerv'd it. 'Tis well known, that when that very worthy Gentleman with whom I had the Honour to be admitted into the *French Academy*, was begg'd, ſollicited, teiz'd to Print his Speech, even by thoſe who would for ever have ſuppreſs'd mine, he reſolutely refus'd them, and told them, *That he neither could nor ought to approve of ſo odious a Diſtinction, which they were for making between*

him

him and my ſelf: That the Preference which they gave to his Speech with ſo much Affectation and Earneſtneſs, was ſo far from obliging him, as they thought, that on the contrary it gave him a real Diſturbance: That Two Speeches, equally innocent, pronounc'd on the ſame Day, ought to be Printed at the ſame Time. He afterwards expreſs'd himſelf very obligingly, both in Public and in Private, how much it troubled him, that the Two Authors of the *Gazette* above-mention'd, had made the Praiſes they were pleas'd to beſtow on him, ſerve their Purpoſe to affront me, and abuſe my Speech, and Book of *Characters*; and thereupon made ſuch Explanations and Excuſes to me, as were far above what I deſerv'd. If therefore one ſhould infer from this Conduct of the *Theobalds*, that they falſely believ'd they ſtood in need of Compariſons, and a fooliſh diſeſteem'd Speech, to magnify that of my Colleague; they ought, in order to clear themſelves from this diſhonourable Suſpicion, to anſwer, that they are no Courtiers nor ty'd down to any Man's Favour, nor Flatterers, nor Mercenaries: That on the contrary, They are ſincere, and that they ingenuouſly ſpoke their Thoughts of the Plan, Style, and Expreſſions of my Speech to the *French Academy*. Now to tell them, That the Judgment of the Court and City, of the Grandees and the Populace, was favourable to it, would be to no manner of purpoſe; they will boldly reply, the Publick has its Taſte, and they have theirs: An An-

ſwer which ſtops my Mouth, and puts an End to all Diſputes. 'Tis true, it does more and more diſ-incline me from endeavouring to pleaſe them by any of my Writings. For if I I am bleſs'd with a moderate Share of Health, and ſome few Years of a longer Life, I ſhall have no other Ambition, but of Writing ſo as that my Works may always divide the *Theobalds* and the Public.

A SPEECH TO THE *French* Academy.

GENTLEMEN,

IT were difficult to have the Honour of appearing in the midst of such an Assembly, to have before one's Eyes the *French Academy*, to have read the History of its Establishment, and at the same time not to think on Him, to whom that Embellishment is owing; and likewise not to persuade one's self that there is nothing more natural and which ought to displease you less, than to begin that *Elogium*, which Custom and Duty require, with some Touches by which that great *Cardinal* may be known, and which may revive the *Memory* of him.

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He is not a Person easy to be express'd by florid Words, or rich Figures, by those Speeches which are not so much made to heighten the Merit of him who is the Subject of them, as to display the whole Fire and Vivacity of the *Orator.* Peruse the Reign of LEWIS the Just; that's the Life of Cardinal RICHELIEU, that's the *Elogium* of him and of the Prince who produc'd his Merit to the World: What can I add to Facts still recent and so memorable? Open his *Political Testament*, weigh that Work; 'tis the Picture of his Mind; his Soul there unfolds its self in its whole Capacity: There you discover the Secret of his Conduct and Actions; there you find the Source and Probability of so many and such great Events, which appear'd under his Administration; there, without Difficulty you may see that a Man, who *thinks* masculinely and justly, could *act* surely and with Success; and that He, who atchiev'd such great Things, either never wrote at all, or ought to have written as *He* did.

His strong and superior *Genius* knew the whole Depth, and every Mystery of Government; He knew the Delicacies and Sublimities of a Prime Minister; he respected the Stranger, manag'd Crown'd Heads, knew the Weight of their Alliance; to Enemies he oppos'd Allies; He watch'd all Interests Foreign and Domestic, and forgot none but his Own.

A labo-

A laborious and languiſhing Life, frequently expos'd, was the Reward of ſo High a Virtue. Truſtee of his Maſter's Treaſures, loaded with his Favours, Orderer, Diſpenſer of his Finances, yet it cannot be ſaid, he dy'd Wealthy. Would you believe it, Gentlemen, this ſerious, this auſtere Soul, formidable to the Enemies of the State, inexorable to the Factious, plung'd in Negotiation, ſometimes buſied in weakning Hereſy, ſometimes in breaking the Meaſures of a League, and ſometimes in meditating a Conqueſt, found Leiſure to be Learned, reliſh'd the *Belles Lettres* and ſuch who profeſs'd them. Compare your ſelves, if you dare, to the Great RICHELIEU, you, who are devoted to Fortune, who, by the Succeſs of your Private Affairs think your ſelves worthy to be truſted with thoſe of the Public! Who ſet up for happy Genius's and able Heads, who ſay, *you have no Learning, that you never read, nor ever will read*; either with a Deſign to reflect on the Uſefulneſs of Learning, or to ſeem as if you were not at all beholden to others, but drew all from your own Fund; know that Cardinal RICHELIEU had Learning; did read; I do not barely ſay, He had not an Averſion for Men of Letters, but that He lov'd them, careſs'd them, favour'd them; that He was tender of their Privileges, procur'd them Penſions, united them in a celebrated Aſſembly, made of them the *French Academy.*

Yes,

Yes, ye rich ambitious Men, Contemners of Virtue, and of every Association which is not founded upon Stocks and Interest! This was one of the Thoughts of that Great Minister, born a Statesman, devoted to the State; a Wit, solid, eminent; capable, in all his Performances, of the most exalted Motives, and which tended as much to the Public Good, as the Glory of the Monarchy; incapable of conceiving the least thing which was not worthy of Himself, the Prince he serv'd, and of *France*, to whom He consecrated his Studies and Meditations.

He knew the Force and Usefulness of Eloquence, the Power of Speech, which aids Reason and makes it valuable, which cheats Men into Justice and Probity, which inspires the Soldier's Heart with Intrepidity and Boldness, which appeases popular Commotions, which excites to their Duty the ignorant and stubborn Multitude: He was not ignorant what were the Fruits of History and Poetry, what the Necessity of *Grammar*, the Basis and Foundation of other Sciences, and that in order to carry these things to such a Degree of Perfection, as might make them advantageous to the Public, it was requisite to draw a Plan of a Society, wherein Virtue only should be admitted, and Merit plac'd, Wit and Learning assembled by Suffrages; To say no more, these, Gentlemen, are Your Principles and Your Rule, to which I am but an Exception. Re-

Recal to your Minds ('twill be no injurious Compariſon) recal that Great and Firſt of Councils, where the Fathers, who compos'd it, were remarkable for ſome mutilated Member, or the Scars they receiv'd from the Fury of Perſecution; they ſeem'd to hold from their Wounds a Right of ſitting in that General Aſſembly of the whole Church: So neither was there any of your Illuſtrious Predeceſſors, whom the People did not preſs to ſee, whom they did not point at in Public Places, who did not manifeſt himſelf by ſome famous Work, which got him a glorious Name, and which procur'd him a Seat in this growing Academy, which They were, in a manner, the Founders of: Such were thoſe great Artiſts in Speech, thoſe firſt Maſters of *French* Eloquence ; ſuch are you , Gentlemen, who for Knowledge or Merit are not inferior to any of your Predeceſſors.

† One among you, as correct in his Language as if he had learnt it by Rules and Principles, as elegant in Foreign Tongues as if they were natural to him ; and in whatever Idiom he writes, ſeems always to ſpeak that of his own Country: Has undertaken , has compleated a laborious Tranſlation, which the brighteſt Wit might be proud to own , and which the moſt

† The Abbot *Regnier.*

pious

pious Person might have wish'd to have done.

Another ‖ revives *Virgil* among us, transfuses into our Tongue the Graces and Riches of the *Latin*, makes Romances which have an End, banishes from them Prolixity and Incredibility, to put the Probable and the Natural in their Place.

Another *, more uniform than *Marot*, and more a Poet than *Voiture*, has the Sportiveness, the Turn, and Simplicity of both of them; instructs while he laughs, persuades Men to Virtue by the Organs of Beasts; raises the meanest Subjects to the Sublime; a *Nonpareil* in his Way of Writing; always an Original, whether he Invents, or whether he Translates; one who went beyond his Models, himself a Model difficult to imitate.

This Man † excels *Juvenal*, comes up to *Horace*, seems to create the Thoughts of another, and to make, whatever he handles, his own. He has, in what he borrows from others, all the Graces of Novelty, and all the Merit of Invention: His Verses strong and harmonious, made by Genius, but wrought by

‖ *M.* de Segrais.
* *M* de la Fontaine.
† *Monsieur* Boileau.

Art;

Art, will be read, even when the Language is obsolete, and will be the last Ruins of it: There is observable in them a Criticism sure, judicious, and innocent, if it be but allowable to call Bad, Bad.

* Another Gentleman comes after a Person who has been prais'd, applauded, admir'd; whose Verses fly into all Parts, and pass into a Proverb; who tops the rest, who reigns upon the Stage, who has seiz'd the Theatre: 'Tis true, he does not dispossess him of it, but establishes himself with him; nor does the World wonder to see the Comparison made between them: Some cannot endure that the Great *Corneille* should be preferr'd to him, no more than some others that he should be equal'd to him: They appeal to another Age, they wait for the Death of some Old Men, who being touch'd indifferently with whatever recalls their former Years, do perhaps love nothing in *Oedipus*, but the Remembrance of their Youth.

What shall I say of that † Gentleman, who has so often made the envious Criticks speak, and so often silenc'd them? Whom the World admires, in spite of himself; who superabounds, if I may so say, in the great Number and Emi-

* *Monsieur* Racine.
† *M.* Bossuet, *Bishop of* Meaux.

nence

nence of his Talents; an Orator, an Historian a Divine, a Philosopher; of exquisite Learning, of a more exquisite Eloquence, whether in his Conversation, in his Writings, or in the Pulpit. A Defender of Religion, a Light of the Church, and, to anticipate the Language of Posterity, a Father of the Church. What is he not? Name, if you can, Gentlemen, one Virtue which is not his.

Shall I likewise touch upon your Last Choice, so unworthy of you? What Things were said to you in the Place where I now stand? I remember them: And after what you've heard, How dare I speak? And how will you deign to hear me? Let us confess the Force and Ascendency of that rare* Spirit, whether he Preaches by Genius, and without Preparation; whether he pronounces a study'd Oratorial Discourse, or expresses his Thoughts in Conversation. Always Master of the Ear and Heart of those who hear him, he does not permit them to envy either so much Sublimity, or so much Facility, Delicacy, Politeness: They are happy enough in hearing him, in feeling what he says, and how he says it: They are very well satisfied if they can carry away his Reflections, to improve by them. How great an Acquisition have you made in this Illustrious Person? To whom do you associate Me? Were

* *L'Abbé* Boileau.

Were I not, Gentlemen, ſo much confin'd by Time and Decency, which ſet Bounds to this Speech, I could gladly proceed to the Praiſes of every Member of this Academy, and touch upon Topics ſtill more obvious, and by more lively Expreſſions. All the different Talents which are diſpers'd among Mankind, are ſhar'd among You. Would we look for Eloquent Orators, who ſcatter from the Pulpit all the Flowers of Rhetoric; who with a ſound Morality employ all the Turns and Artifices of Language; who pleaſe their Hearers by a beautiful Choice of Words; who make them in love with Solemnities, with Temples, who make them crowd hither; let not ſuch, I ſay, be look'd for elſewhere, they are Here. Do we admire a vaſt and profound Literature which digs into the Archives of Antiquity, to draw from thence Things bury'd in Oblivion, and which have eſcap'd the moſt Sagacious Wits, and unknown to other Men, a Memoir, a Method, a Plan, uncapable of miſtaking one ſingle Year, ſometimes not ſo much as a Day in the Series of many Ages; this admirable Learning you poſſeſs, at leaſt it is in ſome of thoſe who form this Illuſtrious Aſſembly. If we are curious in the Gift of Tongues, joyn'd to the Double Talent of knowing exactly the Things of Antiquity, and of relating ſuch as are Modern with as much Plainneſs as Truth: Such rare Qualities are

not wanting among you, but are united in one and the ſame Subject : If we ſeek for able Men, full of Wit and Experience, who, by the Privilege of the Employments, make their Prince ſpeak with Dignity and Exactneſs : Others, who in the niceſt Negotiations ſucceſſfully lay out the Talents which they have for Speaking and Writing well : Others again, who lend their Pains and Vigilance to the Affairs of the Publick, after having employ'd them at the Bar, ever with an equal Reputation ; All are to be met with among You, and it is a Pain to me not to name them.

If you love Learning joyn'd to Eloquence, you will not wait long, only reſerve your whole Attention for him who is to ſpeak after me. In ſhort, what is it you want? You have Writers skilful in Proſe and Verſe ; Poets in all Kinds of Poetry, whether Moral, Chriſtian, Heroick, Gallant or Jocular ; Imitators of the Ancients ; Auſtere Critics ; Spirits Fine, Delicate, Subtle, Ingenious, Proper to ſhine in Converſation, and in the Circles. Again, I ſay, to what Men, to what great Perſonages do you aſſociate me ?

But with whom do you deſign this Day to receive me ? After whom do I make to you this Publick Speech of Thanks ? However, that praiſe-worthy and modeſt Man need not be apprehenſive leſt I ſhould praiſe him ; being ſo

near

near me, he would have as much Facility as Disposition to interrupt me. I would rather ask you, whom it is you make me succeed? To a Man WHO HAD VIRTUE*.

It sometimes happens, Gentlemen, that they who owe you the Praises of the Illustrious Dead, whose Places they fill, are often divided among several Things, which deserve equally to be taken notice of. You chose in Monsieur *L' Abbe de la Chambre*, a Man so pious, so tender, so charitable, so commendable for the Virtues of the Heart, whose Manners were so Sage and so Christian-like, who was so thoroughly touch'd with Religion, so entirely constant to the Performance of his Duty, that Writing well was one of his least Qualities: His Solid Vertues make his Learning and Eloquence to be lightly passed over; his Life and Conduct was more valuable than his Works. I would indeed chuse to pronounce a Funeral Oration on him rather than confine my self to a simple Elogium of his Wit. Merit in him was not an Acquisition, but a Patrimony, an Inheritance; if at least we may judge of it by the choice of him who surrender'd his Heart, his Confidence, his whole Person to that Family, and who made it as it were your Ally, since it may be said that he adopted it and took it together with the *French* Academy under his Protection. I mean Chancel-

* Mr. l' Abbè de la Chambre.

lor *Seguier*. * He is often remember'd as one of the greatest Magistrates which *France* ever bred since it was a Nation. He has left it doubtful in which he most excell'd, whether in Polite Learning or Business. It is true indeed, and all Men agree, that he surpass'd all of his time in both those Qualifications; a Man grave and familiar, profound in his Deliberations, tho' affable and easy of Access. He had naturally what so many others would but cannot acquire; what is not gain'd by Study or Industry, by grave Words, or Sententious Phrases; what is scarcer than Learning or perhaps than Probity, I mean DIGNITY; He did not owe it to the Eminence of his Post; on the contrary, he ennobled That; he was great and authoritative out of the Ministry, nor has it appeared, that those, who had the Skill to unite every Thing in their Persons could outshine him.

You lost him some Years ago; You lost that Great Protector; You cast your Eyes around you; You survey'd all those who offer'd themselves; but the Sense of your Loss was so great, that in the Efforts you were making to repair it, you had the Boldness to think of him, who alone could cause you to forget it and make it turn to your Glory. With what Goodness, with what Humanity, did our Magnanimous Monarch receive you? Be not

* *That Chancellor succeeded* Richlieu *in the Protectorship of the Academy. He was a particular Friend to M.* la Chambre (*the Abbot's Father*) *and retain'd him in his Family, as his Physician, many Years.*

surpriz'd

ſurpriz'd at it; it is his Character, the very ſame Character, Gentlemen, which ſhines forth in all the Actions of his Illuſtrious Life. But which the ſurprizing Revolutions that have happen'd in a Neighbouring Kingdom, an Ally of *France*, have ſet in the faireſt Light it could poſſibly receive.

How eaſily do we loſe the Senſe and Memory of Things, which made the ſtrongeſt Impreſſion upon us! Let us call to Mind thoſe melancholy Days which we ſpent in Anxiety and Trouble, Inquiſitive, Uncertain what Fortune might have befall'n a great King, a great Queen, the Prince their Son, an Auguſt but Unhappy Family, who were driven by their Piety and Religion to the utmoſt Proofs of Adverſity. Alas! Whether they were loſt at Sea, or periſh'd by the Hands of their Enemies, we knew not. We ask'd one another, we promis'd each other reciprocally to communicate the firſt Tidings which ſhould arrive upon ſo lamentable an Event. It was no longer a Publick but a Family Affair; we could not ſleep; we wak'd each other to tell the News we had heard. And when thoſe Royal Perſons, for whom we had been ſo much concern'd, had at length eſcap'd the Dangers of the Sea and their own Country, was this enough? Was there not wanted a Foreign Land where to ſhelter themſelves; a King, equally kind and powerful, who both could and would receive them? I ſaw that Reception; a moving Spectacle if ever there was one! Showers

of Tears were shed thro' Admiration and Joy; Our Monarch never look'd more graceful, no not at the Head of his Armies, when he thunders upon a Town which resists him, or when he dissipates his Enemies Troops with the sole Rumour of his Approach.

If he carries on this tedious War, doubt not but it is to give us a happy Peace, and to procure it upon such Conditions as are reasonable, and for the Honour of the Nation, which may for ever put it out of the Enemies Power to disturb us by new Hostilities.

Let others publish abroad, and celebrate what this Great King has executed, either by himself or his Captains, during the Course of these Commotions, which have shaken all *Europe*: They have a vast Field, and a subject which will exercise them for a long time. Let others prophesy, if they can, what he means to perform this Campaign; I only speak of his Heart, of the Purity and Rectitude of his Intentions; they are notorious to every Body, and yet he affects not to make a Shew of them. He is felicitated upon the Titles of Honour with which he has just now gratify'd some Grandees of his State; what says he to this? That he is only dissatisfy'd they cannot all be preferr'd, and that it is impossible for him to do for every Person as He would. He knows, Gentlemen, that it is the *Fortune* of a King to take

Towns,

Towns, to win Battles, to enlarge his Frontiers, to be dreaded by his Enemies; but that the *Glory* of a Sovereign consists in being beloved by his People, in having their Hearts, and consequently all their Possessions. Ye remote, ye neighbouring Provinces, behold this Human and Beneficent Prince, whom the Painters and Statuaries disfigure to us, he reaches out his arms to you, looks upon you with Eyes of Tenderness and Sweetness; it is his peculiar Posture. He would willingly see your Inhabitants, your Shepherds, dancing to their rural Pipe under the Willows and the Poplars, in Consort with their Rustic Voices, and chanting forth the Praises of Him, who together with Peace, and the Fruits of Peace, shall have restor'd Joy and Serenity among them.

It is for the sake of arriving at the Height of his Wishes, namely, the common Felicity, that he gives himself up to the Toils and Fatigues of a dangerous War, that he undergoes the Inclemency of Heaven and the Seasons, that he exposes his Person, that he hazards the Continuance of a happy Life. This is his Secret, these the Views upon which he acts; they are penetrated, they are discern'd by the sole Qualities of those who are in Place, and who aid him with their Counsels. I spare their Modesty. Let them only suffer me to observe, that there is no guessing at the *Projects* of this wise Prince; that on the contrary, the Public guesses

at, and even nominates the *Persons* he is going to prefer, and that his Majesty does only confirm the Voice of the People in the Choice he makes ofhis Ministers. He does not entirely disburthen the Weight of Affairs upon them; Himself being, if I may so say, his own Prime Minister of State; always studious to relieve his Peoples Necessities, he enjoys no Hours of Respite,no Time to unbend himself from his Cares; The Night already advances, the Guards are set in the Avenues of his Palace, the Stars are glittering in the Heavens and performing their Revolutions; whole Nature is at rest, depriv'd of Day, buried in Shades; we too are at Rest, while the King, retired within his Balustrade, watches singly over us and over his whole Dominions: Such, Gentlemen, is the Protector you have obtain'd, even the Protector of his People.

You have admitted me into a Society illustrated by so high a Protection: I do not dissemble,I have esteem'd this Distinction so much as to desire to have it in its pure Flower and Integrity, I mean, that I might owe it to your Choice alone; and I have put so high a Value upon that Choice, that I did nat dare to wound or even glance at the Liberty of it by any importunate Sollicitation of my own. I had, beside, a just diffidence of my self. I perceiv'd a Repugnance in my self to ask to be preferr'd to others, who were capable of being chosen.

I thought I perceiv'd, Gentlemen, one Thing which I ought not to have made any difficulty to believe, namely, That your Inclinations turn'd elſewhere, upon a worthy Subject, upon a Man fill'd with Virtue, Wit, and Knowledge, who was ſo before the Place of Truſt which he poſſeſſes was conferr'd upon him, and would be ſo even tho' he were to enjoy it no longer. I am very ſenſibly touch'd, not with the *Deference*, (becauſe I know how much of that I owe him) but with the *Friendſhip* he ſhew'd me, even to the forgetting Himſelf in my Behalf. A Father leads his Son to a Show; there is a great Crowd; the Door is perfectly block'd up; he is Tall and Robuſt; he makes his Way thro' the Preſs, and juſt as he is entring he puts his little Son before him, who otherwiſe muſt not have got in at all, or at leaſt very late. This Step, which my Friend took, in deſiring ſome of you to give your Votes for me which juſtly belong'd to him, is perfectly New and Singular in its Circumſtances, but yet does not at all leſſen my Obligations to You, ſince nothing but your Voices, always Free and Arbitrary, can give a Place in the *French* Academy. This you have granted me, Gentlemen, and with ſo good a Grace, with ſo unanimous a Concurrence, that I owe it, and will hold it by no other Tenure, but that of your good Pleaſure! It was not either a high Poſt, or Credit, or Riches, or Titles, or Authority, or Favour, which could warp you to make this

Choice.

Choice: I have nothing of all these, I want every thing. A Book * which met with some Success for its Singularity, and whose False, I may say, False and Malicious Applications might have done me a Prejudice with Persons less Equitable and less Penetrating than yourselves, was all the Mediation I made use of, and which you accepted. How then can I ever repent that I have been an Author!

---

* *His Book of Characters.*

OF THE Manner of LIVING WITH GREAT MEN.

Written after the METHOD OF Monſieur *De la Bruyere.*

By *N. ROWE*, Eſq;

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXIII.

OF THE Manner of LIVING WITH GREAT MEN.

DIſtinction of Rank is highly neceſſary for the Oeconomy of the World, and was never call'd in Queſtion but by *Barbarians* and *Enthuſiaſts*.

A juſt Conſideration for the ſeveral Degrees of Men, as the Orders of Providence have plac'd them above us, is uſeful, not only to the correcting of our Manners and keeping our Common Converſation in the Bounds of Politeneſs and Civility, but has ev'n a better Conſequence, in diſpoſing the Mind to a Religious Humility.

In obſerving Step by Step the ſeveral Degrees of Excellency above us, we arrive inſenſibly at laſt, to the Contemplation of the ſupream Perfection.

It

It has been ſaid, that Inequality of Condition is a Bar to Friendſhip; but why are not the Links of a Chain continu'd as well Perpendicularly as Horizontally?

Moſt Men are indeed rather inclin'd to live in the Terms of Civility than Friendſhip; it is ſufficient for their Intereſt to have no Enemies, and they find it for their Eaſe to have no Obligations without Doors, that is, out of themſelves.

There are ſome People that naturally love to do Good, and contribute to the happineſs of their fellow-Creatures; but how Rare!

If there cannot be what is call'd Friendſhip between a Great and a Private Man, there may be ſomething almoſt equivalent to it, while there is Beneficence on one part, and Gratitude on the other.

CRITO muſt be a miſerable Man, who never was known to have a Friend ev'n among Men of his own Degree. He is Rich, he is Great, he has Wit; any of theſe three Qualities would have got another Man either Friends or Followers. He has not good Nature.

PAU-

PAULINUS is Affable, juſt to his Word, Generous, Serviceable: He has no Enemies, but thoſe that are ſo to Virtue and to their Country; he has Friends amongſt thoſe of his own Rank, and Followers amongſt his Inferiors, that take a Pleaſure in his Protection. He has good Nature.

A Great Man, who has a delicate Underſtanding, cannot find a ſufficient Number for his Converſation among thoſe of his own Quality.

ARISTUS is a great Genius for Politicks; and he finds amongſt the Miniſtry, Heads capable of forming the greateſt and wiſeſt Deſigns. 'Tis with them he concerts what is for the Advantage of his Prince and Country. But he has a Taſte for Muſick, Painting, and Sculpture; he is Perfectly a Maſter of all the fine Parts of Learning. He chuſes to ſpend whole Days with LYCIDAS, a Man not of his own Quality, but one to whom Nature and Induſtry have given what they could give.

LYCIDAS was born with great Advantages for Knowledge; he has improv'd thoſe Advantages; he has a Wit admirably well turn'd; a ſound and exact Judgment; he thinks, ſpeaks and writes with the utmoſt Politeneſs; and with all theſe, he has ſo much Gentleneſs in his

his Nature, and Sweetneſs in his Manners, that one ſhould love him, though it were poſſible he might be a Fool. In ſhort, it is neceſſary to a Great Man that would be compleatly happy, to have ſuch a Friend or Companion, call it which you will.

Going into the Company of Great Men is like going into the other World; you ought to ſtay till you're called.

What Impatience have ſome People to preſs into Converſations, where it is impoſſible they ſhould be eaſie!

BUPALUS was never cut out for a Courtier; why will he always be making Parties to dine with great Lords?

BUPALUS might have liv'd well with any ſort of People, bating Lords. He has a pleaſant Wit; he has Humour, and is very often agreeable in his Converſation; but then he is variable; he has loved and hated all his Acquaintance round. He is Violent, a great Stranger to Patience, and a Mortal Enemy to Contradiction. He would have made a notable Tyrant, and Flatterers would have had a good time of it in his Reign.

If I consider my own Interest, what have I to do with People who take it to be their Privilege and Birth-right to insult me?

What Slavery is it to a Ridiculous Vanity, to hunt after the Conversation of insolent Greatness! What Peace, what Ease, what Happiness does a Man forgo, who might be us'd as he pleases amongst his Equals, and yet chuses to put himself upon the Rack, to make a Lord laugh!

Great Men expect the lesser People should have that Complaisance for them to be of their Opinion, or at least that those who depend upon 'em, should submit blindly to their Notions of Right and Wrong; this is a Privilege we don't allow the Priesthood themselves, and yet they derive their Authority from the Highest.

We allow there is a true Reason of State, and a true Religion to be follow'd; but neither all Priests, nor all States-men have right Notions of them. They would have the World of the same Opinion with the Man in *Horace*:

——— *Nam te*
Scire Deos quoniam propius Contingit, oportet.

But we have an unlucky Proverb against 'em in *English* ;

The nearer the Church (or Court) the further from God (and it may be) the Prince's Service.

Common Decency and good Manners requires a Deference to our Superiors ; and if they have something in 'em insufferable, we may avoid coming where they are.

If one cannot bear the chattering of BABYLAS, his insipid Gayety, his perpetual ado with his Family, his History of their particular Honours, his Peevishness, his Intrigues, and his Raillery ; there is one easy Remedy, Shun him ; the World is wide enough.

The Ambition of being intimate with our Betters runs thro' the most weak Understandings of all Ranks.

Go down in a Stage-Coach with a Parson's Wife, she tells you of all the Sirs and the Ladies in her Country ; *How often she goes to see 'em* —— *That they are continually sending for her* —— *How* they breed their Sons —— and what they give their Daughters : But my Lord Bishop's Lady *does not live, if she is not once a Week at* —— *And one odd thing, which you, may be, will hardly believe, He never went to the Assizes without her.*

So

So the He and She Citizen, with my Lord Mayor's Cousin, my Lord Mayor's Cousin's Cousin, *&c.*

Beneficence seems to be so inseparable from true Greatness, that one might, not unaptly, define it, A large Power of doing Good; and if the Will is not inclin'd to the Exercise of that Power, it had as good not Be, as not to be put to its proper Use.

Why should any one be called a Great Man, who is rarely serviceable to others, who seldom does good to the Unworthy? But the World imposes upon him and themselves too; they call him a Great Man, and he is not so.

Necessity makes some People bow; and Fear makes most People stand at a distance, and say nothing.

The Excesses and Vices of Great Men, set fatal and Ruinous Examples to their Inferiors, and one might wish upon this Occasion, that their Acquaintance and Conversations were confin'd to one another.

CLEON is Noble, has a vast Estate, and great Employments; he builds, buys Pictures, fine Furniture; he plays deep, keeps Horses, and lives Magnificently; he leaves a plentiful Fortune and an easy Family behind him.

DORILAS is a private Man, of a free and independent Condition; he lives like CLEON, he Mortgages his Eſtate, he becomes a Slave, he depends upon others, he is undone; his Poſterity curſe him.

Great Men have many things which attract firſt our Admiration, and then our Affections; and ſome People live ſafely and pleaſantly with them: But thoſe who never converſe with them, are exempt from the Power of many Paſſions, and are free from the Pains of many Afflictions.

All Human Greatneſs had a Beginning, it has ſometimes been founded upon Honeſty; if I am charm'd with it, why ſhould I not rather attempt to be one of thoſe Great Ones, whoſe Condition I ſo much admire, than be contented with a ſecond Place, a Dependance upon 'em.

There is a Virtuous as well as a Vicious Deſire of Greatneſs.

FINIS.

THE TABLE.

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